

# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XVIII., No. 1 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. JULY, 1895

### OUR FOURTH OF JULY: PATRIOTIC SENTIMENTS

#### Our National Birthday

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.....SPEECHES

The United States is the only country with a known birthday. All the rest began, they know not when, and grew into power, they knew not how. If there had been no Independence Day, England and America combined would not be so great as each actually is. There is no "Republican," no "Democrat," on the Fourth of July—all are Americans. All feel that their country is greater than party.

#### Preserving the Constitution

GROVER CLEVELAND.....SPEECHES

It is related that back of the chair occupied by Washington, as the President of the Convention, a sun was painted, and that, as the delegates were signing the completed Constitution, one of them said: "I have often, and often, in the course of the session, and in the solicitude of my hopes and fears as to the issue, looked at the design, behind the President, without telling whether it was a rising or a setting sun: but now I know, at length, that it is a rising and not a setting sun."

We stand, to-day, on the spot where that rising sun emerged from political night and darkness; and in its own bright meridian we mark its glorious way. Clouds have sometimes obscured its rays, and dreadful storms have made us fear; but God has held it in its course, and, through its life-giving warmth, has performed its latest miracle in the creation of this wondrous land and people. As we look down the past century, to the origin of our Constitution, as we contemplate its trials and its triumphs, as we realize how completely the principles upon which it is based have met every national peril, how devoutly should we confess, with Franklin, "God governs in the affairs of men," and how solemn should be the reflection that to our hands is committed this ark of the people's covenant, and that ours is the duty to shield it from impious hands. We received it, sealed with the tests of a century. It has been found sufficient in the past; and in all the future years it will be found sufficient, if the American people are true to their sacred trust.

#### Confidence in Our Independence

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF ADAMS....DANIEL WEBSTER

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. But if it be the pleasure of heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at

the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country. Whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour has come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment; by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment. Independence *now*, and independence *forever*.

#### Independence a Solemn Duty

RICHARD HENRY LEE.....SPEECHES

Why do we longer delay? Why still deliberate? Let this most happy day give birth to the American Republic. Let her arise, not to devastate and conquer, but to re-establish the reign of peace and the laws. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us; she demands of us a living example of freedom that may contrast, by the felicity of her citizens, with the ever-increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum where the unhappy may find solace and the persecuted repose. She entreats us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant which first sprang up and grew in England, but is now withered by the poisonous blasts of Scottish tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltering under its salubrious and interminable shade all the unfortunate of the human race. This is the end presaged by so many omens; by our first victories; by the present ardor and union; by the flight of Howe, and the pestilence which broke out among Dunmore's people; by the very winds which baffled the enemy's fleets and transports, and that terrible tempest which engulfed seven hundred vessels upon the coast of Newfoundland. If we are not this day wanting in our duty to our country, the names of the American legislators will be placed, by posterity, at the sides of those of Theseus, of Lycurgus, of Romulus, of Numa, of the three Williams of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been and will be forever dear to virtuous men and good citizens.

## GIUDITTA'S SECRET: UNDER A CRUEL ACCUSATION

By B. SCHULZE-SMIDT

A selected reading from *A Madonna of the Alps*. Translated from the German of B. Schulze-Smidt, by Nathan Haskell Dole. Little, Brown & Co. The narrator of this singularly fresh, pure Alpine idyll, with an almost tragic flavor, is Uberto, a young artist. He has just left Rome, on a scholarship, with three years of travel, and settled for a short stay in the house of Felice Calluno, near the beautiful Lago di Garda, with its background of mountain grandeur. Felice is an Alpine guide, of strange, taciturn disposition, who, while he really loves her, treats with studied indifference his wife, Giuditta, a woman of rare beauty, who lives heart-hungry for years, with a wild, unsatisfied love and worship for this man who gives her no crumb of affection. As the weeks go by, Uberto learns to love Giuditta devotedly; he hears strange, vague whisperings of scandal, of some awful crime Giuditta has committed; they call her "strega," witch, and avoid the cottage as if it were a house of disease. At last, unable longer to bear the mystery he cannot understand, Uberto, during a few days' absence of Giuditta, when he is alone at the cottage, under the plea of a fee for posing, bribes Signora Pini, a wrinkled crone of the neighborhood, to tell him the story. She tells him that, years before, Giuditta had killed her child by throwing it over the cliff. It is at this point the reading opens.

Overcome with horror, I sat there and listened to this long story, so incredible, so abominable. My pencil was idle in my hand. I was incapable of uttering a syllable, by way of protest or comment. Where lay the kernel of truth in all this heap of chaff, which pestiferous winds had blown together?

Outside the storm raged ever more violently. The little boy clung to his grandmother, and began to cry with terror; and, when the hail rattled in great volleys upon roof and windows, the old woman got up from the floor, took her rosary and shuffled with it and the wailing child across to the picture of the saint in the corner, and began to pray there. I flung on the table the money which I had promised her, took my sketch-book, and, in spite of the storm, without a word left the house.

Back into my solitude! I desired to throw myself down on my disordered bed, close my window against the storm, and shut away the light and noise of the external world from my eyes and my ears. O God! alone on this blood-stained Calvary of a human life, there to fight out the cruel battle between loathing and love! The torrents of a cloud-burst deluged me as I left the open. The tempest piped and howled; flash upon flash opened the very doors of heaven; crash followed upon crash; the air was as hot as the breath of an oven. High over the lake wall the gray-black billows dashed their white foam against the houses, and roared as though they came from the bosom of the raging ocean. Hugging close to the walls, I ran with all speed the few steps that separated me from the Casaccia.

I knew that the east window in my stanzetta was wide open and that my easel was at the mercy of the dashing rain and the gusts of the tempest.

The house door was ajar; Giuditta's keys, which she had given into my keeping, had disappeared from the keyhole. I had been careless in leaving them there when, more than an hour before, I had gone over to Enrichetta Pini's with my sketch-book. I rushed up the stairs and pushed the door open so violently that the latch came off into my hand.

Then, a blinding flash, the thunder crashed and cracked simultaneously, and its echo rolled away majestically from crag to crag.

For the space of a second the outline of the Gorgon face stood out sharply defined and dark against the blinding blue background of the lightning. Then I saw in the ochre-tinted reflection of the hail clouds Giuditta's form as she leaned far out of the window, stretching up her slender arm in a vain attempt to seize and close the swinging window. The hurricane drove against her, howling, and whipped her streaming hair in heavy tight strands around her forehead and temples.

The vipers of Medusa!

My reason deserted me. A Walpurgis troop, as of wild witches riding broomsticks, galloped through my brain. Again I was shaken by horror, and the superstition which I had scorned and ridiculed took possession of me. She resembled a witch—she *was* a witch. Such was the illusive logic which the lightning and thunder imposed upon me.

Leaning out past her shoulder I seized the folds of the window and brought them together, bolting them firmly, so that the bleeding ghost of that murdered child might not slip in; then I pushed the woman, who was frightened half to death, back to the door, as though I were bound to drive her from her own premises.

"Strega! strega! strega!" I cried, hoarsely.

"Felice!" she screamed; and I turned away from the mournfully beautiful face of the woman whom an hour before I had loved and yearned for like a madman. And when she nevertheless came toward me and was about to lay her right hand entreatingly, appeasingly, on my left arm, I seized her wrist and once again compelled her toward the door.

In her righteous indignation she would not endure it that I could not have done with hoarsely whispering, "Strega! strega!"

Her unexpected apparition in the midst of the yellow lightning flash seemed to have completely unhinged my debilitated understanding for the space of that quarter of an hour.

Thus we struggled. At last her well-controlled strength got the mastery over me, and she compelled me backward till I staggered.

She stood free before me. Aged and implacable and full of wrath was her face; her bosom rose and fell with her long and labored panting, and the livid arrowhead mark stood out prominently between her brows. Her agony of soul compressed her lips. Coldly and sternly she fixed her eyes on me, and, pressing both hands on my chest, she held me firmly away from her.

"Maniaco! pazzo!—Madman! fool!" she cried, and after each word she struggled painfully for breath. "What harm have I done you that you dare to touch me? What have I done to you? Speak!"

Not a sound could I bring forth. Yes; I was what she called me—a maniac and a fool! I was so relentlessly overcome by burning shame that it was more than the second blinding flash of zigzag lightning that compelled me to hide my face in my hands, and more than the voice of the thunder that stirred me to the very marrow of my bones.

"Answer me!" repeated Giuditta, and she seized



me roughly by my shoulders and shook me as though I had been a school-boy. "Speak, you fool! Why do you hide your face? Did you imagine that the strega was outlawed for you also? The wretched for the credulous? *You* treat me so? You, my guest and friend? Speak! tell me! what have these wretched gossips been whispering in your ear?"

"Do not ask me! Do not ask!"

"I know. And you have believed them—*you*, my guest and friend!"

Alas! I knelt before her, the despised, and despised myself! I hid my face in the folds of her dress, and bit my teeth into the hard, black cloth. My soul was like the raging sea. Sentimentalist that I was, suddenly over me came the bitterest pang that one feels in a foreign land, homesickness, from which I had suffered so much of late, and added itself to all the keen pain of this moment. I succumbed. Was it from my heart, was it from my lips, came the anguished cry for aid—"Mother! mother!"

I cannot tell; but the humble woman whom I had offended, understood my trouble and my shame. She grasped my hands and compelled me to my feet.

"O! my boy, it were better for thee if thou hadst been all this time at home with thy mother for whom thy heart yearns," said she, with tremulous voice. "Yes; thou at home with her, and I again on my husband's breast, on his heart. But he has cast me off, and I am the most miserable of all the women of this place. O Felice! O husband!"

She threw herself down in a straw-bottomed chair by the window, buried her face in her hands, and rocked back and forth, wailing and sobbing as though her heart would burst with despair. And I, again overwhelmed, knelt down in front of her, tried to draw her hands from her eyes, threw my arm around her, and poured out all the loving and consoling words that sprang to my lips from my young and impetuous heart. But she scornfully rejected my zealous tenderness.

"Away from me! You forget that I am a married woman, signor!" she cried, in threatening tones, and sprang to her feet. "You have no right to say such things; it is not becoming in you, and I do not like it. If I do not show you the door, but instead say: 'Come down with me to my fireside,' I do so because I wish to know what these backbiting tongues have been filling your ears with. For if it had not been the falsest and most malicious thing that they could hiss out behind the back of a faithful wife, surely, signor, you would not have presumed to lay your hand on me and pull me back and forth, like a girl dragged to the gallows by the hangman's assistant. It is not your business to judge and condemn me, poor sinner as I am. Leave to God what is God's part."

Then she turned to the door, but I put myself in front of her. "Take back what you said!" I cried, in the deepest agitation. "I would only love and comfort you as I would my own mother—the dearest object on earth to me."

God is my witness that I had not the slightest idea at that moment how far my asseveration departed from the truth. But I believed myself, and the poor creature whose way I was blocking did the same.

"May Heaven requite you!" she replied, and she gave me a look that was characterized by the gloomiest expression of her sad face. "Let all that pass, signor;

love and respect and consolation," she continued, in a bitter tone. "The worst of all you do not know—that my husband hates me all the more because I love him—that I was a poor mother—then, as a punishment, God took away from me my child—and that behind my back I am called 'the murderess.' Yes, Signor Uberto, the murderess. But that they would not have told you—no one would have dared——"

"Yet——"

Unable to utter another word, I could only convulsively press her left hand against my heart, and touch it with my lips. She snatched her hand away and clutched her own heart. Her whole face twitched and trembled. Then instantly followed the hot tears down her cheeks, and she let her head rest on my shoulder.

"Bless thee, my dear boy!" she murmured, amid her sobs. "Thank thee for comparing me to thy mother! thank thee, thank thee! Then thou didst really know what they charged against me, and yet thou didst not believe them? Thou takest my part—thou, the only one! Oh, a thousand thanks!"

Then she threw her arms around my neck, drew me to her, and the stern, sorrowful mouth kissed me—full of deep, pure feeling. I received it and returned it, in solemn truth, like the son who leans upon the mother's heart. Before my eyes arose the vision of my home, and the best and highest gift of my life.

But instantly the cold hand of Remorse seized my tempestuous heart and chastized it cruelly for the sin which I had committed against this noble woman. The beautiful illusion was past.

She went out before me and staggered down the stairs; I saw her guiding her steps by clinging to the banisters. I returned to my room for a few moments to recover my senses and my self-control, and to assure myself that in spite of my carelessness the storm had inflicted no injury on my landscape on the easel. God be praised! Not the slightest harm had befallen it. Long before I came in Giuditta must have carefully set it back from the window.

She had only just returned from Tione, and from seven hours of weary walking and climbing up and down over the mountain paths in the oppressive sultriness. And what a cheerful welcome I had given the poor jaded creature! I stood in the middle of the room, hung my head and gnawed my lip, cursing myself again and again in the sharpest manner. Then I took heart and went down stairs to the living-room as she had requested me.

I found her wearily crouching in her customary seat at the right of the fireplace. At the very back of the deep cavity hung, drying by the fire, the separate articles of her peasant costume, dripping with the rain that had overtaken her on the way home.

A moist, warm smell came from the wet wool of the gayly striped petticoat and from the yellowed linen of the embroidered chemise, which for long years had lain in the chest, together with the home rose-pearls and the wilted lavender bouquet, carefully preserved, but never again worn after the bridal.

The fury of the storm was over. Only the Lake Garda was still raging. Wan and fierce he rolled his roaring billows into the broad Bay of Riva, and tossed the adventurous boats and smacks up and down, and soaked their swelling sails with his flying spray. The clouds were flying before the wind, which had shifted

and was now blowing cool and strong from the north—the Tramontana. White wreaths of mist hung on the crags and mountain slopes, and spread lightly and softly over the silvery olive groves.

The far horizon took on a delicious azure hue toward the south, and the hazy water-line, which there blends with the sky, had the glimmering tint of the cornflower that has just opened its petals. Only over Riva and toward Arco still hung relics of the storm, and from the great masses of cumuli now and again a yellow flash of lightning zigzagged down, followed after a long interval by the low rumble of the thunder.

From the villa garden, not far distant from the Sole d'Oro, came the detestable rain-cry of the peacocks breaking in upon our quietude, and over yonder in the oleander-tree of Gino Masi, the butcher, the finches were singing. Then the bells on the Minorite Church began to ring, and the post-cart for Pieve di Ledro started out heavily loaded, the bells on the mule's harness jingling merrily, and the driver singing at the top of his voice as he passed the Casaccia on the way up the mountain.

Giuditta got up from her seat and came over to me as I stood in the front door so as to get a breath of the balsamic air. She no longer tried to flee from me. The last moments of that agitated interview in my stanzetta had brought us very near to each other.

As we stood there, Enrichetta Pini passed by with her basket of clothes and with the inevitable bimbo Ettore on her way from her tumble-down hovel to do her washing by the shore of the lake.

"It was she who told you all, signor," said Giuditta; and she drew back into the shadow, that the old woman's spying eyes might not detect her standing by my side. But within my heart stirred all the feeling of a man who purposes to stand up before the whole world for a holy cause and defend it. I prevented the shy woman from withdrawing, compelled her to stay by my side in the doorway, and shouted to the slanderous gossip:

"Buona sera, Signora Pini! Good evening, signora! Aren't you going to give yourself a little rest this evening?"

The venerable old woman turned round to where we both were standing, stared at us with open mouth, and then in all haste made the sign of the cross over herself and over the bimbo Ettore.

"And now I wish to know every word, signor," said Giuditta; and we went back with one impulse into the gloaming twilight of the fireside recess.

Between our seats flickered the open fire, warming us and yet separating us. Outside it, the silence of eventide had fallen; only the cicadæ in the grass were chirping and shrilling unweariedly their melancholy tune.

"Now, then! Begin, signor!"

She sat leaning far forward, her arms from her elbows down resting on her knees, and her hands stretched straight out in front of her and closely pressed together. Not once, as the embers slowly faded, did she turn her eyes away from my face; she stirred not a limb, nor did she once attempt to interrupt my narration:

I kept nothing back for the sake of sparing her feelings. I thought that it was right, so far as lay within my power, entirely to clear up all the malicious or well grounded rumors, as well as my own doubts and her tribulation. I was entirely at her service. She was only

a humble though beautiful woman of the people, but her womanly pride was more than a match for my boyish impetuosity; her austere beauty replaced in my heart the features of those ancient divinities of marble and of bronze which had hitherto been its lofty ideals. I rushed forward as her knight and defender, and yet I sorely hurt her with a notched blade before I drew the good sword in her defense. Such is youth. First it wishes to behold tears and torment, and then tries to pour the balm of love over the wound. It was my purpose that not the slightest detail of her detestable position should be concealed from my companion's knowledge.

When I had ended, she leaned on her elbows, folded her hands, and buried her face in them as one who prays. She remained long in that position. I could see shudder after shudder convulsing her.

Her deathlike silence oppressed me. For a time, as I leaned back against the wall of the recess, I puzzled my brain with wonder as to what she would say to me. Then I bent over to the hearth, and with one of the pine twigs that were scattered about, I raked out into light the embers that were hidden under the gray cover of ashes, so that they began to snap and smoulder anew on the hearth. Then she straightened herself up, and with contracted brows gazed sternly into the glow at her feet.

"Three things I will explain to you," said she at last, and the depths of her feelings were betrayed in the vibrating tones of her voice. "I will tell you about myself, about my son's death, and about my husband's vengeance upon me. But first I will take an oath."

As she said this she knelt down on the hearth, and, laying her right hand full and firmly on the glowing coals, held it there without flinching, and spoke:

"As the fire burns my hand, so may my soul be consumed in eternal torment if I do not tell you the truth and nothing but the truth."

Solemnly fell the words from her mouth, and the keen agony convulsed her face.

Horror-struck, I grasped her hand and tore it out from amid the embers, and dipped my handkerchief into the copper bucket to lay on the burning sores. But even this she would not allow me to do for her. She laughed a despairing laugh, and doubled her fist:

"These burns are nothing but a trifle. But God will take the will for the deed; for if I should offer up my whole body to witness the truth of what I say, then my tongue would not be able to tell the truth any more, and surely, God would not require that."

O Delusion! ruler of demons! Two of thy subjects lost in thy labyrinth, and how should they ever find each other again! Giuditta's oath and that barbarous fire-test of hers made a terrible impression on me. Was it any less barbarous than the blood-test of the Loppio stone?

In vain I urged her to do something for her burned and blistered hand.

"Other pangs I have to endure." And saying this she obstinately persisted, and endured the agony as calmly as an Indian fakir.

"Perhaps the wicked tongues that call the devil my father are right," said she. "I know one thing, at any rate, that might point in that direction,—my dislike of the priestly profession. I do hate it! In only one have I ever had any confidence, and in him I still



have,—my teacher and confessor, up in Tione. Good comes to me from him, evil from all the rest of them,—from all those who, from my childhood up, have been preaching repentance to me, and trying to drive out an unclean spirit that was never in me at all. They taught about the love of God, and yet they let the wickedness of men lie heavily on me. And, for that reason, I would not for anything in the world allow my first-born, and my only son, to become such a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"I could not tell you, signor, which I loved the dearest, my son or his father. My husband, without my knowledge, had dedicated the child, even while he was in his cradle, to the Brotherhood of Saint Romuald, at the monastery at Sacre Eremo. When Frate Onofrio wrote his first letter, I learned about it, and for five years I fought against it with all my might.

"Just think, signor,—a boy, big and strong, his father's own son, with rounded brow under his curling hair, eyes that recognized every bird that swam through the air, and could tell by every sail, from way off beyond Naveve in the offing, whether it belonged in Torbole or Tremosine, or here at the Port of Riva; legs that counted climbing only a delight, and such a back and chest! It was a pleasure, only to see him breathe. He had no fear on the water, or on shore, signor. When up on the Ledro they were blasting stone, he would stand by and laugh at the noise; and if a horse started to run away, he would run away and cling to his tail. A madcap fellow, signor, a regular little hero, sound as the first apple on the twig. And that *he* should become a bookworm, a squinting priest, whose knees should wear the stone floor of a cell; who should grow round-shouldered in perpetual praying and penance-paying! Such a one? Never!

"Till he was six years old he belonged to me entirely, and I did with him as I was done by when I was a tiny little girl at home in Tione among our mountains. I let him run about free as a bird, and left him to the protection of his guardian saint, San Rocco the brave, who was not even afraid of the pestilence. I hoped that this beginning of mine might prove of use to me with Felice, that he might take pity on the happy child, and bring him up to his own gallant calling in this fair world of ours, and not shut him up in a monastery.

"Anything but a monk! So I would put it to him day after day, and day after day I would hear the same reply:

"Yes, a monk! I have given my word. Thy father's inexpressible guilt *he* must atone for by a stern and contemplative life in God; for thee and me he must hedge in the way to Paradise with lilies of purity, and he must look back upon his fortunate childhood when he comes to be a holy man."

"Ah, signor, signor! I have gnashed my teeth in fury when I sat alone by myself. In the bottom of my heart I have despised myself because I could not crush down my love for the father of my child; but that was, as it is to-day, imperishable.

"Then Frate Onofrio writes his second letter, and Felice starts for Camaldoli to give his answer.

"The anguish rose to my brain, signor. One day I control myself; the next I do not stir from my distaff here in the corner, and cannot endure the sight of anyone's face. My little laddie is playing out there in the street as usual, and comes running in for his dinner, so beautiful, so happy, and I am so tormented! I almost

weep my eyes out with grief at the thought of having him taken from me. Then he springs away again out into the sunshine (half Riva had been gone since early morning to Barone to a church dedication), and I, God-forsaken, keep on spinning my flax and going over the incessant struggle with the saints and the battle against my husband's hard will. And still my angry heart says within me: 'Does he not stand paramount to everything brightest in the world? Thou wilt yet give in to him, and the monks will rob thee of thy child!'

"Then suddenly I am seized with a yearning for my boy, and at the same time a strange sort of anxiety, for I see with horror the sun is already setting.

"I run along the street down to the lake, calling and searching. No answer, no trace of him. The stone-cutters up there on the Ledro path had been celebrating the holiday like all the rest, except me, wretched woman that I was—and now the people were beginning to come back from the dedication with jest and song. But I stand on the Ledro and strain my eyes to look down over the steep rocks.

"Up yonder the sharp peak with the deep hollow in it looks down upon me threateningly, like a giant's head. My eyes grow clouded, but I run breathless, and in the twilight keep mounting up to San Rocco's image on the highway. Then I bend over the edge. The grass is smooth, here and there the roots are torn up, the soil looks black and scratched off. And below me, on the spur next the steep peak, lies my boy, dashed against the cruel rocks—his little hands still full of the fresh flowers—his darling face crushed——"

She came across to where I was and pressed close to my side, like a hunted creature whose tormentor is almost upon it, and she grasped my hands with her strong fingers.

"When he returned home—Felice—he hissed into my face, 'Assassina! omicida!' And since then I have been a murderess—for three years. Do you realize what that means, signor?

"For three years have I endured my husband's vengeance, and yet I cannot cut loose from him; for I feel guilty, though I am indeed no murderess. Believe me, signor, believe me, and pity me for my punishment! Here I must live on with this wall of rock always before my eyes, always that craggy peak before me at whose feet I picked up my dead child to bear it home with me! Never an unkind word, never a loving word, no forgiveness and no anger! My heart full of love for him, his heart empty of all consolation and trust for me! So I drag through my weary days, husbandless and childless. A thousand deaths I have died already, and you think, signor, that this little burn on my hand hurts me?"

How, now, did the witch imagined by those brain-seared zealots of the little city appear to me?

As nothing else than an unfortunate martyr.

That night I slept like a log from the moment that I laid my head on my pillow. Toward morning—the early light may have unconsciously affected my eyes—one of the most realistic of dreams, a reflection of what I had seen and heard the evening before, detached itself from the mystical obscurity of unconsciousness. I was a second Perseus, and wished to free my Andromeda chained to the crag on the other side of a sea sparkling in the sun.



## CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

*My Jenny.....John Ernest McCann.....McClure's Magazine*

My Jenny hasn't a penny—  
 But that matters not to me:  
 She has two fine eyes,  
 As soft as the skies,  
 And deep as the tranquil sea.  
 There's nothing of art  
 In her true-blue heart;  
 She's just like a morn in May,  
 When the young year's song  
 Is tripping along,  
 And winter is far away.

My Jenny hasn't a penny—  
 Her dress is a gingham gown;  
 You wouldn't look at  
 Her old felt hat,  
 And her shoes are all run down.  
 She hasn't a glove  
 On her hands; but love  
 Has dressed them with many a kiss;  
 And we envy none  
 'Neath the rolling sun,  
 In a fine old world like this.

My Jenny hasn't a penny—  
 The truth is, neither have I!  
 We're burdened with health,  
 But not with the wealth  
 That makes our poor neighbors sigh.  
 We never need groan  
 With holding our own,  
 For our own is as light as air;  
 But from spring to spring  
 We whistle and sing—  
 It's folly to care for care!

*How the Petrel Died.....Charles S. Greene.....Overland Monthly*

Nobody saw the Petrel go  
 Silently drifting out with the tide;  
 The people of Belvedere only know,  
 She was anchored safe when the daylight died,  
 With the fleet of boats that snugly lay,  
 Like sleeping swans in the little bay.

Yes, anchored safe, but the eddy's sweep,  
 Quietly saps the anchor's hold,  
 Till when the world is all asleep,  
 She lies unmoored and uncontrolled,  
 And slowly at first, she gently floats,  
 Out and away from the dreaming boats.

Which way to go? Well knows she,—  
 Never a touch of doubt in her mind,—  
 She turns her head to the open sea,  
 Hearing the call of her feathered kind;  
 For better she loves the billows' play,  
 Than the quiet slough or the peaceful bay.

But Angel Island sees her not;  
 And Sausalito gives no hail;  
 And grim old Alcatraz marks no yacht,  
 That glides along without a sail;  
 The Lime Point keepers give no sign,  
 As she dances by on the heaving brine.

Out in the channel! And faster now;  
 For the ebb tide runs like a mill-race here.  
 She sees the frown on Diablo's brow,  
 But her foolish heart has felt no fear.  
 And never a bit the faster she runs,  
 Before the mouths of the heavy guns.

The ancient Fort with its blood-red eye,  
 That shuts and opens, fails to see,  
 And Point Bonita, as she goes by,  
 Stolidly gazes; and gay and free,  
 She rises and falls on the ocean swell,  
 With the rhythmic sweep that she loves so well.

For now she has come to the end of her course,  
 Wayward and happy, wild and free,  
 And is caught and crushed by the awful force  
 Of the mighty rush of the cruel sea;  
 And never again when the yachts are gay,  
 Shall the Petrel sail on the sunlit bay.

*The Cross Speaks..Francis S. Saltus..Shadows and Ideals (Moulton)*

For years in towering stateliness I stood,  
 The lord of cedars, in the holiest wood  
 That bloomed upon the hills of Lebanon;  
 Guarding the purity of many a nest  
 With softly swaying boughs, and ever blest  
 By gentle rains and by the soothing sun.

Below me roamed the solemn, peace-eyed herds  
 That craved my shade, and, glorified by birds,  
 In tranquil ways I breathed sweet life away;  
 While the consoling, clover-scented breeze,  
 Wafted in perfume from the Grecian seas,  
 Caressed me at the sultry close of day.

My life was one of sanctity and balm,  
 And nothing marred the monotone of calm  
 Haunting the ample woodlands where I dreamed.  
 My base was sprent with miracles of flowers,  
 And in the distance I could see the towers  
 And spires of Sidon when the sunlight gleamed.

But on one eve, strange men, with shining blades,  
 Passed like a boisterous tempest thro' the glades,  
 And paused before my beauty fair and tall,  
 And one, rough-voiced, with large, admiring eyes,  
 Counting my branches that assailed the skies,  
 Cried, "Seek no further, this good tree must fall!"

Then to the core they struck me with sharp steel;  
 I felt the sap within my veins congeal,  
 I writhed and moaned at every savage blow,  
 And I, whose strength had braved the fiercest storm,  
 Tottered and fell, a mutilated form,  
 While all the forest waved its leaves in woe!

Then, fashioning from my boughs, with rough, swift hands,  
 A cross colossal, girt with iron bands,  
 They dragged me in my pitiful disgrace  
 Down to the holy town Jerusalem,  
 There to give death to those the laws condemn,  
 And placed me in a sad, accursed place.

Defiled, I stood there, mourning for my leaves,  
 While on my breast they nailed the city's thieves,  
 With livid martyrs and assassins grim,  
 Who rent the air with horrid cries of pain,  
 Lingered upon me, calling death in vain,  
 Crow-gnawed and shivering in each tortured limb.

Severe and constant were the dread decrees  
 Of Pontius Pilate, and the agonies  
 Of countless victims granted me no rest;  
 My wood was soiled by blood and split by nails;  
 I lived in one mad hell of harrowing wails;  
 By carrion weights I ever was oppressed!

Then came a dark and sacrilegious day  
Of crime, of malediction, of dismay!  
Rude soldiers tore me from the hated ground,  
And brought me, with foul oaths and many a jeer,  
Before one pale, sweet man, who, without fear,  
Did tower above them, god-like, nettle-crowned!  
Shrill voices, formed to curse and to abuse,  
Cried, choked with scorn, "Ignoble King of Jews!  
Save thyself now if that thou hast the power."  
But He, the meek one, resolutely caught  
My hideous body to Him and said naught;  
And God was with us in that awful hour!

Thrilled by His touch, a sense I never knew  
Sudden within my callous fibres grew,  
Warning my spirit He was pure and good.  
And I could feel that He was Christ divine,  
And that a deathless honor then was mine,  
In one dark instant I had understood!

The raucous shouts of thousands rent the air,  
When on His outraged shoulders, scourged and bare,  
He bore to dismal Calvary and night  
My ponderous weight, my all-unhallowed mass,  
While I, God-strengthened, strove and strove, alas!  
Without a hope, to make the burden light.

He perished on my heart and heard the moan  
That shuddered thro' me, He, and He alone,  
But no man heard the promise He gave me  
Of sweetest pardon, nor did any mark  
His pitying smile that aureoled the dark  
For me, in that wild hour on Calvary!

When tender women's hands, that sought to save,  
Had carried His sweet body to the grave,  
A streak of flame hissed forth from heaven and rent  
My trunk with one annihilating blow,  
Leaving me prostrate, charred, too vile to know  
That I was nothing, and God was content.

But He who punished my sad sin with fire  
Forsook me not in my abasement dire,  
And mercifully bade my soul revive,  
To take new spells of life, that all might see,  
With beauty far exceeding any tree,  
Once more with resurrected leaves to thrive!

And now, in verdurous calm, adored of birds,  
Circled by flowers and by the tranquil herds  
That love beneath my stateliness to browse,  
I dream in peace through hours of sun and gloom,  
And near unto the Saviour's worshiped tomb  
I wave my soft and sympathizing boughs!

*Lavender Leaves.....Minna Irving.....New England Magazine*

The waving corn was green and gold,  
The damask roses blown,  
The bees and busy spinning-wheel  
Kept up a drowsy drone,—  
When Mistress Standish, folding down  
Her linen, white as snow,  
Between it laid the lavender,  
One summer long ago.

The slender spikes of grayish green,  
Still moist with morning dew,  
Recalled a garden sweet with box  
Beyond the ocean's blue,—  
An English garden, quaint and old,  
She never more might know;  
And so she dropped a homesick tear  
That summer long ago.

The yellow sheets grew worn and thin,  
And fell in many a shred;  
Some went to bind a soldier's wounds,  
And some to shroud the dead,—

And Mistress Standish rests her soul  
Where graves their shadows throw  
And violets blossom, planted there  
In summers long ago.

But still between the royal rose  
And lady-lily tall  
Springs up the modest lavender  
Beside the cottage wall.  
The spider spreads her gossamer  
Across it to and fro—  
The ghost of linen laid to bleach  
One summer long ago.

*The Daily Miracle of Life.....Richard Realf.....Poems*

The daily miracle of life goes on  
Within our chambers at our household hearths,  
In somber duties and in jocund mirths;  
In all the unquiet hopes and fears that run  
Out of our hearts along the edges of  
The terrible abysses; in the calms  
Of friendship, in the ecstasies of love;  
In burial dirges and in marriage psalms;  
In all the far, weird voices that we hear  
In all the mystic visions we behold  
In our soul's summer when the days are clear,  
And in our winter when the nights are cold;  
And in the subtle secrets of our breath,  
And that Annunciation men call Death.

*The Country School.....William S. Lord.....Blue and Gold (Dial Press)*

At this old desk some ragged urchin sat,  
To learn his letters and such words as "cat";  
His sun-browned feet were bare upon the floor,  
Which knew no polish save such smoothing o'er  
As twenty pair of restless feet may give,  
While wisdom wriggles through each tousled sieve.  
Perchance, the master was some cultured man,  
Whose mind, though mighty, had not solved God's plan  
To raise him from this humble, tiresome trust,  
To one all conflict, glory, heat, and dust,—  
Some future Garfield to attract the eye  
By great achievements, and at last to die  
Mourned by his country; or some struggling soul,  
Who through this gate must pass to reach the goal;  
Who lived unconscious of the pent-up song  
His lips would utter to be treasured long.

Through open windows hear the drowsy hum  
Of insects, now that balmy June has come.  
Soft winds are stirring, and the fearless fly  
Hast just begun his pestering ways to try.  
The lessons lag, and restless hands and feet  
Find idle pastime on the floor and seat.  
And now the master's face turns toward the wall,  
His glance is followed by the eyes of all.  
The clock, persistent, slow, but ever sure,  
Will soon release the bonds they now endure,  
And down the dusty lane and over field  
Will lad and lass go loitering, till the yield  
Of sunshine lessens and long shadows fall,  
And milking-time and supper homeward call.

And now 'tis Winter, and the tingling air  
Upon each window makes frost-tracings rare.  
The wood-box bursts beneath the stored-up heat;  
The round stove glows, and forty snow-wet feet  
Are drying, and the little room is full  
Of odors of burned leather and steamed wool.  
Along the wall after each one is wrung,  
Are rows of leggings, mittens, tippets hung;  
The promised pleasure of a "spelling bee"  
Will make to-day a day of jollity.

## EMMA BROOKE: THE AUTHOR OF TRANSITION \*

Who wrote *A Superfluous Woman*? One asks the question eagerly, because the novel stood clearly out from the whole series of sex-books by reason of its matter and manner alike. Its style especially was admirable after the chaotic grammar and syntax of most of its rivals. And the identity of the author is still more interesting at the present moment, for a new book, *Transition*, has just appeared from the same pen. It is not surprising to learn that the author of *A Superfluous Woman* and *Transition* is a woman—to wit, Miss Emma Brooke.

On her mother's side she is a descendant of an old Cheshire yeoman's family, and she is the daughter of a landlord and capitalist. The earliest influence which gave a cast to her character and thought was the fact that she was born in a village which had been, in a measure, the creation of her maternal grandfather, who was a great employer of labor there. There was a great deal that was picturesque, and much that was excessively gloomy and repressed, in Miss Brooke's early surroundings. Her upbringing was very religious, with a leaning towards the ascetic and austere. At the same time, she had, in her out-of-the-way village life, particular opportunities of observing the rougher side of human nature. There was, indeed, in the experience of her sisters and herself something parallel to that of the Brontës of Haworth.

After this picturesque but sombre beginning to her life comes next in importance the fact that she was one of the eight Newnham pioneer-students who studied at Cambridge before Newnham was built. She carried away with her from her University life scarcely any honors, but some inestimable benefits, of which the greatest probably, was the reverence for careful accuracy in speech and thought which Professor Henry Sidgwick took such particular pains to inculcate. After leaving Cambridge, she passed some excessively troubled years. But the next event of lasting importance took place only upon her leaving her native county and settling in Hampstead. Here she met again an old fellow-student, whose married name was Mrs. Charlotte Wilson. She has since become well-known as the editor of the Anarchist paper *Freedom*. As early as the winter of 1882-3, in conversation with her, and through coming into contact with Professor Karl Pearson, Miss Brooke gathered some fragmentary ideas concerning Socialism. These she crudely embodied in her first novel, which was published in June, 1883. But in 1884, only did she really begin her career as a Socialist.

Mrs. Wilson had the happy idea of gathering together a circle of students for the purpose of seriously studying social questions, and especially the theories of Socialism which had already been propounded. By the autumn of that year she had founded the club which was afterwards named the Hampstead Historic Club, and Miss Brooke was made secretary of it. "I am sure," Miss Brooke told a friend, "that when we first gathered together to read Karl Marx's *Capital* in French translations, round Mrs. Wilson's hospitable table, we had not much idea that any of us would issue from our native obscurity. It is a pleasant thought to me that the little

band of comrades who have worked so long and so harmoniously together never went through the ceremony of a formal introduction to each other. We just met in Mrs. Wilson's drawing-room, each with a large copy of Karl Marx to spread on the table before him, and in that way we set to work. I remember such strangers were we one to another that we did not know each other's names. And Mrs. Wilson addressed Sidney Webb all the first evening as 'Mr. Webb-King.' This was to his exceeding perplexity. But perhaps it was prophetic."

The Hampstead Historic Club lasted for four years, the leading members being Sidney Webb, Bernard Shaw, Graham Wallas and Sydney Oliver. There were many others in the circle. It usually began its work in October and ended it in June. The first fruits of the work of the club were the *Fabian Essays*. These were papers written, for the most part, in and for the Club. Their publication was followed by an immediate and astonishing success, and the Fabian Society sprang from obscurity into comparative fame. It is interesting to know that Miss Brooke hawked a bundle of essays by members of the Club in vain to the doors of two or three publishers, and that, when a selection of the work was finally published as *Fabian Essays*, it was necessary to do so by subscription. Miss Brooke's connection with the Fabians, particularly with those of the Club, has never ceased from the day she first met them until this.

When she read Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *Marcella*, Miss Brooke felt much dissatisfaction, and some pain. Her dissatisfaction was caused by what she considered the utterly mistaken account Mrs. Ward gave of the Fabian methods; the pain was at the drawing of a character of a Fabian leader in Wharton.

"And so," said Miss Brooke, "I, who play, indeed, the part of a veritable David to Goliath, took my sling and prepared my small stone. I trust it may reach its mark. For, after all, it is only a giant aspersion that I wish to slay. *Marcella* as a Fabian is inconceivable to me, though she is interesting as a character. The cause of struggle and agitation in the Fabian Society lies in the small leaven of a violently revolutionary type which is constantly at war with the established and successful method; it does not lie in the tendency of members to go back on the faith altogether. I tried to depict this type of Fabian in *Lucilla*. We simply look upon it as an excellent sign of life in the Society. Sheridan is a sketch of the acknowledged Fabian leader. It is scarcely necessary to name him, and I have not attempted to disguise him. If I am accused of having 'idealized' him, that is the fault of my imperfect skill. I have not endowed him with any qualities which, during our long connection in Socialistic work together, I have not had occasion to remark in him; but I have no doubt that I have failed to realize him at his genuine best."

Miss Brooke, it may be noticed in conclusion, was elected to the executive of the Fabians two years ago. Before that, she had been a Group Secretary for many years, and filled her position with characteristic conscientiousness and ability.

\* From The Sketch.



## GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

*Stephen Crane,* Author of *The Black Riders* You will, says The Bookman, look in vain through the pages of the Trade Circular for any record of a story of New York life entitled *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*, which was published three or four years ago in this city. At the moment of going to press the timorous publishers withdrew their imprint from the book, which was sold, in paper covers, for fifty cents. There seems to be considerable difficulty now in securing copies, but the fact that there is no publisher's name to the book, and that the author appears under the "nom de plume" of "Johnson Smith," may have something to do with its apparent disappearance. The copy which came into the writer's possession was addressed to the Rev. Thomas Dixon a few months ago, before the author went West on a journalistic trip to Nebraska, and has these words written across the cover: "It is inevitable that this book will greatly shock you, but continue, pray, with great courage to the end, for it tries to show that environment is a tremendous thing in this world, and often shapes lives regardlessly. If one could prove that theory, one would make room in Heaven for all sorts of souls (notably an occasional street girl) who are not confidently expected to be there by many excellent people." The author of this story and the writer of these words is Stephen Crane, whose *Lines* (he does not call them poems) have just been published by Copeland & Day, and are certain to make a sensation.

Stephen Crane is not yet twenty-four years old, but competent critics aver that his command of the English language is such as to raise the highest hopes for his future career. The impression he makes on his literary co-workers is that he is a young man of almost unlimited resources. The realism of his *Maggie*—a story that might have taken a greater hold on the public than even *Chimmie Fadden*, had the publishers been less timid—is of that daring and terrible directness which in its iconoclasm is the very characteristic of rugged undisciplined strength in a youth of genius. We hear the echo of this mood in number XLV. of his *Lines*:

"Tradition, thou art for suckling children,  
Thou art the enlivening milk for babes;  
But no meat for men is in thee.  
Then—  
But, alas, we are all babes."

Mr. Crane started to write for the press when only sixteen, and he has been at newspaper work ever since. He has done very little outside of journalism; some of his stories have been contributed to the *Cosmopolitan*, and a story entitled *The Red Badge of Courage*, which relates the adventures of a recruit under fire for the first time during the Civil War, was one of the most successful serials which the *Bachelor* syndicate have handled in a long time. This serial has now been set up in book form, and will be published in the summer by Messrs. Appleton & Co., who think very highly of his work. Among other manuscripts which are now in the publishers' hands is one entitled *A Woman Without Weapons*. It is a story of New York life, like *Maggie*, but its scenes are laid on the borderland of the slums, and not down in the Devil's Row and Rum Alley. When Mr. Hamlin Garland read *Maggie* and reviewed it in

the *Arena* on its appearance, he sought out the intrepid young author and introduced him to Mr. W. D. Howells, who in turn extended his kindness to young Crane, and made him acquainted with several of his "confrères," who were likely to encourage his literary inspirations. For over a year Mr. Crane has been on the staff of the *Bachelor* syndicate, and he is now in Mexico "writing up" that country for them. Mr. Crane is a New Yorker, and both his father and mother are dead. All the stanzas in the little volume which has just been published were written in a sudden fit of inspiration in less than three days, and were polished and finished and sent off within a fortnight. The cover design of *The Black Riders* was drawn by Mr. F. C. Gordon, whose work on the beautiful holiday edition of Tennyson's *Becket* met with signal approbation. What Hamlin Garland said of the author a few years ago may be now repeated with a more certain assurance of fulfillment: "With such a technique already in command, with life mainly before him, Stephen Crane is to be henceforth reckoned with."

*Johanna Staats' New Book, Drumsticks* The forthcoming novel, *Drumsticks* (Transatlantic Publishing Company), is by the writer whose teutonic "nom de guerre" attracted so much comment some two years ago in connection with various widely discussed and copied short stories. The author of the *Red Mouse*, *The Story of a Chump*, *A Little Brown Woman*, and the other stories equally singular as to titles, was commonly said to be a club man of New York. It now appears that the writer was a woman. The name just over the more familiar signature, "Johanna Staats," upon the title-page of the new novel, is seen to be Katharine Mary Cheever Meredith. It seems that, although the lady is of Detroit birth, she is a granddaughter of Doctor Ebenezer Cheever of early New York and Newark fame, one of the Schermerhorn and Frelinghuysen coterie of fifty or seventy-five years ago.

It might be curious to trace from a Weismann point of view the evolution of a writer, so French in method, from an ancestry including so many old-school Presbyterian divines. Of the personality of Johanna Staats, aside from these meagre facts, but little is known, and it would seem from the reticence of her publishers that it is her desire to preserve a certain incognito as to her private life. Apropos of the new novel, which is expected to create something of a stir, the fact that its subtitle is *A Little Story of a Sinner and a Child* may be said to argue in favor of its success; for in the earlier stories a Sinner grew to be the synonym for a hit.

*J. C. Thomas and his New Book* The great short-cuts to human knowledge, writes Fanny Mack Lothrop, are reference books. The essence of a thousand volumes, the wisdom of the world's best thinkers, the research and study of a lifetime of hundreds of investigators, by comprehensive grasp and careful editing, may be focused in a single book. In that book is the life and strength of them all, as thousands of roses are represented in a single ounce of attar. These most valuable of books are not always known as well as they should be by the great public, to whom they would be

of daily service, in answering questions now commonly referred to the correspondence columns of the press. To J. C. Thomas, of Chicago, the world of readers is indebted for a most interesting and able book of this class. Its title, *Manual of Useful Information*, but feebly suggests its scope. The work has been compiled by a score of editors, under the direction of Mr. Thomas, and covers more than one hundred thousand facts, figures, and fancies, drawn from every land and language, and carefully classified for the ready reference of teachers, business men, and the family circle. The work is divided into departments, under which the information is given in detail. These divisions comprise Facts about our country; Time and its landmarks; Language, its use and misuse; Poetry and general literature; Mythology and folk-lore; Industry and commerce; Handicraft and invention; Money and finance; Coins, weights, and measures; War and its appliances; Creeds of the world; Jottings in science; Plain Law for plain people; Politics and statecraft; Music and fine arts; Sidelights on history; Mystic letters and numerals; Famous persons and places; The World and its ways; Races and tribes of men; Health, hygiene, and physiology; Hearth and home. It is a helpful supplement to current cyclopædias which pay attention to large subjects, or great issues, and have neither time nor space for the incidental minutiae that has in it so much of interest. Few, even of the best informed literary men of the day, could name five members of the Forty Immortals of France, those great ones whose names, as the phrase itself pompously implies, will never be forgotten. This book gives this table, as but one article in its literary department. A dictionary of 12,000 synonyms and antonyms is another valuable feature; a dictionary of mythology another, and so the list runs on. It is difficult to particularize, where all is so interesting, and so ably epitomized and arranged. The Index, covering twenty closely-printed pages, renders a vast array of facts instantly accessible. The publishers, The Werner Company, of Chicago, have done well to add the Manual to their Working Teachers' Library; it will be appreciated by all who examine its pages and utilize this condensed library of modern knowledge, research, and history, in daily reference.

*Stanley Waterloo and his Recent Work* Sitting with a number of men in the Press Club of Chicago one afternoon, writes Le Roy Armstrong, I listened to their talk drifting from material things to the motives and the rewards of action, and then saw the birth of what I take to be that rarest of productions—a genuine poem. Stanley Waterloo, a strong man, with a love for the masculine vigor of knightly days, said that man to him seemed made up of three parts. One was the human side, with its loves and its hates, its fights and defeats or triumphs; another was the spiritual, with a scope of pains and pleasures peculiarly its own; and the last was that apparently alien and often antagonistic phase, the conscience. He said it seemed to him the human and the spiritual were like two riders, two crusaders; that the one followed his lusts and his quarrels, that the other plunged for pleasures in a fervor which we all know may be religious without being at all pious; and that the third, "what men call conscience," was forever beside them, "setting their metes and bounds," and guiding all action toward what is ultimately and everlastingly right.

Mr. Waterloo grew very earnest and absorbed as he pictured these three strange characters, and their equivalents in life. It impressed me. It impressed all of us. Two hours afterward he showed me the rough lead-pencil draught of the poem, *The Gray Patrol*, which appears on another page of this number of *Current Literature*. With very little change it stands here as he first wrote it. And it seems to me so strong, so true, that it must take its place among the very few great poems of these later years.

Stanley Waterloo has made something of a departure from his ordinary style of work in his recent volume, *Honest Money*, which has met with a phenomenal success. It is possible he may soon bring out a second book on financial topics, but a novel with the scenes laid in prehistoric times is commanding most of his interest. It will be entitled *The Story of Ab*, and he has been engaged, in a desultory way, in securing strange data for it during the last eight or ten years. It is likely to prove something of a novelty in literature.

*Mrs. Catharine Parr Traill* Mrs. Catharine Parr Traill, the fifth in order of birth of the clever Strickland sisters, has, says the New York Tribune, lately published in Toronto a volume entitled *Pearls and Pebbles, or Notes of an Old Naturalist*. Among the subjects of the book are *Our Native Grasses, Mosses and Lichens, Some Curious Plants, The English Sparrow, and The Spider*. Mrs. Traill's first stories, a series for children, were published in London in 1818, and before she left England she wrote other juvenile stories. In 1832, she came with her husband to Canada and settled on the banks of the Ottonabe River. They afterwards removed to the picturesque village of Lakefield, in Ontario, and were joined by Mrs. Moodie, the youngest of the Stricklands.

Mrs. Traill's first Canadian book, called *Letters from the Backwoods*, was written in 1835, and was published by Charles Knight, of London. This was followed by short stories and sketches, and a book, *Lady Mary and her Nurse*, which appeared in later editions as *Afar in the Forests*. Then came the *Canadian Crusoes*, which also went through several editions. The *Canadian Crusoes* is still produced under the title *Lost in the Backwoods*. *Canadian Wild Flowers* appeared in 1866, and in 1884, *Plant Life in Canada* was published. The illustrations for these botanical works were painted by Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Traill's niece. Some time before the publication of these later books, Lady Charlotte Greville succeeded in interesting Lord Palmerston in Mrs. Traill, and in recognition of her work as a naturalist a grant of £100 was made to her.

There were nine children of the Strickland family—two sons, Samuel and Thomas, and seven daughters, Elizabeth, Agnes, Sara, Jane, Catharine Parr, Susanna, Eleanore. The last named died in infancy. Of the six sisters who grew up, Sara was the only one who did not write for publication, possibly because her life as the wife of an active clergyman demanded so much time and energy. Elizabeth, the eldest, who was, her sister thinks, the cleverest of the family, wrote, in connection with Agnes, many of the *Lives of the Queens of England*. In 1887, Jane Strickland, then eighty-seven years old, brought out a memoir of her sister Agnes, which was published by the Blackwoods. Mrs. Moodie—Susanna Strickland—wrote a number of books, which



are well known in England and Canada. Among them are Roughing it in the Bush, Jeffrey Monkton, and Mark Hurdleston. The Stricklands were nearly related through the Nevilles and other families to Queen Catharine Parr, and old family names have been retained through successive generations. That branch of the family to which Catharine Parr Traill belongs became Protestant at the Reformation; but when the Strickland sisters were compiling material for the Lives of the Queens of England; they had access to the private family documents of the Catholic Stricklands. In her ninety-fourth year Mrs. Traill is still blessed with a bright and energetic mind. Some time ago, in a long letter, she referred to her forthcoming work, and said, regarding some of the sketches: "They are taken from my journal, when life was young and I held the pen of a ready-writer. Now I am aged, but the mind is not worn out."

*Mrs. Almon Goodwin's  
New Romance*

Maud Wilder Goodwin (Mrs. Almon Goodwin), the author of the Virginia romance entitled *The Head of a Hundred*, recently published by Little, Brown & Co., is a native and resident of New York, but of New England lineage. One can well believe, as Mrs. Goodwin confesses, that she, as a descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, found it necessary to free her mind of a strong Puritan bias and some Puritan delusions before she could write sympathetically of the colonial cavalier whose daily life formed the theme of the first book, now also in the hands of Little, Brown & Co.

It is strange that the subject of Southern life should thus fall to the hand and pen of a Northern woman. Strange, too, that so much ignorance should prevail concerning the earliest period of our history before we became a nation. How many, even among the Colonial Dames, or the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, are well informed as to the habits and customs of their ancestors, and the contrasts presented by colonial life at the North and the South? How many have studied the history of the Indians, or traced to its beginning the slavery of the negro in America?

It was partially through her interest in these race problems, and especially in the question of race education, as they are being worked out at Hampton, that Mrs. Goodwin was led to colonial studies; and having once entered upon it, she became completely possessed by the charm of "ye olden tyme," and desirous of making others share her sense of its fascination and value.

*William H. Harvey,  
Author of Coin*

Of William H. Harvey, whose recent book, *Coin's Financial School*, created such an excitement in the West and has already been "answered" in half-a-dozen books, the Chicago Inter Ocean says:

William Hope Harvey, author of *The Elementary Principles of Money*, *Coin's Financial School*, and *A Tale of Two Nations*, eminently successful contributions to current financial literature, is comparatively a young man. He was born August 16, 1851, in Buffalo, Putnam County, West Virginia. His early education was acquired in the common or district schools of his neighborhood, and at the age of sixteen he was a school-teacher himself. Reading law in an office in his native town, he passed a creditable examination at the age of nineteen years, and was admitted to practice. Success

followed his efforts as a lawyer, and he became noted at the bar of Cabel County, West Virginia, and in the circuit embracing this, Putnam, and other counties in the Kanawha Valley.

In 1875, he left his West Virginia home and settled in Cleveland, Ohio, where he practiced his profession successfully for two years. In 1877, he located in Chicago and practiced law, having an office in the Portland Block. In 1879, he went to Gallipolis, Ohio, where he became counsel for several wholesale firms, and as well a partner in the dry goods firm of John T. Halliday & Co. There he married Miss Anna Halliday, by whom he has had four children. In 1884, he abandoned the practice of law and emigrated from Ohio to Colorado, settling in Denver, where investments became his special line of business. In 1890, business called him to Ogden, Utah, and there he took up his residence until May, 1893, when he returned to Chicago. Since re-establishing himself in this city, Mr. Harvey has been engaged in authorship, the publication of financial literature. His success has been pronounced. His works have commanded widespread attention and have attained to a wonderful degree of popularity. So far as "The School in Chicago," spoken of in *Coin's Financial School*, is concerned, it is only a figure of speech or an allegory used to convey a lesson practically and easily. Mr. Harvey's school, in fact, consists of the clientele that seeks and reads his works with avidity.

*Paul Hervieu,  
the New Zola*

Keep an eye on this name. The new Zola!—without any of Zola's vulgarity and bestial grossness. He is one, says Stuart Henry in *Vanity*, of the five or six great figures among the French writers who are between thirty and forty years of age. His books have found favor in Germany and Russia, and his fame is about to reach America, where you have already, perhaps, read his *Flirt*. His *L'Armature* has made, in Paris, the most profound impression of any recent novel. It is a powerful picture of the tyranny of the almighty dollar. Mr. Hervieu is brainy. He is, in appearance, the brainiest of any young Frenchman I have met. His cranium very visibly bulges out with gray matter. His striking head—striking for a sort of veiled massiveness—easily dominates his rather slight body. His grayish eyes are heavy, slow, far away. He has a look of intellectual solidity—indeed, of thickness, of denseness, using these terms in a favorable sense. His handwriting, as I see it in a note of his lying before me, is compact, tortuous—there is something of a blind cast over it. He is by nature neither hopeful nor convinced. He wears a silent air of sadness, for, like all Naturalistic writers, he is a pessimist. The spectacle of civilization has no bright windows of faith for him. Not that he does not believe that the human race has progressed, but it takes so long—so long. He has read his Schopenhauer, and he has travelled across Germany. M. Hervieu is a student both in attitude and action. His head is pushed forward from his shoulders; his neat, thin fingers seem to caress each leaf with bookish fondness as they slip between the pages of a volume in quest, for instance, of a citation to prove some argument.

He lives in the Rue Auber by the Grand Opera, right in the centre of that Parisian life which he loves to contemplate. In his study you hear the dull, ceaseless roar of carriages sweeping past on the wooden pavement.



His books are piled up around the room in a sort of precise disorder, and his desk is so encumbered with material that the smallest place possible is left him for writing his great works of fiction. He talks to you with an echoless earnestness, folding his hands between his knees, and perhaps around a white handkerchief, as he leans toward you. He spoke to me one day of his almost abnormal passion for observing men and things. He said: "If an accident happens in the street, I rush forward, mix with the throng, and stay there. I drink in the scene as if with quenchless thirst. This passion for watching the world makes me indolent. I put off writing until the last moment—until I am forced to take up my pen. I have to toil under stress. As a result I write a novel in three months, and then am ill two months. I began *L'Armature* the 4th day of October (1894), and finished it January 20th—two attacks of gout being included in the programme. You see I had to commence furnishing the copy December 15th for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. I worked from eight till noon, and from one until six. Insomnia? No, fortunately, I am a valiant sleeper. This fashion of working is bad for the health, still it has some advantages—it gives the fever of life to your pages—your hot blood flows into them. I take no notes (save mental ones, of course) in preparing to write a novel. No, I do not put living people in my books. A lady said to me the other day: 'I know every person in *L'Armature*.' 'Do you, Madame?' I replied. 'You are more "au courant" than I, for I was not aware of having painted any one in reality!'"

The talent of M. Hervieu consists primarily of his powers of observation and his forcible style. He always conceives the general plan of a book before he attempts to confide anything to ink. He first makes a full outline of it on paper, and then goes over the outline and converts it into better French. He finds that his mind unconsciously stores up many data, details, impressions, so that, for his purpose, his pen is ever well enough provided with material of this sort. Of the Symbolists, M. Hervieu is not a disciple. He thinks that classifications into schools in literature are merely convenient things with which to cudgel our literary adversaries, and nurse the comfortable notion that "only my friends and I have genius—and even my friends . . ." Every one, though, is to some extent a Symbolist. What is M. Hervieu's Baron Safré but a colossal symbolic figure?

M. Hervieu was born at Neuilly, adjoining Paris, in 1857. He was educated for the law and also for a diplomatic career. In 1881, he was appointed Secretary of the French Legation in the city of the Montezumas. Thereupon, preferring, like all Frenchmen, even Paris to Mexico, he gave up diplomacy, together with the Napoleonic code, and went into fiction. M. Hervieu is not only a great novelist, but a successful playwright. He is endowed with a genuine dramatic gift. His *Les Paroles Restent* met with a highly satisfactory reception at the Vaudeville two years ago. The *Théâtre Français* has accepted from him a piece in three acts.

Of *Blue and Gold*, from the pen of William S. Lord, just issued from the Dial press, Mr. Eugene Field says in the *Chicago Record*: "Somewhat more than sixty poems are included in this collection. They fairly represent the author's range and quality. His most felicitous treat-

ment seems to be of themes involving children and home life. He gives us a number of delicious lullabies and songs for little folk; the book itself is dedicated to the poet's little boy, and the reader is not long finding out that Mr. Lord has reserved a large and warm corner in his heart for young people. Yet in another line Mr. Lord has wrought with exceptional merit; he sings truthfully and feelingly of nature and its beautiful, inspiring influences, and then again the several love songs he has strewn through his book are rich in manly tenderness."

Mr. Lord is a young man of thirty-one. Unlike most men of decided literary proclivities, since his tenth year he has been engaged in mercantile pursuits. At present he is proprietor of a thriving dry goods shop in the beautiful university city of Evanston, Ill. Notwithstanding his success as a writer of verse, his greatest pride is taken in the successful conduct of his business. Perhaps it is out of his experience as an advertiser in the newspapers that Mr. Lord has come to be a great believer in the daily press as a medium for the publication of his verse. While several of his poems have been published in *The Independent*, *Lippincott's* and other high-class publications, he believes that one who has a name to make in literature, with a few possible exceptions, will find life altogether too short if he must wait for the magazines to "accept" and "print" him. If it is fame the writer of verse desires the returns are quicker, Mr. Lord believes, and the reward more ample in the end if the work is good, by publishing in an ably conducted daily journal; and he delights to use the names of Mr. Field, Mr. Riley and Mr. Stanton in illustration of this. "Within a week," he says, "I have received no less than fifty clippings from newspapers containing bits of verse, properly credited, which originally appeared in a daily journal. I set much value on the power of the 'exchange editor.'"

*The Editor of the Yellow Book* The great amount of criticism of all kinds called forth by that unique publication, *The Yellow Book*, has, says the Bookman, led many residents of New York to brush up their recollections of its editor, Mr. Henry Harland, who now for some years has expatriated himself and become a confirmed Londoner. Henry Harland, the literary editor of *The Yellow Book*, was born in this city just thirty-four years ago. He was graduated from the College of the City of New York, and subsequently went to Harvard, where, however, he did not remain to take a degree. He afterward set out on a pleasure trip through Southern Europe, and spent a winter in Rome. From 1883 to 1886, he was in the office of the Surrogate, where his literary career was really begun. He was then living at his father's house in Beekman Place. During this time he had formed a definite literary plan, which his hours at the office did not allow him the necessary leisure to carry out. It was, accordingly, his daily habit, pursued through all one winter with the utmost conscientiousness, to go to bed and to sleep immediately after dinner; at two o'clock in the morning he rose, and, fortified with black coffee, he then wrote undisturbed until it was time for breakfast, preceding his start down town to his labors in the Surrogate's office. The fruit of his winter's work, in which there is not even a remote suspicion either of pre-prandial coffee or of midnight oil, was his first novel, *As It Was Written*,

a story of Jewish life in New York, published in 1885. This and others of his first books appeared under the pseudonym of "Sidney Luska," a name that he only gradually sloughed off for his own legitimate appellation, which, in point of fact, is apparently of the two the real "nom de guerre," that now stand for some excellent literary work.

The subjects of his subsequent stories, Mrs. Peixada (1886),—in which year he left the Surrogate's office to devote himself wholly to literature,—The Yoke of the Torah (1887), My Uncle Florimond, and Mr. Sonnenschein's Inheritance, both in 1888, were, like his first novel, taken from Jewish life, and, like it, they were all characterized by a refreshing newness of material and novelty of treatment. Harland well recognized at this time that he had opened up a new vein, and he consciously worked it. He was led, however, to the choice of subject by his own personal predilections. He had many friends among the Jews, and he had sincere admiration—or asserted that he had—for the Jewish character. At any rate, Jewish life in all this early work has never been more sympathetically treated. This is even the case in *The Yoke of the Torah*, which evoked some protest on the part of the Jews themselves, who called upon Harland to vindicate his position, as he did in a public address in one of the city synagogues, it must be confessed, most ably.

This first subject, however, was never more than a passing phase that has not since been recurred to. Grandison Mather, published in 1889, in which year he went to Europe, is largely autobiographical. This was followed, the same year, by *A Latin Quarter Courtship*; the succeeding year by *Two Women or One?* and *Two Voices*; in 1891 by *Mea Culpa*; in 1893 by *Mademoiselle Miss*, a collection of short stories. Since 1889, he has not been in America, but has oscillated between Paris and London, where his real residence is in Cromwell Road. Henry Harland's own work on *The Yellow Book* has been altogether on a higher plane than that of his contributors, whose selection in many cases is entirely inscrutable. When all is said, whether to its advantage or disadvantage be here apart, *The Yellow Book* has undoubtedly attracted attention. Whatever Aubrey Beardsley may or may not be considered to have done for it in an artistic way, Harland has undeniably given it by his editorship a by no means insignificant place in the literature of the day.

*Prince Poniatowski and his Magazine* Prince Poniatowski, who has set the ultra-literary world to talking of his superb illustrated magazine, *La Revue Franco-Américaine*, is but thirty years of age. He is the scion of an illustrious royal family, a descendant of Stanislaus II., King of Poland, and of Poniatowski, sometimes called "the Bayard Polonnais," the heroic marshal of Napoleon I. Prince Poniatowski is a tall, handsome man well-known in American society circles, and a year ago married to Miss Sperry, of San Francisco. The newspaper opposition to international marriages in which our American beauties are carried off to Europe by a title with a man as a mortgage on it, does not apply to the prince. He is a man of mind and purpose, and spends fully eighteen hours of the twenty-four in literary labors. It is but fair to say that no other business man, litterateur or professional man in America or Europe devotes more of his time to effec-

tive intellectual work than does this prince. In it all he has the sympathy, interest and kindly counsel of his wife.

The prince has projected one of the most important literary enterprises of the time in the publication of *La Revue Franco-Américaine*, a high-class magazine of literature written in French, but prepared especially for the American public. The first number, which has just been published, is issued in beautiful form. A novelty in magazine publication is its "de luxe" edition of forty-five copies printed on imperial Japan paper, and presented to reigning monarchs and celebrities of the world. The scope of the periodical is well given in the publisher's announcement:

"French-reading Americans—in fact, all persons who take an interest in literary and artistic movements in Europe and America—will greet with pleasure the announcement that there is now published a new magazine, printed entirely in French, yet designed especially for Americans. *La Revue Franco-Américaine* is an illustrated monthly magazine, the initial number bearing date of June, 1895. Masters of French literature and the principal artists of France will alone be admitted as contributors. The various schools and systems of art and literature will be represented, and side by side will appear the names of Tolstoi, Goncourt, Daudet, Alexandre Dumas, Mirbeau, Clémenceau, Mallarmé, Bourget, Barrès, Séverine, Hervieu, Mendès, Alph. Allais, Grosclaude, Courteline, etc., etc. Among the artists will be Puvis de Chavannes, Whistler, Helleu, Forain, Caran d'Ache, while Princess de Chimay will contribute articles on fashion, and Princess de Polignac on artistic decorations. The *Revue* will not be composed of extended, heavy studies, but will contain short articles on subjects of universal interest."

Nora Perry won her public, says Lilian Whiting, when she wrote that rippling rhyme *Tying Her Bonnet Under Her Chin*, and perpetuated her hold upon the public heart with the famous poem, *After the Ball*, which probably shares, with Owen Meredith's *Lucile*, the fidelity of every girl who has reveled in it. Miss Perry's place in poetry has never been exactly fixed—she captivates too entirely for one to coldly analyze it; but it is not too much to say that, for pure music that sings itself away, it would go hard to find her rival. In the field of stories for girls Miss Perry is equally happy. They are sympathetic, graphic, full of vivacity and movement, and always suggest unobtrusively fine points in personal integrity of character and in good breeding. Her latest story, *Hope Benham*, is one that emphasizes all these qualities. It is the story of girl-life in a fashionable boarding-school in New York, and it reproduces the drama of school-life, and offers its subtle suggestions of conduct and courtesy in a way as valuable as it is charming. It is really by way of a good education to a young girl to read this story.

Miss Perry has made her home of late years in historic Lexington, a half-hour's ride on the cars from Boston; but in the season she is much of the time in town, and is always a favorite guest at receptions and ladies' lunches. Miss Perry is the purest type of a blonde, and her cordial, winning manners and quick wit and pleasing repartee make her much sought after socially.

## THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR: FACTS ABOUT MONEY\*

**National Banks**—National banks were established in the United States in 1816.

**Legal Tender Notes**—The highest denomination of United States legal tender notes is \$10,000.

**Bills of Exchange**—These were first used by the Jews in 1160, and in England in 1307.

**The First English Exchange**—This was called the "Burse," and was opened at London by Queen Elizabeth in 1571.

**Money as a Servant**—To have your errands rightly done, says an Oriental, you must employ a messenger who is deaf, dumb and blind—and that is money.

**Paper Money**—The largest circulation of paper money is that of the United States, being seven hundred millions, while Russia has six hundred and seventy millions.

**Wealth of the Vatican**—Impartial writers say that the gold contained in the medals, vessels, chains and other objects preserved in the Vatican would make more gold coin than the whole of the present European circulation.

**Weight of Coin**—In round numbers, the weight of \$1,000,000 in standard gold coin is one and three-fourths tons; standard silver coin, twenty-six and three-fourths tons; subsidiary silver coin, twenty-five tons; minor coin, five-cent nickel, one hundred tons.

**Origin of Budget**—This financial term is cognate with the French "bougette," a small bag. In Great Britain, from long usage, it is applied to that miscellaneous collection of matters which aggregate into the financial statement made to Parliament by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

**Banking Capital**—The capital employed in banking in the principal countries is as follows: Great Britain, \$4,020,000,000; United States, \$2,655,000,000; Germany, \$1,425,000,000; France, \$1,025,000,000; Austria, \$830,000,000; Russia, \$775,000,000; Italy, \$455,000,000; Australia, \$425,000,000; Canada, \$175,000,000.

**Life Insurance Investments**—In round numbers, the total amount of life insurance written by the different insurance companies of the world is \$12,000,000,000. Of this sum, \$5,500,000,000 is placed in the United States. Between the years 1880, and 1890, there was \$2,500,000,000 new life insurance written in this country, and but \$1,000,000,000 in the whole of the British Empire.

**Circulation of Currency**—In 1600, the world had in circulation 29,000,000 pounds gold, 102,000,000 pounds silver, and no paper; in 1890, there were 840,000,000 pounds and 801,000,000 pounds, and 771,000,000 pounds of paper money—a total of 2,402,000,000 pounds—or nearly \$12,000,000,000. This includes the money of Europe, the United States, and the colonies of Great Britain, France and Spain. No account is taken of the worthless currency of the South American States.

**Bi-Metallism**—The employment of two metals, like gold and silver, is termed bi-metallism. Till 1873, this

\* Selected from A Manual of Useful Information. Compiled under the direction of J. C. Thomas. The Werner Co.

had been the custom for nearly two hundred years. One ounce of gold was then equal to fifteen and one-half ounces of silver. Up to 1873, silver was the standard of Germany, as it is still of India, China and Japan; but in 1873, gold was made the sole standard of Germany, and silver became a mere article of commerce and circulating counter, which varied in value according to circumstances. The relative value might be one ounce of gold worth twenty ounces of silver or any other difference; and those countries which pay in silver pay more as the relative value of silver declines. Bi-metallists in the United States and elsewhere want to restore the fixed relative value of these metals.

**Origin of Bankrupt**—This term originated in connection with the money changers of Italy. They sat in the market-place with their money displayed on a bench (or banca as it was called) before them. When one of these financial gentlemen failed, his banco (or bench) was said to be broken, and he was styled a "banco-rotto," or bankrupt. The modern bank inherits its name from the unimposing money-bench (banca) of mediæval Italy.

**The Bank of England**—This institution was projected by a Scotchman, William Paterson, and established 1694. It started with a Government loan of \$6,000,000 at eight per cent., secured on taxes. The charter appointed a governor and twenty-four directors to be annually elected from members of the company possessing not less than \$2,000 in stock. The South Sea Bubble (1720), the Jacobite Rebellion (1745), and the failure of a number of country banks (1792) seriously affected the bank. The Bank Charter Act of 1844 limited the note circulation to \$70,000,000 against a like amount lent to the Government, unless a similar value in bullion were in hand. The Act was suspended during the panics of 1847, 1857 and 1866.

**The Word Sterling**—Sterling signifies money of the legalized standard of coinage of Great Britain and Ireland. The term, according to one theory, is a corruption of Easterling—a person from North Germany, on the continent of Europe, and therefore from the east in geographical relation to England. The Easterlings were ingenious artisans who came to England in the reign of Henry III., to refine the silver money, and the coin they produced was called moneta Easterlingorum—the money of the Easterlings.

**Continental Money**—The continental money consisted of bills of credit issued by Congress during the War of Independence, which were to be redeemed with Spanish milled dollars. Two hundred million dollars' worth were issued, but they were never redeemed, and caused much suffering.

**What is Currency?**—Currency is a term signifying originally the capacity of being current, or, as Johnson defines it, "the power of passing from hand to hand." It is applied in practice to the thing that is so current, and generally to whatever, by being current among any nation or class of persons, serves as the money with which they buy commodities or pay their debts.



## CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

### Making the Modern Newspaper

CHARLES A. DANA....ART OF NEWSPAPER MAKING (APPLETON)

The newspaper must be founded upon human nature. It must correspond to the wants of the people. It must furnish that sort of information which the people demand, or else it never can be successful. The first thing which an editor must look for is news. If the newspaper has not the news, it may have everything else, yet it will be comparatively unsuccessful; and by news I mean everything that occurs, everything which is of human interest, and which is of sufficient importance to arrest and absorb the attention of the public or of any considerable part of it. There is a great disposition in some quarters to say that the newspapers ought to limit the amount of news that they print; that certain kinds of news ought not to be published. I do not know how that is. I am not prepared to maintain any abstract proposition in that line, but I have always felt that whatever the Divine Providence permitted to occur I was not too proud to report.

A great deal has been said of late years about the sort of education that the journalist should be provided with, and some of the colleges have even established professorships of journalism; on the other hand, I heard a very able and successful journalist the other day, who said that special studies in a university would be of no use whatever; that the only post-graduate school for a journalist was a newspaper office. That is a question worth looking at. The intellectual professions, according to the old nomenclature, include clergymen, lawyers and doctors. A newspaper man—the journalist—is new; he is a modern product. When the old division of intellectual occupations was made, and the learned were partitioned off into clergymen, doctors and lawyers, there was no such thing as a newspaper man. Society had not got sufficiently advanced to have newspapers, and there was no occasion for intellectual men to think of such a thing. But now there must be newspapers, and men must be taught, educated, and trained to make them; and how shall that be done? There is one remarkable thing about the education that the newspaper man requires. It must be universal. He must know a great many things; and the better he knows them, the better he will be in his profession. There is no chance for an ignoramus in that trade. We have all heard of the family where the smartest boy was made a lawyer, and the next smartest was made a doctor, and the one that was not good for much of anything they made a minister. In my judgment, a very mistaken application of the third young man, because, if there is any occupation which ought to command the highest talents of man, it is that occupation which teaches us to live in this life, and how to hope for another. But the educated newspaper man must be qualified to discuss the question which the clergyman has to discuss. He must be qualified to judge of the science of the physician, and he must even be able to rise to those sublime intellectual complications which make a great lawyer. A journalist must be an all-around man. He must know whether the theology of the parson is sound, whether the physiology of the doctor is genuine, and whether the law

of the lawyer is good law or not. His education, accordingly, should be exceeding extensive. If possible, he should be sent to college. He should learn everything that the college has to teach; but, what is more important, he should be sent to the school of practical life and of active and actual business.

The man in this world who is going to play a part as a teacher and adviser to the public must know, if he is to teach wisely and successfully, what are the interests, what are the purposes, what are the ideas, and what are the needs of the people that he is to address and instruct. College education is of high value; the life of the family, whatever cultivates the affections, is of a higher value; but the actual contact of business, the understanding the rules of business and the means and methods of business, I think are quite as necessary to the newspaper man. So that, after he has got through with college, after he has had the best school education that his father and his friends can give him, how is there any chance for a special instruction in journalism to be added to his college course? How is that going to do him any great good? How is a professor who teaches journalism, and who sits up in his chair and delivers generalities on the subject, going to help forward the ambitious young man who is anxious to lay hold on one of the great prizes—for there are great prizes—that are to be drawn in this intellectual lottery? I do not see how a college instruction in journalism can be of any adequate practical use. The school which takes the young minister and carries him through a course of theology, church history, homiletics, dialectics, philosophy and metaphysics, instructs him in the essentials of his profession, all after his college course is completed. So it is in the case of a physician. He studies anatomy, physiology and chemistry, and fits himself in that way for the professional work which he is to perform. But it is impossible, in my judgment, that there should be any special school which will take a young man intending to pursue the profession of journalism, after he has finished his college studies, and give him much valuable instruction in the duties and labors of his future professional life, and in that general experience in business which I recommend as most indispensable. There is only one school for that purpose, and that is the newspaper office, and the better the newspaper office the more complete, the more varied, and the more extensive the labors that it aims at and performs, and the better educated the young man who is going to learn his trade there, the more effectually will he learn it. The newspaper office is the best post-graduate college that the student of the newspaper profession can have. Let him get the best education possible and then go to work in a newspaper office, and the better the editor the better the instruction.

There is no system of maxims or professional rules that I know of, that is laid down for the guidance of the journalist. The physician has his system of ethics and that sublime oath of Hippocrates, which human wisdom has never transcended. The lawyer also has his code of ethics, and the rules of the courts and the rules of practice which he is instructed in; but I have never met with a system of maxims that seemed to me to

be perfectly adapted to the general direction of a newspaper man, and I have written down a few principles which occurred to me:

I. Get the news, get all the news, and nothing but the news.

II. Copy nothing from another publication without perfect credit.

III. Never print an interview without the knowledge and consent of the party interviewed.

IV. Never print a paid advertisement as news matter. Let every advertisement appear as an advertisement.

V. Never attack the weak or the defenseless either by argument, by invective, or by ridicule, unless there is some absolute public necessity for so doing.

VI. Fight for your opinions, but do not believe that they contain the whole truth or the only truth.

VII. Support your party, if you have one. But do not think all the good men are in it and all the bad ones outside of it.

VIII. Above all, know and believe that humanity is advancing; that there is progress in human life and human affairs; and that, as sure as God lives, the future will be greater and better than the present or the past.

#### Books as Substitutes For Men

ROBERT BRIDGES....SUPPRESSED CHAPTERS (SCRIBNER'S SONS)

Why should anyone read books for amusement in summer? Amusement is a matter of choice, until riches make of it a profession. Of course, for the very rich amusement and pleasure are simply the synonyms of spending money agreeably. That usually implies the spending of it ostentatiously or in a way to arouse the envy of those less fortunate. But the well-to-do man or woman of scant or moderate leisure cannot afford to take envy into account as one of the forms of amusement; and it usually happens that they are the very people who put a few books in a corner of their luggage when they start off to camp or the seashore for a breathing spell. If you ask them why, they always say that it may rain for a day or two, and, moreover, the days are so long!

Can anyone imagine the days being too long for a dweller in the city who has only one month in twelve in which to loose himself from the routine of living! The trouble is with that very routine to which his nerves have become so adjusted that they respond with pleasure to it alone. When it isn't pursued he misses it, just as he misses his wife, whom he knows he has unhappily married. But then he has become used to her particular way of quarreling, and his faculties respond to it with alertness. It is the same way with reading. He was brought up to believe that there was some particular virtue in a book; that it had an intimate connection with what was called "improvement of the mind." So, when he had leisure he went for a book, as a toper for whiskey. By and bye he found that it made him "forget things," and he had accumulated his little likes and dislikes for various authors as he would for brands of cigars. When he got that far he believed that he had acquired "taste" in reading, and perhaps he began to accumulate a library as he would a wine-cellar.

So, when he goes off for a summer vacation, you will see him, on a rainy day in camp, pull out a book and go at it with the complacency of a man who knows that he is doing his duty. There may be half a dozen

interesting men in camp who have seen a good deal of the world near at hand. He never looks on them as an opportunity. He would rather read a book by some interesting invalid, who likes to put her sensations on paper, than talk with a man who had slain wild beasts in a jungle, or ran for sheriff in a Western mining-camp. Most contemporary books (except as repositories of valuable information) are merely substitutes for entertaining men and women, and usually very poor substitutes. Your manner of life may make it necessary for you to enlarge your horizon principally by books when at home; but when you are away from the old surroundings, if you are the wise man you think you are, you will leave your books at home, and try to meet some new types of the human animal. It may make you more contented with your own way of life to discover how many worse kinds there are.

#### Immoral Novels with a Purpose

MAURICE THOMPSON....THE INDEPENDENT

There are good people who feel that it is very wicked to be happy, and others turn up now and again who think it strange when life persists in showing fair prospects through long, sweet vistas of beauty. These are they who like to call themselves "moral teachers;" and if they happen to be novelists they debauch you in order to reform you. I once knew a man who thought he had a cure for tobacco-chewing. His plan was to force the person demanding treatment to chew enormously large quantities of the blackest and vilest perique until revulsion set in. I never heard of any person being cured by the process; no more have I, after diligent inquiry, been able to find one novel-reader who has been reformed by Ibsen, or Tolstoi, or Meredith, or Maupassant, or Hardy, or Flaubert. Tobacco-chewing is for the delectation of the chewer; the more artistically the tobacco is prepared, the greater the delight of the nicotine. Novel-reading is for the delectation of the reader, and the more alluring the novelist's subject and style, the deeper his clutch in the brain of his victim. If, as certain critics claim, the reading of novels like *Madame Bovary* and *Crime and Its Punishment* has a reformatory influence, I desire to know who it is that this reformation affects. How, in the first place, can it better the state of a pure mind to batten upon the details of lewdness and shame? How, in the next place, can reading about vice cure the vicious? How can chewing overstrong tobacco eradicate the taste for nicotine? How can chewing sweetened and flavored tobacco disgust the chewer?

If any person shall undertake to answer these questions of mine, I demand that he come right up to my mark and toe it squarely. Let him first say unequivocally whether novel-writing and novel-reading are appurtenances of philosophy, or wholly within the realm of art. If the novelist is a mere "scientific philosopher," let him cease talking so continuously and grandiloquently about his "artistic conscience." If he is an artist, pure and simple, held, as he claims, in the merciless grip of creative genius, let him drop at once all this cant about the great moral lessons he feels bound to convey through his creations. I have more respect, even more admiration, for the Frenchman who writes a filthy novel and frankly revels in its filth because he likes it, and wants the money he can make by it, than I have for the Russian or the Englishman (more often



recently it is an Englishwoman) who writes the same kind of story, and pretends that the only object in view is effective preaching. It seems that we have had enough of this shallow, shallow, make-believe criticism which writes the excuse of degrading literature in the faded yellow ink of evasion. Is not the reading world a trifle weary of seeing such cut-and-dried phrases as "high moral aim," "noble moral purpose" and "grand moral lesson," skipping through the reviews of novels in which intrigue, the violation of marital purity, the elusive wiles of well-bred courtesans and the shame and filth of adulterous lives, form the whole substance of interest? Why do not the reviewers tell us whom the moral lesson is to help? Has one of these novels turned the reviewer away from vice? Will reading any one of them be good for pure young girls and healthy-souled married women? Will the "roué" or the strumpet read and reform? Who is in the least the better for the perusal?

I can understand the position of the unscrupulous artist who defies all conscience save what he calls "artistic conscience": he boldly assumes the right to choose his own subjects and to treat them as he pleases, hurt whom it may. The world's good is nothing to him; he feels no obligation to any power outside his own artistic will. If he feels drawn to a vile subject and sees a way to make that subject fascinating, haunting, memorable, he inquires no further; the injury he may do is nothing to him; readers must take care of themselves. I can understand this man and appreciate him to the same extent that I can comprehend and appreciate any other fiend of egotism, selfishness, greed, vanity. But this artist who prostitutes genius to the creation of lewd and pessimistic pictures and then takes cover behind a reformatory didacticism to shield himself from criticism, is the tough customer. He is the Prince of Liars passing smoothly current for the King of Truth. He writes a novel of lechery, because he knows that lechery will sell well; he sweetens it with clever art, because he knows that unless he thus sweetens it, it may be offensive; then he intimates that his aim has been to show that although naughtiness is nice, it leads (over a delightfully long and fragrant way) to disenchantment and distress. Meanwhile he has his hand behind him receiving the money earned by lending himself to traffic in obscenity.

The other day a letter came to me from an indignant admirer of Ibsen. Without betraying confidence, I print the following paragraph of the epistle: "You speak of Ibsen's Hedda Gabler as a 'lewd and vulgarly obscene book.' How can you do this? There is not a filthy phrase, a coarse allusion or a lewd remark between the lids of that remarkable book. I cannot understand you."

Here is the hopeless symptom of the case. My correspondent cannot feel or see the difference between intrinsic and extrinsic obscenity. She (for it is a woman) cannot understand that artistically sugar-coated phrasing does not take the obscenity out of obscene subjects; nor can she imagine anything being lewd that is not openly and affirmatively so. And, to my mind, the bare possibility of our women coming to delectate their souls with a sympathetic reading of such fiction as Ibsen's, is fraught with infinite danger to motherhood, wifehood, womanhood. For in the spiritual life, of which good women are the chief angels, adultery, fornications, and impure flirtations are obscene as carrion. To con-

template them is disgusting; to analyze them is revolting. Hedda Gabler, as Ibsen pictured her, was in spirit and act as much a courtesan as any in the "demi-monde" of Paris, London, or New York. Why should a sweet, true wife, a pure, loving mother, a flower-like girl, read the smutty life of such a woman? How can any benefit come of it? Is not the plea of reading filth for the moral another form of loving filth and lying about it?

How many unfaithful wives have been brought back to virtue by Zola and Ibsen, and Tolstoi, and Hardy, and Flaubert? Not one. How many courtesans have been redeemed? Not one. How many young girls—but then all the apologists say that these realists do not make food for babes. But, I want to know, who it is that is morally benefited by reading these so-called great purpose-novels, with the social sin for their burden. I want some precious scamp, some "roué," some Lothario, to walk up to the counter and say that the reading of a novel of sin made a clean man of him. I want some debauched wife, some incorrigible girl like Tess, some Hedda Gabler, some Anna Karenina, to tell how she read and was reformed. If none of these can speak, then let some sweet, pure wife, mother, daughter, say how she bettered herself with perusing the shameful record of unholy passion. I want to find and consult with the people whom these novelists of lechery have purified and exalted. Let the unfaithful husbands reformed by Daudet or Zola, let the young fellows set right by Hardy, let the good men who have been made better by Maupassant, or Flaubert, or Tolstoi, or Ibsen, confess. I can put them all in a dry gourd and rattle them like peas. Men and women who can be reformed, etherealized, exalted, made over again by such agencies, are the merest desiccated vagaries of irresponsible imaginations; they are not flesh-and-blood people.

There is some excuse for him who says that he defies moral law, and cares not for moral results. He is at least sincere in writing lecherous stories. He makes no pharisaic faces, writes no moralizing apologies for getting money by producing a varnished and perfumed pot of debauchery for the public market. He says: "This is art; for the rest I don't care. I am a pagan; what are you going to do about it?" Well, if a man is a pagan, he is one; that is all. We have to take him so. But the man or the woman (oh, the woman, how can she!) who writes shame for pay, buys a box of cigars, a cocktail, or a new frock or bonnet with the money, and then turns around and says: "See what a reformer I am; see how the moral lessons bristle out of my work; O Lord, thy servant hath done wonders of good!"—that man, that woman, will do to watch. Beside him, or her, the open-faced pagan is as a diamond beside a coprolite.

### Personalities and Biography

GEORGE MERRIAM HYDE.....THE OUTLOOK

Beyond question, the perusal of biography within reasonable bounds is profitable to a degree. The degree of profit, so far as the writer is aware, has not yet been a subject of serious educational inquiry, although different persons have so slighted or cultivated the study, have so expressed their love or contempt for it, as to give it an uncertain and privileged character, the value of which would seem to vary with the individual. No less variable a factor is the "quantum" of biographical reading. Some know, to their mental confusion, the folly of reading too many "lives" in quick succession



—the whole of the English Men of Letters Series in one winter, for instance. One cannot trust these portraits to blend together into a lifelike likeness of humanity, like the films of the kinetoscope. The man, too, who has neglected biography is very likely never to have measured himself beside his fellows.

That the present generation has a "penchant" for biographical personalia is plainly evinced. Schools and colleges now read and "recite on" the great lives of literature. More significant is the flood of biographic chitchat in the newspapers and the magazines, and the frequent outcry of those old-timers who cannot adjust themselves to the triviality and personality of this "mélange." One of the latter, who has fed on De Quincey and Macaulay, and has an aversion to scraps and dribbles however delectable, cannot wax sentimental over paragraphs of human facts. "Laudator temporis acti," he is likely to say, with Wordsworth,

"I am not one who much or oft delight  
In personal talk."

Such an admission, made with sullen reluctance, is not necessarily a sign of an old man's failing powers, still less a passing cant of criticism. He is serious, and will wage relentless war on all that is dilettante, finikin. He would have us know what Bacon meant by his "reading maketh a full man." He meant *reading*, not dabbling. Nor does "full" mean "smart," if that is the epithet we aspire to. Nor is the maxim of the same import with that Yankee truism least of all applicable to the acquirement of learning:

"By saving candle-ends and sich  
Miss Mehitabel Green grew exceedingly rich."

"Candle-ends and sich" are, it is true, little conducive to intellectual opulence. But must one, we query, be under the perpetual and remorseless necessity of being "full"? Is it nothing to be pleased, to be amused? Croaking utilitarians, with their everlasting "Cui bono?" may not relegate to the top shelf, as they have so many good things, all the antedotes of human and tender interest that are now eagerly read the world over. The literary paragrapher tells us that Horace was blear-eyed, and Camoëns one-eyed; that Æschylus had a bald head which an eagle, poised in mid-air, mistook for a stone to drop and break its tortoise on; that the poet Thomson used to stroll around his orchard with his hands in his pockets and bite the sunny sides of his peaches; that both Domitian and Spinoza found amusement in entangling flies in spiders' webs; that while Burns, in a mild poetic frenzy, "crooned" his poems to himself, Wordsworth was heard "booing about"; that Newton at his birth was small enough to be put into a quart jug, and "if he had any animal taste, it was for apples of the red-streak sort." All of which details have, an undoubted significance, and certainly possess the perennial charm inherent in personal history.

Perhaps the above "misch-masch" does injustice to the kaleidoscopic method of writing biography. But who is not familiar with the more systematic service of literary gossip in present-day periodicals? The personal peculiarities of authors and artists and publicists are, if not thus jumbled together, classified under every imaginable head and on every conceivable basis. Newspaper readers, it would seem, have an insatiable appetite to know just how the other half lives. They devour

columns of deftly clothed statistics, the lying properties of which they overlook in their zestful search for the picturesque. The gossiping instinct is implanted in human nature, or these lists would not be read. Mrs. Stowe explains it thus: "Just as a morning-glory throws out tendrils, and climbs up and peeps cheerily into your window, so a kindly gossip can't help watching the opening and shutting of your blinds and the curling smoke from your chimney."

But the gossip-fed public is not content with old-fashioned rhapsodies concerning an author's chimneys and blinds. They must get nearer than that. They must know his favorite book, his handwriting, and his hair-parting; they must know whether he is married, and if not, why not; and, if he is married, whether his wife is "comrade," or amanuensis, or "domestic;" they must know where he will spend the summer, and what reading-matter he will carry away in his valise; they must know how much a word he is paid for his stories or poems, and whether he says "legs" or "limbs." If anybody of the genus irritable, like Rudyard Kipling or Mrs. Deland, will not "talk," rather than disappoint the voracious and omnivorous public, the reporter more often than not will turn scandalmonger and prepare a divine dish seasoned with aromatic herbs, "and ginger shall be hot in the mouth too." In spite of the prowling and eavesdropping involved in the acquisition of such facts, most of us are more than "mildly interested" (as the Lounger in *The Critic* confesses to be) in the result. Take, for example, the following inventory from the *Westminster Review*: "Daudet's study is severe in its simplicity, the furniture the scantiest and the plainest. That of Dumas has a few pictures on the wall, small panel pictures, and on his table a female Sphinx in bronze. Coppée, the poet, has his books in extraordinary disorder, and his appliances for tobacco abundant and well filled. Pierre Loti has his workshop fitted up like an Eastern bazar; Gancourt's is rich in curious books and bindings; Sardou's is absolutely plain and very untidy; Zola's crammed with bric-à-brac; Massenet's austere and empty—a note-book, a thermometer, and a water-bottle; Méilhac's crowded with books, reviews, and journals, and by the hearthrug two arm-chairs, one for the master of the house, the other for his friend and collaborator, Halévy, both of a size and impartially comfortable."

A certain interest, humorous and pathetic, attaches, too, to the discovery that Dryden used to diet himself for a task in poetry, eating raw meat to inspire vivid dreams; that Coleridge and De Quincey and Shadwell prodded the muse with opium; that Sheridan worked with the aid of brandy, and Byron of gin; that Dickens and Tennyson and Spurgeon smoked, the last named "to the glory of God"; that Kate Field is stimulated by hot water, while Lord Rosebery depends on that beverage to allay insomnia. The eccentricities and aberrations of genius comprise a diverting chapter to one who does not ask the collector of them too insistently what he is "driving at." On the last analysis, probably, they mean or teach nothing at all—except that in the minor things and relations of life every man is a law to himself. When one stops to comprehend the specific statement before him in all its picturesqueness, he usually derives that pleasure which is declared to be a legitimate end in art. The real trouble with these literary catchwords and ticketings is not their un-

meaningness, but their untruthfulness. They give us too often not character, but characteristics, or even caricatures. One sees, as in Dickens, not a Mr. Carker, but a man showing his teeth by way of smile; one hears only the stock remark of a Mr. Toots or Micawber, or distinguishes a Scrooge by his chuckle.

Somehow biography should be made to present a life so vividly and truly that when one lays down the book or paper he sees as a whole the man or woman whom it enshrines. To do this may necessitate a judicious selection of representative facts or the cultivation of the art of skipping. Undoubtedly Johnson lives in Boswell, and Scott in Lockhart, and Macaulay in Trevelyan, and, presumably, Milton in Masson. But it devolves upon each reader to find out his author, or rather to find him in. With the biography of Professor Masson it is a difficult matter. The poet emerges only occasionally, his figure lost in the landscape, like the receding forms of the "Holy Family" in the corner of Claude Lorraine's painting which goes by that name. It may be best as Phillips Brooks suggested, to begin in the middle of some biographies, taking a cross-section of a life at its prime that one may be interested to go back and trace the course of its development. It matters little how one approaches a life so that he finds the key to it,

"That golden key

That opens the palace of eternity."

Once a theological student who had to prepare hastily for an examination on the Acts of the Apostles hit on the expedient of underlining the word "witness" wherever it occurred, drawing a line of connection from page to page. Catchword though it was, it happened to be the keynote of the lives of the Apostles.

It must be admitted that a chief object in reading biography is to receive into our own lives light and inspiration. "The shrub has its moral," said Hawthorne's Kenyon, "or it would have perished long ago." Be that as it may, biographies certainly would have disappeared from the earth but for their moral enlightenment. They are read so widely in the public libraries because each represents, nay is, a life more or less like our own. We read lives that are likest our own for encouragement and force; those that are most unlike our own to enlarge our horizon and quicken our sympathies. The majority have no other object. There is an irritating truth in the words of Mr. William Winter: "The people care not at all for literature. . . . What they do know is action."

### The Dispensers of Fame

JOURNALISTS AS JUDGES....SATURDAY REVIEW

It appears to be taken for granted in these days that the journalist can give a man reputation, or withhold it, according to his sovereign will and pleasure. We no longer believe that the voice of the people is the voice of God; we have seen the popular voice in process of manufacture, and have had reason to doubt its Divine inspiration. But we seem to stand in some danger of putting the journalist in the place of the inarticulate mob, and of taking his opinions at a good deal more than they are worth. Scientists write to us to complain that these penmen often exalt insignificant members of their own craft far above men of European reputation as naturalists or chemists. We hear nothing, they tell us, of the revolution worked in mathematics by Cayley, but a great deal of the merits and demerits of

Mr. Le Gallienne's verse. Great engineers, too, who have increased man's mastery over Nature; men of business, who have found new outlets for commerce; and adventurers, who have added vast areas to the Empire, are comparatively neglected, while the papers gravely dispute as to the value of Mr. Waugh's literary judgments. It must be admitted, we think, that the reproach is well founded. We still suffer from the effects of our mediæval education; and, as we were taught to regard a knowledge of words as more important than a knowledge of things, the fault must not be laid wholly upon us. But when this admission is made, and a very large admission it is, something remains to be said against the contention of the complainants. They have taken the journalist as doorkeeper of the Temple of Fame.

This belief in the high value of the journalist's dictum is apparently the complement of the popular opinion that an advertisement bears some relation to the value of the thing advertised, whereas it merely stands as an index of the consumer's ignorance in regard to the quality of the particular article. The truth will bear repeating, that if the journalist can give a man notoriety, this notoriety itself, like the popular admiration, has nothing whatever to do with fame. A Blake passes through his generation unnoticed and unknown, while a Southey is made poet-laureate, and regarded as a great prose-writer. A Fitzgerald writes, in obscurity, twenty verses that must live as long as the language, while Macaulay becomes the popular idol by reason of far-fetched and false antitheses, the tinsel glitter of which is dimmed within ten years of his death. And if we look closer still, at one of the instances where the popular and the journalistic voices are in accord, and both are, in a certain limited sense, right, we find that the grounds of their admiration are curiously inadequate. The many-headed loved Tennyson because of his *May Queen*, his *Dora*, and other such "ad captandum" appeals to spurious sentiment; the journalist admired Tennyson for his *Locksley Hall* and *In Memoriam*, with their cheap science and cheaper griefs. The few great lyrics which Tennyson did write passed almost unnoticed save by the few genuine lovers of poetry, who really appreciated them.

Where, it may be asked, does this reasoning lead? If the plain man cannot trust either the journalist or ordinary opinion, where is he to look for guidance? We have no new-fangled criterion of truth, yet help of a sort is not out of reach. It would be advisable for the majority of us to form our likes and dislikes according to the method suggested by Joubert. "It is not well for us," he says, somewhere or other, "to differ with the saints about religion, or with the men of affairs about practical matters." In fact, we had better put our trust in authority than in the journalist or the populace. When we want to know, therefore, whether a man was or was not a great statesman, we will go, not to the journalist with his ignorant praise and his ignorant blame, but we will listen and lay to heart whatever is said of him by another statesman. Accordingly, when the *Times* tells us, as it told us in a leader a few days since, that Lord Randolph Churchill was not a great statesman, we can count the verdict as worthless, for the Duke of Devonshire has declared that Lord Randolph Churchill was a great statesman; and on this matter, at least, his words are of high authority, and may be taken to stand for things.

## IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

*The Gray Patrol.....Stanley Waterloo.....Poems*

Taut bridle, comrade, the ride is done,  
There is no debate—the Patrol has won!  
Slower we'll ride 'till we fairly brave  
The gap in our way which man calls the grave;  
We'll leap it gallantly, then our dole  
From our life is paid to the Gray Patrol,  
What some call Conscience, the Gray Patrol.

What a life were ours had we early crept  
And slain him surely the while he slept!  
We had stopped at nothing, you Soul and I!  
We had lightly harried and galloped by;  
We had but devoured, we had sought no goal,  
But for this rider, the Gray Patrol!

We turned and fought him. How soon he fell!  
How we left him there, as we thought it well.  
As we mounted again 'twas my mood to troll  
A jeering catch,  
But more than a match  
For Body and Soul  
Was the Gray Patrol!

As the huntsman hovers who guards the hounds,  
We saw him riding beside us there,  
A thing uncanny, from out the air,  
A force defining our metes and bounds,  
Riding his stallion, a swift thing's foal,  
The Gray Patrol.

We have fought or fled in the reckless ride,  
Through fields of yellow, through seeping tide,  
We have turned, as the Berserker turned, at bay,  
We have hewed him down and have had our way;  
And again he has ridden—as yesterday—  
Close beside us has leaped or stole—  
Close beside us, the Gray Patrol.

When days were ruddy, when days were dark,  
We have left him lying, face up and stark,  
We have left him, fully and fairly slain,  
But ever he leaps into life again  
And ever he rides at our bridle rein!  
Ever he worries us, O, my Soul!  
Ever he rides with us, cheek by jowl,  
This clinging marshal, the Gray Patrol!

Taut bridle, comrade—the race is run—  
There is no debate—the Patrol has won!

*Your Mission....Ellen M. H. Gates....Treasures of Kurium (Putnam)*

If you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet;  
You can stand among the sailors,  
Anchored yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them,  
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey  
Up the mountain, steep and high,  
You can stand within the valley,  
While the multitudes go by;  
You can chant in happy measure,  
As they slowly pass along—  
Though they may forget the singer,  
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver,  
Ever ready at command;  
If you cannot toward the needy,  
Reach an ever open hand;  
You can visit the afflicted,  
O'er the erring you can weep,  
With the Saviour's true disciples,  
You a tireless watch may keep.

If you cannot in the harvest,  
Garner up the richest sheaves,  
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,  
Oft the careless reaper leaves;  
Go and glean among the briars  
Growing rank against the wall,  
For it may be that their shadow  
Hides the heaviest wheat of all!

If you cannot in the conflict  
Prove yourself a soldier true,  
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,  
There's no work for you to do;  
When the battlefield is silent,  
You can go with careful tread;  
You can bear away the wounded,  
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting  
For some greater work to do,  
Fortune is a lazy goddess,  
She will never come to you;  
Go and toil in any vineyard,  
Do not fear to do and dare,  
If you want a field of labor,  
You can find it anywhere.

*For Somebody....Rudolph Steinhagen....Boston Transcript*

For somebody, somebody, somebody,  
My heart is full of tears;  
For somebody was ta'en from me  
I th' budding o' young years.  
And I ne'er shall find my somebody  
In all the wide world through;  
And I ne'er shall see another she  
That fills the place of you.

Oh, somebody, somebody, somebody,  
Was like the lily, white;  
Or like the gleam upon the stream  
I th' quiet o' the night.  
And I ne'er shall hear such melody  
As that of her sweet voice;  
And I'd choose her words to songs of birds  
Were I to have my choice.

Ah, somebody, somebody, somebody,  
So delicate, so fair!  
My song shall be in minor key  
In the depth of my despair.  
Ah, the cruel Fate that stole my mate  
Ere Love's brief song was through!  
In my heart no guest to fill the nest  
That I had built for you.

*Willy and I.....Boston Transcript*

We grew together in wind and rain;  
We shared the pleasure and shared the pain;  
I would have died for him, and he,  
I thought, would have done the same for me—  
Willy and I.



Summer and winter found us together,  
Through snow, and storm, and shiny weather;  
Together we hid in the scented hay,  
Or plucked the bloom of our English May—  
Willy and I.

I called him husband; he called me wife;  
We builded the dream of a perfect life;  
He was to conquer some noble state,  
And I was to love him through every fate—  
Willy and I.

Oh! he was fair with his golden hair,  
And his breath was as sweet as our summer air;  
My cheeks were red, so the neighbors said,  
A thousand pities we were not wed—  
Willy and I.

Now I stand alone in the wind and rain,  
With none of the pleasure and all the pain;  
I am a beggar, and Willy is dead;  
The blood of another is on his head—  
Poor Willy and I.

*My Letters....Eliz. B. Browning....Because I Love You (Lee & Shepard)*

My letters all dead paper—mute and white!—  
And yet they seem alive and quivering  
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string  
And let them drop down on my knee to-night.  
This said—he wished to have me in his sight  
Once, as a friend; this fixed a day in spring  
To come and touch my hand—a simple thing,  
Yet I wept for it!—this—the paper's light—  
Said, Dear, I love thee; and I sank and quailed,  
As if God's future thundered on my past;  
This said, I am thine—and so its ink has paled  
With lying at my heart, that beat too fast;  
And this—O Love, thy words have ill availed,  
If what this said I dared repeat at last!

*Only a Little Way....Frank L. Stanton....Poems*

A little way to walk with you, my own—  
Only a little way;  
Then one of us must weep and walk alone  
Until God's day.

A little way! It is so sweet to live  
Together, that I know  
Life would not have one withered rose to give  
If one of us should go.

And if these lips should ever learn to smile,  
With your heart far from mine,  
'Twould be for joy that in a little while  
They would be kissed by thine.

*A Night's Rebellion....Leonora Beck....Travellers Record*

Strong in my heart old memories wake,  
To-night!  
Live on my lips dead kisses burn;  
Hot to my eyes wept tears return;  
Forgotten throbs my pulses shake,  
To-night.

Love is avenged—my buried love—  
To-night.  
The weakling Present slips away;  
The giant Past alone has sway,—  
Potential as the gods above,—  
To-night.

And let him reign! I'll hold my soul,  
To-night,  
In glad fief to this mighty Past:  
My false allegiance off I cast,  
Deny the Present's petty toll,  
To-night.

Take royally, great Past, my king,  
To-night!  
To-morrow's sun may thee unthrone:  
But eyes, lips, heart—all that I own  
Of treasure—I before thee fling  
To-night.

*Out of Weakness!...A. C. Benson....Glasgow Citizen*

To-day, as far as eye can see,  
Or thought can multiply the sight,  
In tangled croft, on upland lea,  
A message flashed along the light  
Has worked strange marvels underground,  
And stirred a million sleeping cells,  
The rose has hopes of being crowned;  
The foxglove dreams of purple bells;

No tiny life that blindly strives,  
But thinks the impulse all his own,  
Nor dreams that countless other lives,  
Like him, are groping, each alone;  
What dizzy sweetness, when the rain  
Has wept her fill of laden showers,  
To peep across the teeming plain,  
Through miles of upward-springing flowers.

The brown seed bursts his armored cap,  
And slips a white-veined arm between,  
White juicy stalks, a touch would snap,  
And twisted horns of sleekest green  
Now shift and turn from side to side,  
And fevered drink the stealing rain,  
As children fret at sermon-tide,  
When roses kiss the leaded pane.

The tender, the resistless grace,  
That stirs the hopes of sleeping flowers,  
Could shake yon fortress to her base,  
And splinter those imperial towers;  
Concentred, bound, obedient,  
The soul that lifts those dreaming lids  
Could mock old Rameses' monument,  
And pile a thousand pyramids.

*To My Wife, Mildred....Richard Le Gallienne....Poems*

Dear wife, there is no word in all my songs  
But unto thee belongs;  
Though I indeed before our true day came  
Mistook thy star in many a wandering flame,  
Singing to thee in many a fair disguise,  
Calling to thee in many another's name,  
Before I knew thine everlasting eyes.

Faces that fled me like a hunted fawn  
I followed singing, deeming it was Thou,  
Seeking this face that on our pillow now  
Glimmers behind thy golden hair like dawn,  
And, like a setting moon, within my breast  
Sinks down each night to rest.

Moon follows moon before the great moon flowers,  
Moon of the wild, wild honey that is ours;  
Long must the tree strive up in leaf and root,  
Before it bear the golden-hearted fruit;  
And shall great Love, at once perfected spring,  
Nor grow by steps like any other thing?  
The lawless love that would not be denied,  
The love that waited, and in waiting died,  
The love that met and mated, satisfied.

Ah, love, 'twas good to climb forbidden walls,  
Who would not follow where his Juliet calls?  
'Twas good to try and love the angel's way,  
With starry souls untainted of the clay;  
But best the love where earth and heaven meet,  
The god made flesh and dwelling in us, Sweet.

## ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

### Sewing the Lips of Cobras

RENDERING REPTILES HARMLESS....CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

A large cobra de capello was sent home several years ago to Sir Joseph Fayrer, who wanted a supply of venom for analysis. It bit the spoon repeatedly without yielding any, and on examination was found to have none to yield, not only its fangs but the poisonous glands having been extirpated. A protective operation still more cruel is sometimes practiced by novices in the art of charming, and consists in securing the mouth with a stitch of silk passed through the lips in front. To perform this the poor beast's head is held tightly pressed to the ground by a short stick on which the foot rests, while the other foot restrains the writhing body, leaving both hands at liberty for the needle. Eleven apparently healthy cobras were on one occasion received at the London Zoological gardens. They refused to feed, and grew thin. When one died it was discovered that its mouth was sewn up with stitches so fine as to be invisible to any but the closest scrutiny. The rest of them did well on being restored to their normal condition.

In connection with this subject I may mention that a rattlesnake was sent to me from up country when I was in Demerara, with the history that it had killed a coolie on one of the plantations. It had been badly injured about the spine, probably in capture, so that on reaching me it was not only dead but decomposed, and I was not able to make any very complete dissection, but I found that its lips were tied together with stitches—obviously the effort of an unpracticed hand, since the work was very coarse. This had apparently been preceded by an unsuccessful attempt to extract the long, erectile, needle-like fangs, for one of these was twisted half round with its bony base, and had penetrated the lower lip when the jaws were forcibly closed. It is hardly possible that the duct was not occluded, but enough venom must have remained within the tube of the tiny, delicate syringe to inflict a fatal scratch.

### In an Elephant Convict Station

MONTAGUE MARTIN.....THE BROOKLYN EAGLE

Of all the animals in the world the elephant is by far the most intelligent. Few people who have not travelled in India are aware of its extraordinary sagacity. Everybody will doubtless admit that he is the strongest animal living and possessed of a most marvelous memory, but beyond this there is very little known or thought about him, except that he is exceedingly awkward and ungainly to look at. But those who have lived in India and visited places where the elephant convict stations are and who have met an elephant battery have a little more to say on the matter. Elephants are used for many purposes, but principally for carrying heavy loads from one part of the country to another. The Indian Government procures the best of them, which they use as transports and for their artillery. When garrison artillery go to India they become either mule or elephant batteries. There are elephants to each battery. To each gun (forty-pounders) there are attached two elephants tandem fashion, and a third elephant follows as a reserve. When they come to a very rough road or steep hill, where the two are unable to pull it, the re-

serve elephant catches hold of the gun behind with his trunk and pushes.

Elephants are very particular about their rights. For instance, when formed upon parade, the senior or longest serving elephant takes the right of the rank, the others forming up in succession according to their seniority, just like soldiers, the tallest man always taking the right, the others forming on his left according to size. If, say, No. 9 elephant, by mistake or otherwise, formed up on the right of No. 7, elephants Nos. 7 and No. 8 would push him bodily out of their way. There is quite frequently a tremendous row in the ranks occasioned by this sort of thing, and only stopped by the officer in command shouting "Attention!" There was one battery in India of which I took particular notice, as I lay in the same station with it for a long time; in fact I became just as well acquainted with the men and elephants as if I really belonged to the battery. It was known as the First Battery of the First Brigade of garrison artillery. We were stationed at Campbellpore, near Rowal Pindi, Bengal. On one occasion I noticed, as the battery fell in as usual for morning parade, a scuffle in the center between two elephants, originating by No. 9 elephant forming up on the right-hand side of No. 8 elephant. No. 8 objected to this, and by reining back out of the ranks and pushing forward again jammed in between No. 9 and No. 7, being particular to knock as roughly against No. 9 as possible. No. 9 gunner was angry and not easily pacified. He said No. 8 gunner did it himself, and not the elephant. The consequence was a fierce fight.

No. 9 proved more than a match for No. 8 and kept hitting him unmercifully, when No. 8 elephant, who had lingered behind the other elephants, apparently suspecting mischief, ran to the rescue, and, picking No. 9 gunner up with his trunk, threw him up into the air. He was afterwards found in an unconscious condition and revived with difficulty, though practically unhurt. No. 8 elephant was brought as a prisoner to the orderly room and charged with violent assault. It is a fact that in India elephants are tried and punished by reducing their diet, by terms of imprisonment or flogging, all according to the merit of their crime.

On a certain occasion there was an afternoon parade ordered. It happened to be pay-day, and, as the canteen had been open all day, some of the men were a little late in turning out, but the one that seemed more troubled than anybody else was No. 5 elephant, who moved about searching for his absent rider. The elephant continually turned his little eye in the direction of the canteen, and was presently rewarded by seeing his worthy master come running from there with very unsteady steps; but when within a few feet of the parade ground the unfortunate gunner fell flat on the ground, and, though struggling hard to get up, appeared utterly incapable of doing so. His friend, the elephant, took the position in at a glance. In three strides he was at the gunner's side, and picking him up gently with his trunk, and placing him in his correct position on his head, formed up in his proper place on parade, with Burke, the gunner, sitting to attention, as if nothing unusual had happened. During that afternoon No.

5 elephant went through every movement, including the march past, without a single mistake, although the rider was practically incapable of guiding him. The following morning the lieutenant temporarily in charge of the battery sent for Gunner Burke, and addressed him as follows: "Gunner Burke, do not run away with the idea that I did not notice your drunken condition on parade yesterday. By right I should have confined you to the guard-room, but my reasons for not doing so were simply because I knew you to be a clean, and in every respect, except being too partial to beer, a good soldier. The noble act performed by your elephant showed that you were kind to it, and, further, should I have had you put in the guard-room, the elephant might possibly have thought it had done wrong in lifting you up, and, perhaps, at another time, where it might be really the means of saving your life by so doing, the elephant might let you lie to die. Just try and keep sober on the next afternoon parade."

Shortly after this I happened to be appointed a member of the court martial ordered to assemble at Campbellpore for the purpose of trying Elephant Abdul (No. 15) for causing the death of Syce Ramboucles. This court martial was certainly the most impressive one I ever witnessed. The prisoner, with eyes filled with tears, was marched in front of us between an escort composed of No. 2 and No. 3 elephants. Along with them came all the witnesses. The president of the court martial was Major Cameron, a gray-haired man of the Thirty-fourth Hogras Native Infantry, who had been for years in India. He read the charge: "Elephant Abdul is charged with causing the death of Syce Ramboucles by catching him by the legs in his trunk, and beating his brains out against the wall of the grain hut." The first witness called was Orderly Bombadier Roberts, who said he was in the lines at 12 o'clock seeing the elephants fed. When the trumpeter sounded "feed," he saw Syce Ramboucles run with a bag of grain toward Elephant Abdul. At this time all the other elephants were fed, consequently Syce Ramboucles was late in feeding Elephant Abdul. He, the bombadier, ordered the syce to hurry and feed him, but he did not seem to move any quicker. As soon as he approached, Elephant Abdul seized him by the legs, and dashed his brains out against the little grain hut. Eight syces and the jemmodah gave similar statements. When they had finished, the president, who had kept his head down the whole time with the elephant's defaulter-sheet in front of him, suddenly looked up and glared at the prisoner. Seeing the elephant's eyes swimming in tears, he said: "It's no use; that game won't do me. I am quite accustomed to see tears, and never take any notice of them. I see by this defaulter-book that you have been guilty of no fewer than sixteen crimes of injuring people, and I have not the slightest compassion for you." We members all agreed with the major, and, after a short adjournment, found Abdul guilty, and sentenced him to fifty lashes and two years' imprisonment.

When the elephant was marched back a prisoner he roared, crying, not from grief for having killed Ramboucles, though, but for his own sake. He anticipated some severe punishment, especially as he was marched to the prison shed, where only those who are awarded a long term of imprisonment are taken. Three days after this I was informed the flogging process would take place, and as I was very anxious to see how the

gigantic Abdul would stand his punishment, I resolved to be an eye-witness to this painful though necessary mode of enforcing discipline. The whole thing struck me as being a most peculiar sight, but rendered very distressing, owing to Abdul's pitiful howls; but you could not help laughing occasionally at the comical actions of the flogger. When I arrived on the scene I found the whole battery drawn up in a square, fourteen elephants forming one side and the non-commissioned officers and men the other three sides. In the centre were the two huge elephants, the prisoner, Abdul, and his flogger, Lalla, No. 1. It always falls to the senior elephants' lot to inflict the punishment. Beside these two elephants all officers of the battery, the provosts, the brigadier, the major and the doctor, were in the centre, and elephants No. 2 and 3 stood on either flank as an escort in case the prisoner might try to escape. There were four great iron pegs driven into the ground, to each of which one of the prisoner's legs was chained. Lalla, No. 1 elephant, stood by with a huge cable chain fastened around her trunk, waiting further orders. When all was pronounced ready the doctor, who stood with a watch in his hand, gave the signal to begin. Lalla raised her trunk in the air, gave it two turns and down came the cable with terrific force on Abdul's back. A loud thud was heard, followed by an unearthly roar from the unfortunate Abdul. Again the doctor gave the signal and down came the cable with terrific force, causing more roaring. Again and again it came down, until the full number of lashes were given, after which the prisoner was marched back to his quarters, trembling from head to foot, and having a few lumps on his back as the result of the lashing. The parade was dismissed and things went on as usual. This is an exact description of how they use elephants in India, all of which can be verified by writing to the Civil and Military Gazette, Lahore, India.

### Criminal Proceedings Among Birds

TOLD BY THE SCIENTISTS ..... LONDON STANDARD

Those of our readers who have read Mark Twain's *Tramp Abroad* will doubtless remember Jim Barker's yarn anent the blue jay who, wishing to lay up a store of food, endeavored, first by himself and subsequently with the aid of companions, to fill a hut with acorns. According to the story, on the jays finding that the hole which their companion was so anxious to fill up was a chimney communicating with the hut in question, they began chaffing him unmercifully; while we are told that for many years afterwards this hut was visited by blue jays, who came long distances in order to have this joke properly explained to them by the jays who resided in this particular locality.

Without going so far as to vouch for the truth of Jim Barker's story, from what one can gather from natural historians and other keen ornithological observers, birds certainly appear to have some means of communicating with each other, and of acting in concert, especially for the purpose of punishing a member of their feathered community which they consider to have offended against their laws. Dr. Edmondson assures us that in the Shetland Islands the holding of crow courts is of very common occurrence. As a rule, a hill or field is selected to act as a court-house, and the session commences. As may be conjectured, the proceedings are conducted in any way but silently, though, as to the



exact mode of procedure, whether counsel are employed, or a jury impanelled, no ornithologist has been able to inform us. All Dr. Edmondson tells us is, that after a great deal of cawing, the whole court falls upon the unhappy prisoners, and they are promptly exterminated, after which the court rises, and the crows disperse, each to his own district.

Not only do crows hold courts of oyer and terminer, but, according to Rev. Dr. Edmund Cox, rooks likewise meet together for this purpose. One day when he was riding along a quiet road in the vicinity of Norwich, he was startled by a great cawing which proceeded from an adjoining rookery. The reverend gentleman alighted from his horse, tied it to a gate, and concealing himself behind the trunk of a large tree, managed to obtain a view of the proceedings. Surrounded by some forty or fifty clamorous and indignant rooks, he saw what was apparently the criminal, who had been put upon his trial. Although at the first perky and jaunty, the prisoner, after some minutes of cawing, lost his gayety, and appeared much as did the famous jackdaw of Rheims after the cardinal had cursed him with bell, book, and candle. That the jury found him guilty may be gathered from the fact that the circle of rooks suddenly closed in upon him and speedily pecked him to death, after which they all cawed vociferously for some minutes and then departed.

Ornithologists are of opinion that young rooks are addicted to pilfering, and that when the robbery is detected the thieves are invariably punished for their felonious conduct. It has been noticed that during the early spring young rooks will steal sprigs, etc., from the nests of their elders with which to build their own domiciles. The rook is too cunning to be caught in "*flagrante delicto*," but will wait until the old rooks are away, and then commence his depredations. The theft is, as a rule, always found out, and, on the thief being convicted, eight or ten rooks proceed at once to the nest of the robber, and by way of punishment scatter his newly-made house to the four winds. That the sparrow should be up to date, and likewise have his system of police, is but natural. Mr. George Garrot, in his *Novelties of Instinct*, declares that a sparrow which has committed a wrong, particularly if it be of that class which comes under the head of "*mala prohibita*," is dealt with summarily. Four or five sparrows are deputed by the court to punish the offender, which consists in their flying after the culprit and pecking him soundly, after which he obtains pardon and is received back into the community.

More tragic is the following story, for which a certain Father Bougraut is responsible, concerning a theft committed by a sparrow and the dire punishment which overtook the thief. A sparrow, finding a nest which a martin had just built, annexed it for his own use. The martin, as is only natural, objected to this mode of acquiring property, and requested the sparrow to give him possession. On the sparrow refusing to quit, the martin called upon his friends for help, and several hundreds of martins came and attacked the usurping sparrow. Like Brer Terrapin, the sparrow "*lay low*," and presenting his large beak at the aperture of the nest severely pecked several injudicious martins which came within his reach. After a quarter of an hour's unequal war, the martins withdrew from the field, and the sparrow began to congratulate himself upon his superior

strategic qualities. But, alas! Nemesis was upon his track. In a short time the martins returned, each bearing some of the tempered earth with which they make their nests. With one accord they all fell upon the sparrow, and plastered the hole over with the soft earth, enclosing him in the stolen nest much in the same way as were the guilty Vestal Virgins, and with probably a similar result.

Even in our common law, with all its boasted advantages, circumstantial evidence has been the means of hanging many an innocent man, so it is not to be wondered at that innocent birds have been done to death by a feathered judge and jury through the same means. Bishop Stanley tells us that a French surgeon at Smyrna, being unable to procure a stork because of the great veneration in which these birds are held by the Turks, took the eggs from a stork's nest and put hen's eggs in their place. The female stork, in all innocence, hatched the chickens. This, it would appear, was more than the male stork could stand. He at once deserted the partner of his joys and sorrows, and was not seen for three or four days. At length he returned in company with many other storks, who, forming a circle, placed the unhappy female in the middle and commenced to adjudicate upon the case. To bring forth chickens instead of young storks, even unintentionally, is evidently a serious crime among these birds, for they all fell upon the prisoner and straightway killed her.

Still more remarkable is a similar story which comes to us from Berlin. Two storks built a nest upon the chimney of a mansion, the owner of which, finding an egg in the nest, took it and put a goose's egg in its place. As in the previous case, the female stork hatched the egg, much to the anger of her companion, who circled three or four times round the nest, and then flew away. For some days the female stork fed the young goose, and all went well until upon the morning of the fourth day the inmates of the house were disturbed by a loud clamoring. This noise proceeded from nearly 400 birds, who were standing in a compact body, apparently listening to the harangue of a solitary stork standing some twenty yards off. After a short time he retired, and another took his place and addressed the court, and in this way the proceedings continued until about eleven in the forenoon. Then the whole court rose simultaneously in the air and gave forth dismal shouts. All this time the female stork was sitting in the nest, trembling with fear, which perhaps was not altogether unwarranted, for suddenly the whole company of storks flew towards her, headed by one, presumably the injured husband, who struck her violently three or four times, knocked her out of the nest, and then killed her. The irate husband next turned his attention to the unhappy gosling, which he likewise killed; after which the nest was destroyed, and the storks flew away, no doubt perfectly satisfied in their own minds that the law had been vindicated and justice done. How far the above anecdotes are to be accepted in their entirety we will leave our readers to judge. We are aware how sceptical some people are, particularly about fish, dog, snake, and other natural-history stories. Personally, when stories like the above are related by reverend and right reverend gentlemen in all seriousness, we accept them either without comment or say with the clown in *Measure for Measure*, "*Why, very well, then; we hope here be truths.*"

## BENCH AND BAR: HUMOR OF CROSS-EXAMINATION\*

COMPILED BY ALFRED H. MILES

Past-Master in Obtuseness—Jim Webster was being tried for trying to bribe a colored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely. "You say this defendant offered you a bribe of ten dollars to testify in his behalf," said Lawyer Gouge to Johnsing. "Yes, sah." "Now repeat precisely what he said, using his own words." "He said he would gib me ten dollars if I——" "He can't have used those words. He didn't speak as a third person." "No, sir; he tuk good keer dad dar was no third pusson present. Dar was only two—us two. De defendant am too smart ter hab anybody list'nin' when he am talkin' about his own reskelity." "I know that well enough, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?" "I was de fust pusson myself." "You don't understand me. When he was talking to you, did he use the words, 'I will pay you ten dollars?'" "No, boss; he didn't say nuffin about you payin' me ten dollars. Yore name wasn't mentioned, 'ceptin' dat he tole me ef eber I got enter a scrape dat you was de best lawyer in San Antone to fool de judge and jury—in fac', you was the best lawyer in de town for coverin' up any kind of reskelity." "You can step down."

The Saving Question—Some lawyers seem to have no sense of honor in the means by which they try to discredit the testimony of those opposed to them; in illustration of which we need only adduce the following specimen of cross-questioning. Counsel: "Mr. Jenkins, will you have the goodness of answering me directly and categorically, a few plain questions?" Witness: "Certainly, sir." "Well, Mr. Jenkins, is there a female living with you who is known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Jenkins?" "There is." "Is she under your protection?" "Yes." "Do you support her?" "I do." "Have you ever been married to her?" "I have not." (Here several jurors scowled gloomily on Mr. Jenkins.) "That is all, Mr. Jenkins." Opposing Counsel: "Stop, one moment, Mr. Jenkins, is the female in question your mother?" "She is."

The Question of the Seal—Warren, the distinguished lawyer and author, once produced a great sensation in court by his examination and exposure of a false witness. The witness having been sworn, he was asked if he had seen the testator sign the will, to which he promptly answered he had. "And did you sign it at his request, as subscribing witness?" "I did." "Was it sealed with 'red' or 'black' sealing-wax?" "With red wax." "Did you see him seal it with the red wax?" "I did." "Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?" "In his bed." "Pray, how long a piece of wax did he use?" "About three or four inches long." "Who gave the testator this piece of wax?" "I did." "Where did you get it?" "From the drawer of his desk." "How did he light that piece of wax?" "With a candle." "Where did that piece of candle come from?" "I got it out of the cupboard in his room." "How long was that piece of candle?" "Perhaps four or five inches." "Who lit that piece of candle?" "I lit it." "What with?" "With a match." "Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantleshef in the room." Here Warren paused, and fixing his eyes on the prisoner, he held the will above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said, in a solemn and measured tone: "Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will; he signed it in his bed; at his request you signed it as a subscribing witness; you saw him seal it; it was with red wax he sealed—a piece two, three, or four inches long; he lit that wax with a piece of candle which you procured for him from a cupboard; you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantleshef?" "I did." "Once more, sir, upon your solemn oath, *you did?*" Witness (emphatically): "I did." Counsel (addressing the judge): "Your honor, *it is a wafer!*"

The Name in the Hat—O'Connell was one of the best cross-examiners of his day. Once he defended a man of the name of John Connor on a charge of murder in Cork, and the principal witness for the Crown was a policeman who found the prisoner's hat, which he left behind him in his flight from the scene of his guilt. After travelling backwards and forwards, as was his habit in cross-examination, from the all-important question as to the identity of the hat, he thus continued: O'Connell: "Now, then, you swear that the hat in my hands is the hat you found—in every particular the same?" Witness: "I do." O'Connell: "And inside the hat was written the prisoner's name (looking into the hat and spelling the name very slowly), 'J-o-h-n C-o-n-n-o-r?'" Witness: "Yes!" O'Connor (holding up the hat in triumph to judge and jury): "My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, there is no name in the hat at all." This aroused a deep sensation in court, and ultimately the prisoner was acquitted.

The Value of an Architect—There is a story on record of an architect repudiating any connection with the building fraternity in the case of the late eminent and talented Mr. Alexander, the architect of Rochester bridge and several other fine buildings in the county of Kent. He was under cross-examination in a special jury case at Maidstone, by Serjeant—afterwards Baron—Garrow, who wished to detract from the weight of his testimony, and who, after asking him what was his name, proceeded thus: "You are a builder, I believe?" "No, sir, I am not a builder, I am an architect." "Ah! well; architect or builder, builder or architect, they are much the same I suppose?" "I beg your pardon, sir, I cannot admit that; I consider them to be totally different." "Oh, indeed, perhaps you will state wherein this great difference consists?" "An architect, sir, prepares the plans, conceives the design, draws out the specification—in short, supplies the mind; the builder is merely the bricklayer or the carpenter—the builder, in fact, is the machine; the architect the power that puts the machine together and sets it going." "Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do; and now after your very ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you can inform the court who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?" "The Tower of Babel, sir!" replied the witness. "There was no architect—and hence the confusion!"

\* Selected from One Thousand and One Anecdotes. Compiled by Alfred H. Miles. Published by Thomas Whitaker.

## CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES: HOME AND ABROAD

### Ballooning to the Pole

EKHOLM, THE SWEDISH EXPLORER....PHILADELPHIA RECORD

It is announced that Mr. Nils Ekholm, of the Royal Swedish Meteorological Office, and an honorary member of the Royal Meteorological Society of London, is to be one of the three persons who will join Mr. Andree in his attempt in July, 1896, to reach the North Pole by balloon. Mr. Ekholm, who is himself a skilled aeronaut, is a native of Smedjebacken (Ostergotland), where he was born in 1848. He graduated in the Upsal University at the age of 28, subsequently becoming attached to the Upsal Observatory, where he was trained both in astronomy and meteorology. In 1882, he was appointed chief of the Swedish station at Spitzbergen for observing the transit of Venus, and for collecting facts about the climate of the Polar regions.

The ascent in July of next year is to take place from a wooden house, which will be erected in Norskiarna, the same spot from which Peary started. Every possible precaution is to be taken for the safety of the aeronauts, and the Swedish Academy of Science will not give its consent to the expedition until it has carefully examined every detail. Certainly, the explorers are exposed to a number of dangers, which would crush them under ordinary circumstance. It must not be forgotten, however, that these trials will be met by experts in aeronautics and meteorology who are accustomed to the hardships of life in the Polar regions. Mr. Andree, in contrasting his expedition with Nansen's argues, not without reason, that his risks are not nearly so great. Mr. Andree will trust to winds, which are a great deal quicker than ocean currents, and cannot be said to be more dangerous.

### Rosa Bonheur at Home

MARY M. CLARKE.....LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL

"What woman wills, God wills," says the French proverb, and so it came to pass that as I have ardently wished all my life to meet Rosa Bonheur, my wish was gratified at last, and one of the most charming days I can remember was the one I spent with that wonderful woman. The little lady is very inaccessible, and Dr. Apostoli, a celebrated physician here, who saved her life ten years ago, when all the other doctors had given her up, was the one who had promised me this treat; but knowing how she dislikes strangers, he is very chary of asking permission to bring them. The promised day arrived at last, however, and a little party of six of us met at the station to go to Fontainebleau, where we were to breakfast before driving to By.

Mme. Isbert, one of the most noted miniature painters in Paris, was one of the party. She was an added charm to the day's pleasure, for she is a wonderful woman herself, 72 years old, and lively and active and full of spirit. After a delicious breakfast we took carriages and drove through the forest to the little village of By, where Rosa Bonheur lives. She was expecting us, and when the big gates were swung open to let us through we were greeted by dogs, large and small, and out came trotting the most delightful little figure imaginable.

She adores Dr. Apostoli, whom she calls "ma mère

à mustache," as she says she owes her life to him. So, after standing on tiptoe to kiss him on both cheeks, she greeted us—his friends—with outstretched hands and great cordiality, begging us to come up at once to her studio. On the threshold quite a little scene took place. Mme. Isbert, in that graceful, gracious manner which French women possess to such a degree, told Rosa Bonheur in a few happily chosen words how flattered she was, how proud, to meet at last one whose reputation was world-wide, and for whom she had such an enthusiastic admiration: and Rosa Bonheur in just as graceful a way replied that the honor was to herself, and that Mme. Isbert's reputation was as great as her own. After these preliminaries we were ushered into the sanctum—the studio. It is immense, and the work she is at present engaged on occupies one entire end of it. She began it twenty years ago, and says she is afraid she will never finish it, though it is an order and partly paid for. It represents a field in thrashing time, with machines and men at work in the background, and in the foreground eight horses in leash, the foremost ridden by a barelegged boy, crossing over from right to left. It is barely sketched in, but the movement and life are wonderful. She has other paintings finished and begun, standing about on easels and against the walls.

She has a most beautiful collection of her etchings, all signed, and worth millions in themselves, arranged methodically in handsome brass-bound mahogany portfolios. Great China jars stand about in corners, filled with plants and roses, and from the rafters are suspended heads of animals, and casts of horses adorn the walls. But the moving spirit of the place was far more interesting to me than all the canvas on the walls, no matter how wonderful and lifelike, and I grew more and more absorbed in watching her, till she turned and asked me if I would like to hear how bad a child she had been, and why she wore men's clothes, and had I ever heard of her dear lions? And so she told us her history, standing there with her hands in her pockets, or walking up and down making funny little gestures. Such a remarkable little figure, in her well-worn trousers and long blue cotton peasant's blouse—embroidered in white—falling to her knees. You do not for a moment think she is masquerading in her men's clothes; she is simply a man, with the manners and gestures of one, and that funny little trot that all very little old men have. For she is seventy-three, and her shoulders are bowed a little, but she is energetic and hearty for all that. Her hair is snow-white—a perfect mass—but so neat and trim, cut square off at the nape of the neck, and parted most decidedly on one side. Such vigorous, characteristic-looking hair. Her face is small and round and as wrinkled as a little winter apple. Her nose is inquiring in its upward curve, and her blue eyes—keen and piercing—look you straight and square in the face—eyes that know no fear. A stanch, trim, sturdy little body, personifying the best and highest type of what constitutes the bone and sinew of France—its "people"—most French, most un-Parisian.

She lives quite alone in this pretty, rambling old red brick house, where she has been forty-five years, far



from the clamor and whirl of the big city and the fret and passions of her fellow-men, and she looks as if she belonged to another age. She was born at Bordeaux in 1822, and is of humble origin, her father, Raymond Bonheur, being a painter of moderate ability. In 1829, the family moved to Paris; the mother died; there were many children, and they were poor, so Rosa Bonheur turned her hand to many an odd job, even carding wool for mattresses. Then times grew better, and she was placed in a convent, but her father soon took her away in despair, for she would not study, and was constantly running away and spending her time making daubs, she says. At fifteen she began to work seriously at her painting, and put on boy's clothes, so she could go to the fairs and slaughter-houses without attracting attention, and she wore them so naturally no one suspected her of being a girl, so she has worn them ever since to work in. She and Mme. Dieulafoy, the wife of the explorer, are the only two women in France who are legally authorized to appear in public in men's clothes. She became the pupil of L. Cogmet, who was also the teacher of Meissonier, and in 1841, she exhibited for the first time at the salon. In 1845, she received her first medal, a third-class one; in 1848, her first-class medal, and 1855, the year of the exposition, was her year of triumph, and put her in the first rank of animal painters. In 1865, she was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and in 1894 was made an officer, the only woman holding that rank.

She told us about her love for animals and of the many she has had, but she has had no more wild beasts since her last experience. She had two magnificent lions given her; the male was only seven months old, and she brought it up, and it came to her table and followed her about. The female was vicious, she said, and must have been ill-treated by some woman trainer, for whenever women went near the cage she became quite wild and tore at her bars so that the cage had to be attached to four trees to keep it from overturning. She fell ill and died last year, and then the lion became so violent and caused so much fright in the neighborhood that she decided to give him away, and wrote to the authorities here that she would present him to the Jardin des Plantes. When the cage was mounted ready to start she went to see him off, and she says it was perfectly pitiful; he knew he was going just as well as if he had been told so, and his eyes followed her about, and at last when they started and she said good-bye to him there came an expression in his eyes that was quite human, and as long as he stood there in the gate his eyes never once left her face, he never moved till a bend in the road hid her from his sight. It was as if he, too, were saying—"adieu." Some months later, being in Paris, she went one day to see her lion, and there was a great crowd about his cage. He was dying of disease and neglect. She called out to him: "Oh, my poor Nero, what have they done to you?" and he heard her and lifted up his poor head and saw her, and crawled to the bars and laid down close beside them so she could touch him. She says it was only a common crowd there—ragamuffins and rough men and women—but there was not a dry eye there, and they all took off their hats to her as they recognized her. Two days later the lion was dead. And when she ended her story, her own bright eyes were dim, and I think ours were, too. She waved her little hands and said:

"You see, my friends, I am a real savage. I know no one, not even my fellow-artists. I live with my peasants and my animals, and I think with my beloved La Fontaine that the company of beasts is often far preferable to that of men."

She had five or six dogs that ran about and rubbed up against her as she talked, till she stooped down, and, taking a little fellow in her arms, she said she had brought it up by hand; it had lost its mother and it slept with her, and turning to Dr. Apostoli, she said, laughing: "You see, though I am not a woman, I make a capital mother." Mme. Isbert then told her that she had something to show her that might interest her; that she was the happy possessor of an album, where nearly all the great names in the literary and artistic world of France of the last fifty or sixty years were inscribed. The little lady asked permission to put on her spectacles, and drawing up her chair to the table spread the album out, and we all gathered round her. Mme. Isbert's album, next to Rosa Bonheur, was the feature of the day. She had little pen and ink sketches and water colors, and a few bars of music, and poetry, and philosophy, and bon mots, signed by such men as Corot, Millais, Meissonnier, Ste. Beuve, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Dumas, Gounod, Massenet, Faure, etc., etc. Imagine the value of such a book. Rosa Bonheur was enthusiastic over it, and at the last page she said: "And now I suppose you wish Rosa Bonheur's name here, that is why you bring it?" And she peered over the brim of her spectacles with a most comical expression at Mme. Isbert, who, as the French say, lost herself in confusion, praying and fearing, and hoping and begging that she might receive that great honor. Rosa Bonheur said she would be charmed to be in such goodly company, and, business-like, took the measure of the page, promising to draw something and send it at once. Then came the time for us to tear ourselves away. Rosa Bonheur trotted down stairs before us, begging us to call again, and saying a pleasant word to each as we left her.

#### Amherst's Ex-President

JULIUS H. SEELYE'S LIFE....HARPER'S WEEKLY

The Rev. Dr. Julius Hawley Seelye, ex-President of Amherst College, who died at his home at Amherst on May 12th, had one crowning characteristic in his management of college affairs—he was probably the first American college president to get in close touch with all the students of the institution under his charge. He was eminent in philosophy, letters and public affairs; that made him President of Amherst. But he also knew every student of Amherst by name; that, with his other gifts, made him Amherst's most successful and best-known administrator. He recognized that almost one-half of the students were capable of self-government in the eyes of the law. He proposed to give them the same freedom of personal conduct in college affairs, and he accomplished it. Amherst's students ceased to be boys and became men.

Dr. Seelye was born in Bethel, Connecticut, on September 24, 1824. He was graduated from Amherst in 1849, studied theology at Auburn Seminary and at Halle, Germany, and, in 1853, became pastor of the First Dutch Reformed Church in Schenectady. Five years later he was called by Amherst to the chair of mental and moral philosophy. He occupied that place until 1874, when he was elected to Congress by the in-

dependent vote of his Congressional district over both Republican and Democratic tickets. He had previously been a member of the Commission to Revise the Tax Laws of Massachusetts. His most conspicuous act in Congress was to oppose the formation of the Electoral Commission and its action in declaring Rutherford B. Hayes, President.

Before his term in Congress was finished, Amherst made him president of that institution notwithstanding considerable opposition in the faculty. He soon overcame that, and advanced the prosperity of the college in the accessions to its faculty and endowments that he secured. He soon required the students to sign an agreement to be gentlemen. A violation of the pledge resulted in the termination of their careers at Amherst. Later he originated the "Amherst Senate," a scheme of student control of college discipline. It remained in force until recently when the students themselves gave it up. It has been copied by several other colleges. In 1885, he resigned because of failing health, and was succeeded by Merrill E. Gates. President Seelye revised and rewrote Hickock's *Moral Science*, translated Schwengler's *History of Philosophy*, wrote *The Way, the Truth, and the Life*, published a series of lectures he delivered in India, and contributed largely to periodicals on religious and secular topics. Personally he was a man of large frame and had an orotund voice. He was a pleasing speaker, and was frank, warm-hearted and sincere in manner. Amherst alumni remember him lovingly, probably as much for the fact that he never forgot their names as for any other reason.

#### How Gen. Newton Learned a Lesson

PHILOSOPHY OF SLAKING LIME....NEW YORK HERALD

Apropos of the late Gen. Newton's death is a little story he told twenty years ago, when his work at Hell Gate made him a much-talked-of man: "I was in the quarry country of Indiana," said he, "where they take out great blocks of oolitic limestone without the use of a pound of powder. I had heard of the process, and I took a team at Greensburg and drove down to the quarries to see. The superintendent was a Welshman of unpromising appearance. He was certainly an uneducated man, so far as colleges went, but he knew his business.

"I asked him how he managed to blast such huge blocks of the rock and how much dynamite was required to the ton. He said he did not use dynamite or any other explosive. He simply used unslaked lime. It astonished me, but before he took me to the quarry he set up a piece of pine board, an inch thick, against a wall of rock, brought out a revolver, and fired at the board. The bullet passed through, flattened against the stone, and fell to the ground. Then he set up the board and took the flattened bullet, threw it against the board, with astonishing skill, striking it each time in the same place, and after the fifth cast the board was split from top to bottom.

"'I didn't use as much force when I threw as when I shot, did I?' he said. 'But the board would never split along the grain by shooting at it. I could tear that board into pieces shooting, but if I want it to break in long sections on the grain I don't want to use sudden force. That's how I blast with lime.'

"And then he took me to the quarry. They had drilled a series of holes in the place he had marked,

his judgment and trained intelligence telling him where the dividing line should run. Then they tamped these holes full of unslaked lime, poured water on it, keyed them shut and waited. In twelve hours the mass of rock he wanted would begin with groans and cracklings to separate. In sixteen hours it would be free, and the force of the lime would be spent. 'If I used powder or dynamite,' said he, 'I would rip out such a mass as that in fifteen minutes, but it would be chipped and cracked into a hundred pieces; or, more likely, in a large blast, the powder would simply tear out a way along the least resistance, shelling out a lot of spawls, and leave my big rock as solid as ever.' I thanked my Welshman, and told him he was a philosopher."

#### Herreshoff, the Blind Yacht-BUILDER

HIS WORK AND METHODS.....SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

Much has been written, deep has been the speculation and varied has been the guessing about the new cup defender—the yacht which is being built to race against the English challenger for the time-honored America's Cup. The wonders of the Herreshoffs of Bristol, R. I., the men who have designed and are constructing the craft, have been elaborately described, but absolutely nothing has been said or written about the most unique and wonderful feature of the whole enterprise. This last is John Brown Herreshoff, famous today and for the past generation in New England as the blind ship-builder. Nat Herreshoff, who has just recovered from a dangerous illness, is the man most spoken of in the newspapers in connection with the new yacht. He is popularly regarded as the designer and the head and front of all the successes of the famous concern, but the real head of it, to those familiar with its workings, is the blind man.

John B. is the President of the Herreshoff Company, and his younger brother, Nathaniel, is the General Superintendent. The latter attends to all the outside work and the actual supervision of the men. But most of the head work and the preliminary planning is done by the elder man. He lays the foundation and lines out the skeleton structure for the others to put together and fill in. The average day spent by John Herreshoff is unlike that of any other man who is at the head of a great business institution. Being stone blind, it seems an impossibility that he could attend to such intricate matters as yacht-designing and machinery-making. Every figure and calculation he must carry in his head. Writing is of no service to him, as he cannot read. Of course, he has men about him to do work of that character, but he only employs them for clerical purposes. He has probably the most retentive memory of any man in the world, and, as he is not annoyed by seeing anything of an interrupting character, his powers of concentration are wonderful. An incident which happened in the latter part of the seventies illustrates his peculiar mental machinery perfectly.

While working in the Bristol shop one day he received a telegram asking him to come to New York at a certain time to meet representatives of a South American Government. The telegram was from the New York Consul of the Government, and when Mr. Herreshoff reached the latter's office at the appointed time he was informed that three torpedo boats of a novel design were wanted. These boats were to be built in sections, so that they could easily be shipped on the deck of a



steamer to their destination. Several other unusual conditions were attached, and then Mr. Herreshoff was asked how much he would build them for.

"I must have time to think it over," he said. "How much time?" "About twenty minutes." Then this man simply sat still and thought. He carefully considered the plans and specifications of the boats, the cost of material, the time it would take his men to build, the mechanical possibilities of building them in sections as desired. These and a dozen other features of the proposition were gone over. As soon as one part was duly considered he made a mental note of the result and took up the next, finally totaling up the various items. At the expiration of the twenty minutes he had his answer ready, and it was in the affirmative. The boats were constructed and shipped as ordered.

Mr. Herreshoff has not been blind all of his life. The trouble came on gradually when he was about sixteen years of age. A film slowly came over his eyes, and the quiet, shaded streets of sleepy Bristol grew fainter and fainter, until they faded away completely. But he had already acquired a love of building boats and of the water. In the old days Bristol was something of a seaport town, but now the docks are decayed and the old hulks of former queens of the deep lie rotting at their sides. The only signs of maritime life at the place are the bustling shops of the Herreshoffs. Until the last few years the concern has mainly been identified with the building of wonderfully fast steam craft, notably the torpedo boat *Stiletto*, which created a furor in naval circles the world over ten years ago by her marvelous speed. It was deemed an experiment when the brothers took up the building of sailing craft. But it was in this very work the blind man gained fame forty years ago.

Friends say that when a small boy, as soon as he was trusted with a pocket-knife, he whittled out miniature yachts and boats of all styles. At the age of fifteen he built a good-sized catboat for sailing on the bay, and its lines were so full of power and speed that it won all the scrub races of the day. That boat gave the young foreigner a local fame which is now only bounded by the circle of the earth. All that he had seen prior to his affliction he can summon up before him, and his memory in this respect down to the minutest detail is most remarkable. From a description he can set up himself a most intricate piece of machinery and explain its workings and defects. It was he who invented the coil boiler as applied to extraordinary fast steam vessels. He attends solely to the making of contracts for steam craft, and only recently was in Washington consulting with officials of the Navy Department.

Mr. Herreshoff is at the shops every morning when he is at home, before 9 o'clock. He goes to a stand in the outer office without any assistance and hangs his hat and coat on their accustomed pegs. Without a second's hesitation he walks some distance to his desk, takes out a bunch of keys, selects the right one in a flash, and throws open his desk. Its pigeon-holes are filled with papers and documents of all kinds, and although he has never seen one he can pick out any particular paper he may want simply through memory and his sense of touch, which has been developed to a truly wonderful degree. A secretary reads all the morning's mail to him, and when each letter has been gone over, Mr. Herreshoff dictates the answer. He is kept minutely informed of all the doings in the yard, and in this

way he keeps a perfect picture in his mind of the workings of the whole vast establishment. Mr. Herreshoff's method of planning inventions is unique. Sometimes for half a day he sits at his desk with his head resting on his hands thinking. Great problems in mathematics he can work out in this way, and wonderful devices in mechanics are evolved without the aid of secretary, pen or paper. All the models of vessels to be built are submitted to him. His brother Nat invariably has a tiny model made on the lines to be pursued in the construction of a new craft, and this model is given to the elder brother. If the work is of extreme importance, like the building of a cup defender, the elder Herreshoff sometimes sits for days rubbing his hands lightly over the model, thus getting a perfect picture of the lines of the boat. Many changes suggest themselves to him, and he works them out in his mind with mathematical precision to show their correctness. A few inches more of depth at a certain point may mean the added power of several hundred square feet of canvas, or the alteration of an angle, even a fraction of a degree, may reduce the friction so that the speed of the craft is accelerated without injuring its heavy weather capacities.

Mr. Herreshoff, as the noon hour comes around, goes to the hat-stand, and although there may be a half dozen hats and coats hanging upon it, he picks his own without a fumble and goes off to his lunch. In the afternoon he often goes down to the boat slip where the boats are built, and seemingly watches the progress of the work. If a stranger is about he kindly explains all the work, and tells more about the boat in five minutes than the layman could understand in five weeks by simply looking at it. This blind man with his wonderful mental powers and his acute sense of touch accomplishes more in a day than many men do in a month. He is close to sixty years of age now, and so perfectly has he accustomed himself to work without seeing that friends say he has converted his misfortunes into an advantage.

#### Burnand, the Editor of *Punch*

TOO WITTY FOR THE PRIESTHOOD....NEW YORK WORLD

F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*, when he joined the Roman Catholic church after leaving Cambridge University, England, had some thought of becoming a priest. He went to a community at Bayswater, over which Dr. Manning ruled before he was archbishop or cardinal. Another cardinal of the future was also an inmate—Father Herbert Vaughan. But the humorist was not to be bound down by rule and law. The novices were kept perpetually laughing. One day Burnand compiled a rather controversial letter to a relative in the world and handed it, as he supposed, to the Father Superior; but he gave by mistake a good-humored skit on the Father Superior himself. That most grave and reverend master read it with care, handing it back to the unconscious writer with the dry remark: "I think I should not send that." When Burnand was one day ordered outside an upper window to clean it, the novice master, at his request, got outside first to show him the way, and the window was at once closed by Burnand from the inside. There the master stood, admired by a crowd in the street below, until rescued by Dr. Manning, who addressed the culprit in tones of studied severity: "You be a priest! Go and be a shoemaker." "Then you still leave me the care of soles," was Burnand's retort.



## THE HAZING OF VALLIANT: A STORY OF PRINCETON\*

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

In the glorious old days of untrammelled class activity when everyone recognized that there were certain duties owed the freshman by the sophomore class, as Hall talk was due them from the upper-class-men (another good old custom now defunct), you had only casually to drop word to a freshman on the way to recitation to wait for you when night came, back of Witherspoon—as you would bid a classmate to come to a spread in your room—and he would turn up promptly and smilingly, take his little dose meekly and cheerfully, and go to bed a better boy for it and brag about it every time he dined out in Christmas holidays. But all that is changed now.

Even in the days of which this is written, which were only comparatively modern times, one had to play a very careful game to do any hazing. The freshman was beginning to hesitate about putting out his light, when you yelled up at him from the street. People were putting strange notions in his head. He was beginning to think he had a personality. They were telling him he had rights. The old glory had departed along with rushes and midnight cane-sprees and horn-sprees and fresh fires, to make room for a university spirit and linen shirts. At the present rate of retrogression—mark the prediction—it will not be many years before the freshman will be allowed to wear the orange and black, and the sophomore a silk hat! When that day comes, may it be that a certain old grad. will have attended his last reunion.

Twice had Buckley waited near the house where Valliant ate his dinner. But it's quite light after dinner in September. He had gone to the house where he roomed, and asked the landlady if any of the gentlemen wanted to join the Young Men's Christian Association. But that, like the Nassau Literary and Princetonian subscription-list-game, had been played out; the door was closed in his face. Then, for three successive nights, he waited in an alley near by, and on the third night the freshman came, but with him an upper-classman friend.

Buckley said things, and kept in the shadow. But the freshman had good eyes, and said, as he took out his keys: "Oh, is that you, Mr. Buckley? Why, how do you do? Aren't you coming up to see me?" That was horribly fresh.

"Not now," Buckley growled. "Which is your room?" Excusing himself from the upper-classman, who was enjoying all this, the freshman led Buckley into the alley-way, and pointed up at the wing of the house. It was a large one, and many people lived in it. "That room up there, next to the one with a light in it, see!" he said, in polite, friendly tones. This was decidedly fresh.

Buckley said he would come up later on in the evening, which, of course, he had no intention of doing, and saying "Good-night" good-mannerly enough, he slunk off, and the freshman took his friend up the stairs, which smelled of damp carpets.

The next night Buckley got his gang together. They blew smoke into one another's faces and decided that

a little exhibition of oarsmanship in a basin of water with toothpicks would do to warm up with. Then a cross-country jaunt would be appropriate, running, walking, and crawling to the canal. Here, as the freshman was proud of his shape, he would be given an opportunity of displaying it while the moon reflected in the water. And, if he felt cold after that, he could climb a telephone pole for exercise—they didn't want to be inconsiderate of his comfort—and sing "Nearer my home to-day, to-day, than I have been before," at the top of it. Then with a few recitations and solos on the way back he could be put to bed. This would be a good night's work.

It was nearly two o'clock when they carried the ladder into the alley-way. They laid it down in silence.

For several reasons this was to be a right nervy go. A young professor and his young wife had a suite of rooms in the house. But it wasn't that which troubled them. This was. The moon shone full and strong upon the clear, black wall of the house, and it was in plain view from a certain spot a distance of about two blocks away. Across this spot a certain owl-eyed proctor was pretty sure to pass and repass off and on all night.

This was the reason they were sitting on the ladder waiting for a signal from Colston, who was over by the certain spot watching for the certain proctor.

"Buck, which is the freshman's room?"

"It was the one next to the light, and the light was in the room over the side-door."

"Second or third story?"

"Sist! not so loud. Why, let's see—the third."

"Yes," said Haines; "don't you see the window's open up there. None of the family would do that. Town people would never air——"

"Listen!"

A whistle came from the silent distance—the first bar from "Rumski Ho," then a silence, then the same bar repeated; and by this time they knew the proctor had walked into the open space and out of it again, and that if they hurried they could put the ladder against the house, send a man up it, and take it away again before the proctor crossed the open space once more.

Buckley started up. The others leaned against the bottom round to steady it; then he came back for a moment. "Don't take it away until I get all the way in—until I wave my hand. There's plenty of time. Keep cool," he whispered, as he nimbly began his ascent. For his descent he was to rely upon the stairs, the freshman, and his own persuasive powers, for what are freshmen and stairs made for?

Buckley was a right devilish young man, and typically a sophomore. The year before he had climbed the belfry of old North and stolen the bell-clapper, and gained class-wide renown. Already this term he had mounted the water-tower and painted the freshman numerals green. The very night before this he had run around the eaves of Reunion, which is no easy trick, with "Bill," the night proctor, behind him, and when he dropped off the bottom round of the fire-escape into the arms of another proctor, he had

\* From Princeton Stories. By Jesse Lynch Williams (Scribner).

wiggled out again. Still, there are sensations peculiar to scaling a ladder stretching toward the black of an open window, with a moon throwing shadows of yourself and the rounds of the ladder against the dull bricks of an old-fashioned house, while old North strikes two in the distance. Buckley felt them.

The ladder did not quite reach, and he had to stand on the top round and reach for the sill. Then he pulled himself up, got one foot over, took a longer grip on the inside of the window, dragged the other foot up, as you would climb a high board fence, and was in the room with both feet. He leaned out and waved his hand. The top of the ladder silently swung out from the wall and swooped down in silence. Buckley turned and started across the room.

He could feel the heavier atmosphere of indoors. A small clock was ticking somewhere. He detected a faint scent of mouchoir powder, and was just remarking to himself half consciously that it was just like that pretty-faced freshman, when from somewhere there came a soft voice, saying, "Is that you, dear?"

Then before all the blood near his backbone had time to freeze into little splinters of ice, he said, "Shsss," and stepped out of the moonlight and into the shadow, which is the best thing to do in case you are in a similar situation. Buckley's instinct made him do it.

Across the silence the soft voice floated again and mingled with the moonlight, "Oh, I'm not asleep. But why did you stay so long, Guy, dear?" There was another sound. It was the squeaking of a bed-spring.

Then, as Buckley's knees stiffened tight against each other, he spied coming toward him something white, with two black streaks hanging half-way down, which as the thing came into the moonlight, he saw to be long braids of dark hair. Also, the light showed a tall, slender figure clothed in but one garment, which was white, and a face which was young and beautiful. Buckley had never seen a woman dressed that way before, and he closed his eyes.

But he felt it coming nearer and nearer. He stood up perfectly straight and rigid in the darkness as two arms reached up and met about his neck. The arms were soft.

Buckley did not budge, and the soft voice began, in a sort of whisper, "You have not forgiven me yet?" It began to sob, and he felt the sobbing against his orange and black sweater. "You know I did not mean it. Won't you—forgive her? Won't you forgive—her?" And Buckley fully realized that he was in the thick of some romantically ghastly mistake, and that the only thing he could do to make it worse would be to speak or show his face.

For fully a minute he stood thus motionless, with his arms at his sides, gathering himself together, and trying to think what to do. And when he had made up his mind what to do he gritted his teeth and put both arms about the Clingy Thing.

And when he had done that the Clingy Thing began to purr in soft, plaintive tones, which undoubtedly were sweet, and would probably have been appreciated by Buckley if he had not been so rattled. "Tell me that you *do* forgive me. Say it with your own lips."

Buckley said nothing with his lips. He was biting them.

"Guy, speak to me!"

Buckley didn't.

"Speak to me, my husband!" A soft, fragrant hand came gently up along his cheek, which tingled, and over his eyes, which quivered, and pushed back the hair from his brow, which was wet. Suddenly she raised her head, gave one look at his face with large, startled eyes, then, with a shuddering gasp, she recoiled.

But Buckley was not letting go. This is what he had been preparing for. Keeping one arm about her waist he threw the other around the neck in such a way that he could draw it tight if necessary, and said in one breath, "For Heaven's sake, don't scream—I can explain!"

"Ugh! Oh, let go! Who—let me go or I'll scream-ch-ch-ch."

But Buckley didn't let her do either. He pressed on the windpipe, feeling like three or four kinds of murderers as he did so. Then, as she struggled with feeble, womanly might, Buckley did the fastest thinking he had ever done in all his nineteen years. The door of the room—was it locked? The stairs—where were they? The front door—was the night-latch above the knob? Was it below? Would it stick? All this time she would be screaming, and the house was full of men. He would be caught. He was in for something. But was he hurting her? He began to talk.

"Oh, please, if you scream it'll only make things awfully awkward. I got in here by mistake. I can explain. I'm not going to hurt you. Oh, please, keep quiet."

She tried again to wrench away from his grasp, and Buckley drew her back with ease, feeling half sorry for her poor little strength. "Promise me you'll not cry out and I'll let go."

"Yes, yes, I promise," said the scared voice. "Anything. Only let me go."

Buckley released his grasp. She fled across the room. He thought she was making for the door. He sprang toward it to keep her from running downstairs and arousing the house. But she only snatched up an afghan or something from the sofa, and holding it about her, retreated to the dark part of the room.

Buckley couldn't see her now, but heard her moan, "Oh dear, oh dear!" in a muffled tone, and he felt that she must be cowering in the corner farthest away from him, and it made him have all sorts of contempt for himself. Then he talked again, standing with his back against the door and looking toward the dark. "I don't know who you are," he began in a loud, nervous whisper, "but whoever you are, I wish you wouldn't cry. Please be calm. I want to talk to you."

"I don't want to hear you—I don't want to hear you."

"Not so loud, or we'll be heard."

"Oh, oh, how can you trade upon my necessity? Haven't you a grain of manhood, a spark of kindness in you—"

"Yes, yes, lots," said Buckley. "Listen to me. Please listen. It's all a big mistake. I thought I was coming to my own room—"

"Your own room!"

"I mean my classmate's room—I mean I thought a freshman roomed here. I wouldn't have made the mistake for anything in the world. You aren't half as sorry I got in your room as I am—Oh, yes, you are!—I mean I'm awfully sorry and wish to apologize, and I hope you'll forgive me. I didn't mean anything—"

"Mean anything!"

"Really I didn't. If you'll only let me go down and promise not to wake the house before I get out, why, no one will ever know anything about it, and I'll promise not to do it again. I'm awfully sorry it happened." Buckley started for the door.

"Mrs. Brown—Mr. Brown. Help! murder!"

"Oh, for heaven's sake don't!" cried Buckley.

"I will. Just as soon as I get breath and strength enough, I mean to wake the house, the neighbors, the whole town if I can."

"No, you won't!" Buckley started across the room.

"Stop!" she cried.

He stopped. The voice was commanding. It seemed already quite strong enough to scream. He said: "You promised not to scream."

"But you forced me to promise."

"Are you going to scream?"

"I am." She was getting her breath.

"Oh, don't; please don't. If I wanted to, I could hurt you. I don't want to hurt you. Ah, have pity on me."

The bold, bad sophomore was down on his knees, with his hands clasped toward the dark, where the voice came from. He was very sorry for himself.

"You stay right there in the moonlight."

"Right here?"

"Right there; and if you dare to move, I'll scream with all my might."

Buckley first shivered, and then froze as stiff as if a hair-trigger rifle were pointing at him. "How long must I stay here?" he asked, without moving his head.

"Until my hus—until daylight," returned the voice.

"Until daylight!" repeated Buckley. There was something impressive in the deep, rich voice of this tall young woman, and whoever she was, Buckley could tell, from the refined tones, that she was a lady. He could just make out the gleam of her face and of one arm in the dark corner.

Outside, the crickets were scratching in the warm, still night. It was after two o'clock. The moon was shining in his left eye; and he, Bill Buckley, was kneeling, with his hands stretched imploringly toward a girl whom he had never seen before, in the third story of an old-fashioned Princeton house, which he had entered for the first time by a ladder which by this time was resting serenely against a freshly painted house in Mercer street, whither it had been borne by four classmates, who were now at the corner of Canal and Dickinson streets, as per agreement, and cursing him for taking such a long time to pull one small freshman out of bed. Meanwhile, the moon was approaching the window-post.

"Please, oh, please, whoever you are," he began, in earnest, pleading tones, "won't you forgive me, and let me go?"

There was no answer.

"I am a gentleman—indeed I am! I wouldn't harm a girl for the world. Please let me go. I'll be fired—I mean, expelled from college for this. I'll be disgraced for life. I'll—"

"Stop!" The voice seemed to be calm now. "While it may be true that you did not break into my room with intent to rob or injure a defenseless woman, yet, by your own confession, you came to torment a weaker person. You wanted to haze one of the fresh-

men in this house; that was it. And when my husband—"

"Oh have mercy on me. Won't you have mercy?" Then he began to tell her what a good boy he had always been, and how he had always gone to church, and how fond his mother was of him, and that he was the pride and ambition of his family, and similar rot, showing how completely scared he was. "Just think what this means to me," he concluded. "If I'm fired from college, I'll never come back. I'll be disgraced for life. All my prospects will be blighted, my life ruined, and my mother's heart broken."

She gave a little hysterical sob, as if the strain was too great for her. "Yes, for your poor mother's sake; yes, go!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, thank you with all my heart. My mother would, too, if she could know. I don't deserve to be treated so well. I shall always think of you as my merciful benefactress. I can never forgive myself for causing you pain. Oh, thank you."

What a happy stroke of his to call for mercy in his mother's name. This was an appeal that touched a responsive chord in the heart of this pure woman before him that neither apology or pleading could soften. Perhaps the name called up to her some vision of her own dear, sweet-faced angel mother, now no more. What mattered the how and the why? He was free again—that was enough for him!

Buckley, the sophomore, who had strode into that room so manfully, in the full pride of his sophomoreish strength and orange and black, grovelled across the room and out of the door, then tiptoed his way down the hall stairs, silently pulled back the latch of the door, and sneaked off like a dog with his tail between his legs.

The outside air did him good, and by the time he reached his impatient classmates he had thought up a fairly good lie about the freshman's being ill, quite seriously ill, and about his stopping to look after him a bit, which they admitted was the only thing to do under the circumstances, though it was blamed hard lines, after all the trouble they had taken. "Better luck next time, Buck," they said, and went to bed.

By the ten o'clock mail next morning Buckley received a letter in strange handwriting. It said: "Just as a tall woman looks short in a man's make-up, so does a short man look tall in a woman's make-up, and you should know that blondes are hard to recognize in brunette wigs. I could have done more artistic acting if you had come up earlier, when I had on my full costume. You ought to know that a real girl wouldn't have behaved quite that way. You see you still have a number of things to learn, even though you are a soph. Sort of hard luck, all this, isn't it, old man? Hoping that the rouge will wash off your lips and that you will learn to forgive yourself, I am your merciful benefactress, H. G. Valliant."

This is the freshest thing I ever heard of.

There was a P.S. which said: "Whether or not this thing gets out rests entirely with you and your hazing friends."

Of course it did get out, as all such things do; but Valliant was not bothered again by sophomores, though he ought to have been hazed up and down and inside-out and crosswise by the whole college.

You can see him if you attend the next production of the Dramatic Association.



## BEAUTY IN ILLUSTRATION: WONDERS OF SCIENCE

Compiled from Dictionary of Scientific Illustrations and Symbols. Published by William B. Ketcham. In this most valuable and interesting book, moral truths are mirrored in the wonders of Nature and the marvelous facts made known by modern science. The work is admirably edited and indexed.

**Injurers, Unconscious**—The little boring wood-beetle attacks books, and will even bore through several volumes. An instance is mentioned of twenty-seven folio volumes being perforated in a straight line by one and the same insect, in such a manner that by passing a cord through the perfect round hole made by it, the twenty-seven volumes could be raised at once. It also destroys prints and drawings, whether framed or kept in a portfolio. These poor insects have no conception of the value of the things they may destroy. Any common trash of closely packed paper would suit them just as well; but in their ignorance they are destroyers of that which is of value to the world. They have their imitators among humanity. There are dull men in societies, who nibble away in their petty line of action until the programme of the entire institution is defaced. There are others, in churches and chapels, who, boasting that they "will go straight," bore their petty lines of attack even through the most beautiful of spiritual designs. There are women in households whose narrow spirit blemishes the entire glory of home. All of these creatures belong to the class of beings, who, in asserting their own rights, destroy that which is valuable without even knowing that they are so doing.

**Habit, Age Altering**—A few years often change the habits of man. The middle-aged man has scarcely any of the habits of the youth left. And if the proof of his identity depended on their resemblance, it would, indeed, be hard to establish. A like change of habit is observable in many other existences. We may take from a class of mollusks the acorn-shells (*balanus balanoides*) as an example. It is a very remarkable fact that, although the "balanus" never moves from the spot on which it has taken up its habitation, and, indeed, is incapable of any kind of locomotion, yet, when very young, it was an active, wandering little creature, furnished with jointed limbs, much resembling a shrimp or crab, and swimming freely through the water with a succession of bounds. What a complete settling down to quiet ways! what a thorough transformation is here! But is it more striking than the metamorphosis of the hobbledehoy youngster into the sedate sage?

**Pioneers, Unexpected**—You write down as absurd, and despise as quixotic, many men whose movements you cannot follow, and whose cause you do not understand. But, remember, many such men have been the pioneers of the race. They have pursued their own course steadily and honestly. The glories of the discoveries to which their pathway would lead the coming generations were too splendid for even their eye of faith to behold, but subsequent ages have gazed on them with rapture and gratitude. And such men are not the only examples of humble pioneers who have performed services for humanity. Geography is under obligations to yet more lowly friends, for it is a remarkable fact that the North American bison or buffalo once exerted an important influence on geographical discoveries in path-

less mountain districts. These animals advanced in herds of many thousands in search of a milder climate during the winter in the countries south of the Arkansas River. Their size and cumbrous forms rendered it difficult for them to cross high mountains on their migratory courses, and a well-trodden buffalo-path was therefore followed wherever it was met with, as it invariably indicated the most convenient passage across the mountains. Thus, as Humboldt assures us, buffalo-paths have indicated the best tracks of passing over the Cumberland Mountains in the southwestern parts of Virginia and Kentucky, and over the Rocky Mountains between the source of the Yellowstone and Platte rivers.

**Despotism, A Weak Point In**—Though the lion possesses colossal strength, it is wanting in confidence in itself. Indeed, its distrust is excessive. It frequently happens that, against its inclinations, it leaves a prey which it deems to have been too easily obtained, suspecting it to be a bait. Frequently, owing to this, man and animal who have been its defenseless prey on the ground, have been abandoned by the brute, and have thus miraculously escaped what seemed certain death. Other despots resemble this one in that they have the same weak point of character, suspiciousness. If they never faltered in self-belief they would often be able to crush out human liberties with the force of their violence. But our sultans, czars, emperors, kings, and other tyrants are apt to tremble with suspicion at their own doings. From distrustfulness springs vacillation of policy; and during the despot's doubtings Liberty saves herself from mutilation.

**Degree Makes All the Difference**—When a substance combines with oxygen, heat is evolved, and if the union is rapid and fussy, light may be emitted as well. The burning of a candle seems to be a very different thing from the rusting of a nail; but in truth the latter process is simply a mild and dilatory species of combustion. It is really a little conflagration, though it does not afford sufficient heat to singe the wings of a moth, or sufficient illumination to enable us to read a line.

**Undeveloped Capacities**—Have you not sometime come into contact with a strong mind and felt regret that beauty and grace of disposition were not added to that mental strength? You have felt that these were by nature intended to be found in association, and though charmed with what there was you sighed for what ought to have been. There are many men whose natures ripen into perfect strength but without ever developing the charms and graces which you know must be indigenous. They are like those plants which Humboldt tells us grow with the greatest vigor in certain localities without ever flowering though of the flowering kind; and the accidents of circumstance and place account for these facts in man and plant alike.

**Little Influence Added to a Great Enterprise, The Use of a—**A little river may be received into a large one without augmenting either its width or depth. This, which at first view seems a paradox, is yet very easily accounted for. The little river in this case only goes toward increasing the swiftness of the larger and putting its dormant waters into motion.

## THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

### Sensations of Starving

FASTING AS A FINE ART....CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD

For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing his sufferings are perhaps more acute than in the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate, unspeakable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread and other substances, but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength. On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with a loss of strength he loses that eager craving which he felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food, he swallows it with a wolfish avidity, but five minutes afterward his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence.

On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his color is ashy pale and his eyes wild, glassy and cannibalistic. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from weakness, refuse. The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes dizzy; the ghosts of well-remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind. The seventh day comes bringing increasing lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang listlessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still left to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it if it can be saved without a tax on bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile; the next he is endowed with unnatural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his new and sudden impulse.

### Roumania's Kissing Festival

A QUEER ANNUAL FAIR....ELLEDALE COMMERCIAL

Helmagen, a Roumanian country town of 1,200 inhabitants, holds its annual fair on the feast of St. Theodore. On this occasion the place swarms with newly-married brides from sixty or eighty villages in the district; widows who have taken fresh husbands remain at home. The young women, in festive attire, and generally attended by their mothers-in-law, carry jugs of wine enwreathed with flowers in their hands. The Roumanische Wochenschrift says they kiss everyone they meet, and afterwards present the jug to his lips for a "nip." The individual thus regaled bestows a small gift on the fair Cybele. Not to partake of the proffered wine is regarded as an insult to the young wife and her family. She is, therefore, reserved toward strangers, and only kisses those whom she thinks likely to taste of her wine.

The kissing is carried on everywhere—in the street, in the taverns, and in private houses. The origin of this custom is veiled in obscurity. Some say that it dates back to the time when the Turks made frequent raids into Transylvania and carried away all the young women they could lay their hands on. Such of them as contrived to escape from captivity, happening to return to Helmagen at the time of the fair, kissed their friends and relatives, and even strangers who congratulated them on their wonderful deliverance.

### Voudou Worship in the South

NEGRO FANATICS.....N. O. TIMES-DEMOCRAT

Who has not heard, in connection with the local history of New Orleans, of that mysterious and religious sect of fanatics, imported from the wilds of Africa and implanted in our midst, so well known under the appellation of Voudous? The 24th of June, is the day consecrated by them to their peculiar worship. Drifted into this country and the West India Islands with the constant influx of the slave trade, this disgusting organization, with its stupid creed and bestial rites, made considerable progress among the low and ignorant of our population in the early period of the present century, and extended its ramifications among the servile classes throughout several of our Creole parishes. Their dances are original, partaking somewhat of the character of the "calinda" and "bamboula," now made world-famous by the genius of our fellow townsman, Gottschalk, who once set them to most exquisite music. But it is not for these dances alone that the study of Voudouism deserves to be considered, since they are accompanied by circumstances so odd and strange in their character as to deserve particular notice.

According to the Africans of the Arada nation, who claim to have preserved unsullied the faith and ceremonies of the creed, the word "voudou" signifies an all-powerful and supernatural being, from whom all events derive their origin. And what is this Being? A serpent, or rather a harmless snake, under whose auspices these religionists gather. The attributes of prescience and knowledge of the past are ascribed to it, and these he exercises through the medium of a high priest selected by the sect, and most frequently through the lips of the black wench whom the love of the former has elevated to the post of a consort. These two ministers of the god-serpent, claiming to act under its inspiration, assume the pompous names of king and queen; at other times the despotic titles of master and mistress, and sometimes those of a more tender nature, papa and mamma. They hold office by a life tenure, and exact unbounded confidence of their subjects. They communicate the will of the serpent as to the admission or rejection of candidates. They prescribe the obligations and duties incumbent upon them. They receive the gifts and presents which the god expects as a just tribute to his power. To disobey or resist means offence to the deity, and subjects the recalcitrant to great misfortunes.

As soon as this system of domination, on the one hand, and of blind submission on the other, has been well established, they hold meetings at stated periods, at



which the king and queen preside, in accordance with the traditions borrowed from Africa, varied at times by Creole customs and others of European origin, as, for instance, in matters of dress and ornament. These reunions, whenever conducted in their primitive purity, are always strictly secret, are held in the nighttime and in a place so secluded as to escape the gaze of any profane eye. There every member puts on a pair of sandals, and girds his body with a number of red handkerchiefs. The voodoo king is distinguished from his subjects by a finer and greater number of these coverings, always using a crimson head covering as a diadem. A cord, usually blue, encircles his loins. The queen is dressed with simplicity, affects red garments and adorns her person with a sash of the same hue.

The king and queen take their positions at one end of the room, near a species of altar, on which is placed a box wherein the serpent is imprisoned, and where the affiliated can view it outside the bars. When a strict inspection assures them that no intruder is within hearing or sight, the ceremony begins by the adoration of his snakeship, by protestations of fidelity to his cult, and of submission to his behests. They renew into the hands of the king and queen the oath of secrecy, which is the basis of the association, and while this part of the ritual is being accomplished, horrible and delirious scenes follow.

The worshipers, being thus prepared to receive the impressions with which the king and queen seem to inspire them, the latter, assuming the affectionate tone of a fond father and mother, extol the happiness which is in store for every faithful voodoo, exhort them to confide in them, and urge them always to seek their advice in every emergency. The group then breaks up, and each one, according to his wants or right of precedence in the sect, come forward to implore the voodoo god. The majority being slaves, would ask for the gift of control over the minds of their masters. Some would solicit money, another success in love, while a third one craves the return of a faithless one, or a prompt cure or a long life. A withered hag conjures the god for a youthful lover, while a young one invokes maledictions upon a successful rival. There is not a passion that has not a representative in this motley assembly, and crime itself is invoked frequently by those dominated by malice. To each one of these invocations the voodoo king lends a heedful ear. The spirit begins to move him. He suddenly seizes the precious box, lays it on the floor, and places the queen thereon. As soon as she has set her feet upon the receptacle she is possessed, like a new Pythoness, by the spirit of the god; her frame quivers, her whole body becomes convulsed, and the oracle pronounces its edicts through her inspired lips. On some she bestows flattery and lavishes promises of success; with others she thunders forth in bitter invectives. Following the trend either of her own wishes, of her personal interest, or of her wild caprice, she dictates irrevocable laws, in the name of the serpent, to a set of idiots, who gulp down every absurdity with stupendous credulity, and whose rule is blind obedience to every mandate.

As soon as the oracle has answered every question propounded, a circle is formed and the serpent is placed once more upon the altar. Then each one presents his offering, puts it in a covered hat, impervious to prying curiosity. The king and queen assure the donors that

these presents are acceptable to the deity. From these oblations a fund is raised which enables them to pay the expenses of the meeting, to procure assistance to needy members, and to reward those from whom the society expects some service. Plans are proposed, lines of action are prescribed under the direction, as the queen always asserts, of the god "Voodoo"; of these, many are contrary to morality and to the maintenance of law and order. The oath is again administered, which binds every one to secrecy and to aid in the work.

And now the voodoo dance begins. If there be a candidate present, his initiation inaugurates this part of the ceremony. The voodoo king traces a large ring in the centre of the room with a piece of charcoal, and places within it the person who is about to be initiated. He thrusts into his hand a package consisting of herbs, horse hair, broken bits of horn, and other matters equally disgusting. Then, lightly striking him on the head with a small wooden paddle, he launches forth into the following African chant:

"Eh! eh! Bomba, hen! hen!  
Canga bafio te,  
Canga moun de le  
Canga do Ki la  
Canga li."

These words are repeated in chorus by the onlookers. The candidate begins to squirm and to dance. This is called "monter voodoo." If, unfortunately, he should through excess of frenzy, happen to step out of the limits of the charmed and mystic circle, the song ceases at once, and the king and queen turn their backs upon him, in order to offset the effects of the bad augury. The dancer recovers his self-possession, re-enters the ring, becomes convulsed again, drinks some stimulant, and finally falls into a state of hysteria. To put a stop to these symptoms the king hits him smartly with his wooden paddle, and, if needs be, uses a cowhide. He is then led to the altar to take the oath, and from that moment he is a full-fledged member of the Order.

On the termination of the ceremony the king places his hand or foot on the box where the snake is ensconced, and experiences a shock. He communicates by contact this impulsion to the queen, and through her the commotion is conveyed to every one in the circle. Each one begins to experience convulsions through the superior portion of the body, the head and shoulders. A work of dislocation seems to be going on. The queen particularly appears to be most violently affected. She goes from time to time to the voodoo serpent to gather a new supply of its magnetic influence. She shakes the box, and the tinkling bells suspended from its sides increase the general delirium. Add to this copious draughts of spirituous liquors. Then is pandemonium let loose. Fainting fits and choking spells succeed one another. A nervous tremor dominates everybody. No one escapes its power. They spin around without ceasing. While some, in the midst of these bacchanalian scenes, tear their vestments and even lacerate their flesh with their teeth, others, deprived of reason, fall down to the ground from sheer lassitude and are carried, still panting and gyrating, into an adjoining room. What is undoubtedly true and is a remarkable phenomenon among the voodoos is the existence of that species of electric fluid which urges these people to dance until bereft of sense through sheer exhaustion.



# MY SHIPS AT SEA: HUMAN HOPES AND LONGINGS

COMPILED BY FANNY MACK LOTHROP

*When My Ship Comes In.....Robert J. Burdette .....Poems*

Somewhere, out on the blue seas sailing,  
Where the winds dance and spin;  
Beyond the reach of my eager hailing,  
Over the breakers' din;  
Out where the dark storm-clouds are lifting,  
Out where the blinding fog is drifting,  
Out where the treacherous sand is shifting,  
My ship is coming in.

Oh, I have watched till my eyes were aching,  
Day after weary day;  
Oh, I have hoped till my heart was breaking,  
While the long nights ebbed away;  
Could I but know where the waves had tossed her,  
Could I but know what storms had crossed her,  
Could I but know where the winds had lost her,  
Out in the twilight gray!

But though the storms her course have altered,  
Surely the port she'll win;  
Never my faith in my ship has faltered,  
I know she is coming in.  
For through the restless ways of her roaming,  
Through the mad rush of the wild waves foaming,  
Through the white crest of the billows combing,  
My ship is coming in.

Breasting the tides where the gulls are flying,  
Swiftly she's coming in;  
Shallows and deeps and rocks defying,  
Bravely she's coming in;  
Precious the love she will bring to bless me,  
Snowy the arms she will bring to caress me,  
In the proud purple of kings she will dress me,  
My ship that is coming in.

White in the sunshine her sails will be gleaming,  
See, where my ship comes in;  
At masthead and peak her colors streaming,  
Proudly she's sailing in;  
Love, hope, and joy on her decks are cheering,  
Music will welcome her glad appearing,  
And my heart will sing at her stately nearing,  
When my ship comes in.

*My Ships.....Ella Wheeler Wilcox.....Poems*

If all the ships I have at sea  
Should come a-sailing home to me,  
Weighed down with gems and silk and gold,—  
Ah, well! the harbor could not hold  
So many sails as there would be  
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea,  
And brought their precious freight to me,  
Ah, well! I would have wealth as great  
As any king who sits in state,  
So rich the treasures that would be  
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea  
Should come a-sailing home to me,  
Ah, well! the storm-clouds then might frown,  
For, if the others all went down,  
Still, rich and proud and glad I'd be  
If that one ship came home to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,  
And all the others came to me,  
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,  
With glory, honor, riches, gold,

The poorest soul on earth I'd be  
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies, be calm! O winds, blow free,  
Blow all my ships safe home to me!  
But if thou sendest some a-wrack,  
To never more come sailing back,  
Send any, all, that skim the sea,  
But bring my *love* ship home to me!

*My Ship Comes In.....Joaquin Miller .....Poems*

My ship comes sailing in from the sea,  
And I am glad as glad can be.  
Oh! I have kissed my love to-night,  
And all life seems one calm delight.  
My ship comes in, my ship comes in;  
My ship comes sailing up the sea,  
And life is like a dream to me.

The stars look larger than before;  
The moon is silver now. The door  
Of paradise seems open wide  
As yon church-door for my fair bride.  
My ship comes in, my ship comes in;  
My ship comes climbing up the sea,  
And land and sea are fair to me.

I know full well in my ship's hold  
Lie neither gorgeous silks nor gold;  
But oh! I know my love loves me,  
And ask no more of land or sea.  
My ship comes in, my ship comes in;  
My ship has crossed the lonesome sea,  
And I am glad as glad can be.

*Ships at Sea.....Robert Barry Coffin .....Poems*

I have ships that went to sea  
More than fifty years ago:  
None have yet come home to me,  
But keep sailing to and fro.  
I have seen them in my sleep,  
Plunging through the shoreless deep,  
With tattered sails and battered hulls,  
While around them screamed the gulls,  
Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they staid  
From me, sailing round the world;  
And I've said, "I'm half afraid  
That their sails will ne'er be furled."  
Great the treasures that they hold—  
Silks and plumes, and bars of gold;  
While the spices which they bear  
Fill with fragrance all the air,  
As they sail, as they sail.

Every sailor in the port  
Knows that I have ships at sea,  
Of the waves and winds the sport;  
And the sailors pity me.  
Oft they come and with me walk,  
Cheering me with hopeful talk,  
Till I put my fears aside,  
And contented watch the tide  
Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,  
Gazing for them down the bay,  
Days and nights, for many years,  
Till I turned heartsick away.

But the pilots, when they land,  
Stop and take me by the hand,  
Saying, "You will live to see  
Your proud vessels come from sea,  
One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,  
Nor let hope or courage fail;  
And some day, when skies are fair,  
Up the bay my ships will sail.  
I can buy then all I need—  
Prints to look at, books to read,  
Horses, wines, and works of art,  
Everything except a heart:  
That is lost, that is lost.

Once when I was pure and young,  
Poorer, too, than I am now,  
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,  
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,  
There was one whose heart was mine;  
But she's something now divine,  
And though come my ships from sea,  
They can bring no heart to me,  
Evermore, evermore.

*My Ship.....Elizabeth Akers.....Poems*

Down to the wharves, as the sun goes down,  
And the daylight's tumult and dust and din  
Are dying away in the busy town,  
I go to see if my ship comes in.

I gaze far over the quiet sea,  
Rosy with sunset like mellow wine,  
Where ships like lilies lie tranquilly,  
Many and far—but I see not mine.

I question the sailors every night,  
Who over the bulwarks idly lean,  
Noting the sails as they come in sight:  
"Have you seen my beautiful ship come in?"

"Whence does she come?" they ask of me.  
"Who was her master? and what her name?"  
And they smile upon me pityingly  
When my answer is ever and ever the same.

Oh! mine was a vessel of strength and truth;  
Her sails were as white as a young lamb's fleece.  
She sailed long since from the port of Youth;  
Her master was Love, her name was Peace.

And, like all beloved and beauteous things,  
She faded in distance and doubt away;  
With only a tremble of snowy wings,  
She floated swan-like adown the bay,

Carrying with her a precious freight,  
All I had gathered by years of pain,—  
A tempting prize to the pirate Fate;  
And still I watch for her back again.

Watch from the earliest morning light  
Till the pale stars grieve o'er the dying day,  
To catch the gleam of her canvas white  
Among the islands which gem the bay.

But she comes not yet: she will never come  
To gladden my eyes and my spirit more;  
And my heart grows hopeless and faint and dumb,  
As I wait and wait on the lonesome shore,

Knowing that tempest and time and storm  
Have wrecked and shattered my beauteous bark:  
Rank seaweeds cover her wasting form,  
And her sails are tattered and stained and dark.

But the tide comes up, and the tide goes down,  
And the daylight follows the night's eclipse;  
And still, with the sailors tanned and brown,  
I wait on the wharves, and watch the ships.

And still, with a patience that is not hope,  
For vain and empty it long hath been,  
I sit on the rough shore's rocky slope,  
And watch to see if my ship comes in.

*My Ships at Sea.....Caroline A. Mason.....Poems*

Whichever way the wind doth blow,  
Some heart is glad to have it so;  
Then, blow it east, or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;  
A thousand fleets from every zone  
Are out upon a thousand seas;  
What blows for one a favoring breeze  
Might dash another with the shock  
Of doom upon some hidden rock.  
And so I do not dare to pray  
For winds to waft me on my way,  
But leave it to a higher will  
To stay or speed me, trusting still  
That all is well, and sure that He  
Who launched my bark will sail with me  
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,  
Whatever breezes may prevail,  
To land me, every peril past,  
Within the sheltered haven at last.  
Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,  
My heart is glad to have it so;  
And, blow it east, or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

*My Ships Out at Sea.....Mary W. McLain.....Poems*

All my ships are out at sea;  
And the harbors empty lie,  
Desolate beneath the eye,  
While the waves so fresh and free  
Toss my ships upon the sea.  
And I know not which are lost,  
Buried deeply in the sand;  
Neither know I which will land  
Worn and altered, tempest-toss'd,—  
Mine—though dear has been the cost.

Sailing, sailing, year by year,—  
Some whose value was but small  
Now are prized before them all,  
Now have grown to be most dear,—  
To my heart of hearts most dear.

Some on which I counted most,  
Deeply laden went to sea;  
But they come not back to me,—  
So I fear me they are lost,  
Stranded on some alien coast.

Could I stretch a saving hand  
To the ones I hold most dear,  
I would keep it back in fear;  
I would wait for them to land,  
Standing watching on the strand.

For my ships are not all mine;  
One by one they came to me,  
Sailing slowly o'er the sea;  
One by one, in rain or shine,  
Find I which are His, which mine.

So I know that I must wait  
Humbly still and patiently  
For my ships to come from sea,—  
One by one, or soon, or late,  
Sailing through the Golden Gate.

## SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

### The Growth of Co-operation

N. O. NELSON.....THE OUTLOOK

Business co-operation is a rising industrial factor that deserves to be better understood in this country. It is sometimes confused with profit-sharing, from which it differs in essential principles. The latter is a division of profits between an employer and his hired men. The system is an excellent intermediate step between the regular wage system and co-operative self-employment. It brings employer and employed closer together. It gives some additional incentive to work, and it yields some addition to workingmen's income. In cases developed as those of Godin and Leclaire have been, the workmen get the bulk of the profits and elect the managers. In a majority of cases, however, the arrangements rest on the good will or caprice of the capitalist. The division may be large or small, it may be fixed in advance or as the proprietor decides after the profit has been earned. The employees have no interest in the capital and no responsibility in the management. Either of two motives may lead to its adoption in each individual case—the hope of increased profit due to better work, or a desire to do justice. Either is a good and sufficient motive, but not likely to appeal strongly to the captains of industry who have fought their way to commanding positions. The best of them consider that fair wages and fair working conditions are the full extent of their duty. They do not believe that a small contingent bonus will make men work harder. They have faith in the system that is, as being the best that can be. Reforms are regarded as the vagaries of parsons and professors. Workmen have little faith in any higher motive than self-interest and money-making. The more advanced count on the fighting strength of unions. The rate of wages and the number of working hours are the tangible facts which they can see and unite on. There are exceptions in both classes, but they are exceptions, and no general spread of profit-sharing can be expected.

Co-operation stands on very different ground. Here men must depend on themselves; they must sink self; they must work out their own salvation. The difficulties in the way of co-operation are indifference and lazy dependence. Any body of men who are willing to lay up a few dollars, pay cash, and stand together, can start a co-operative store. Any set can start a factory if they will lay by a dollar or two a week for one or two years. In either case they need some good sense, some determination, and a desire to help others while helping themselves. Co-operation at its best embraces religion as well as business. Every co-operator should recognize duty fully as much as rights. The social evils of the competitive system should impel him to join in bettering the feeling as well as the condition of his class. He should understand his duty, the religion of brotherhood. But until he can unlearn the lessons of a lifetime he does well if more regular work and larger income persuade him to join with others on equal terms and adopt democracy in business no less than in politics. Reflection will tell them that common men can better select capable managers for a business they understand than for public affairs which they do not understand. He can see that, in the aggregate, great profits are made in

business, and that moderate expenses and greater pains in working will offset any superiority of managing skill possessed by private proprietors.

The most feasible method of getting into co-operative manufacturing is through the co-operative store. Store-keeping takes less money to start with, is simpler in its operations, and when once under good headway, easily accumulates capital for factory plants. Co-operation has already passed beyond the experimental stage. In Great Britain alone it now handles a business of over two hundred and fifty millions of dollars a year, from which a profit of over twenty-five millions is returned on purchases, besides paying five per cent. interest on capital and accumulating a surplus. There are nearly two thousand retail associations, of which many have several branches. Some of the societies have as high as thirty thousand members. The annual sales of the Leeds Society exceed four and a half millions. Twenty-five years ago the retail stores formed a federation and established a wholesale society. Fifty millions a year is the business now done by the wholesale society. It has its own buyers in the important supply centers of the world buying from first hands. It owns six steamships, which carry its cargoes from the Continent and from Ireland. It does the banking and the insurance for the co-operative societies and individuals. The membership of those societies which are regularly incorporated and report to the Government is now 1,450,000, which represents a population of about seven millions, or one-fifth of the United Kingdom. The societies predominate in the great manufacturing midland counties; in Lancashire and Yorkshire probably one-half the people are co-operators.

This whole system has grown from a little club of twenty-eight very poor workmen who joined together just fifty years ago to buy their tea and flour at wholesale, for cash, and deal it out to themselves at the ordinary retail prices, for cash. That pioneer society now has twelve thousand members and nearly two millions capital. Two principles were adopted and rigidly adhered to—cash payments and full market prices. These seem small matters, but they are in fact far-reaching. For cash they can buy at the lowest value, and for cash they can sell without loss of bad debts and with less account-keeping. They cannot become insolvent, and they know all the time just how business is going. By charging the full market price, and incurring only the necessary expenses for distributing the goods, they accumulate a profit fund. This profit is made up in large part of what in private business goes out in advertising, expensive premises, bad debts, and disproportion between fixed expenses and business done. Those who know something of business will recognize that these items amount to a large percentage on sales and form a constant danger to capital itself. The customers and the proprietors being the same persons, the customer reverses the usual order and seeks the store. Dividends being upon purchases and not upon capital, the member has the strongest possible incentive to do all his trading at the store.

Customarily he may become a member by subscribing for one share of, say, fifty dollars, and paying there-



on seventy-five cents or one dollar. The remainder may be paid by applying the dividend on his purchases. He thus becomes a small capitalist by the mere process of trading at the store. Simple interest is allowed on capital, and the surplus is built up, but the divisible profits fall to the consumers in proportion to their respective purchases. Each member has one vote, regardless of the number of his shares. A percentage of the profits is set aside to provide libraries, lectures, and propagandist literature. The original Rochdale Society has a most complete library, chemical laboratory, astronomical instruments, and branch libraries and reading-rooms at the branch stores. In connection with the stores, especially the wholesale factories have been started on the capital accumulated in the surplus funds. They have many shoe-factories, one of which is the largest in the world. They have extensive flour-mills, cloth-mills, bakeries, soap factories and farms, and are gradually covering the whole field of their consumption. Having abundant capital, experienced managers and men, and consumers within their own organized ranks, the chief difficulties of manufacturing are eliminated. They are thus bringing face to face the actual producer and consumer, without the interposition of any middleman or private profit. The Association and members being on a cash footing, they are not nearly so dependent upon depression in trade. Consumption is not cut off, and the factories are not obliged to respond to the first breath of financial stringency. Thus it is that work in co-operative factories is much steadier than in private hands. There are not a few factories which have been started by workmen themselves; but the difficulty of acquiring capital, securing suitable managers, and disposing of the product is such, as to make ventures of this kind comparatively rare and hazardous. With proper determination it can be successfully done.

In the United States co-operation is far behind England and France. Spasmodic movements have been inaugurated, but they have stranded on the rocks of credit or politics or low prices. The discoveries in business principles which the Rochdale workingmen co-operators may be credited with making—namely, cash dealings, market prices, dividends on purchases, and an ever-accumulating surplus—have been overlooked or ignored by the American wage-earner, who feels no need of small economies when wages are high and work abundant, and who has nothing to spare for a business venture when bad times leave him stranded. The Rochdale plan looks puny and prosy to open-handed Americans who do not understand its principles and its possibilities. But the start has been made. Genuine Rochdale stores are to be found in every part of the Union. Most of them are young and small, but there are some with a membership numbering from one to two thousand and sales as high as \$250,000 a year. Lawrence, New Bedford, and Springfield, Mass.; Brattleboro', Vt.; Trenton, N. J.; Lyons, Ia.; Olathe, Kan.; Galveston, Tex., all have prosperous and growing societies.

A federation for propagandism is greatly needed and should be formed. A co-operative society does but a small part of its duty if it ignores the educational and the moral opportunities that lie at its door. In England, Germany, France and Italy co-operation and profit-sharing command the active sympathy and approval of the leaders of thought and reform. The public men, the preachers, and the influential journals of

this country will not fail to give their encouragement whenever the American workingman shows the disposition and the ability to organize co-operative stores and factories on the right principles. Workingmen who really want to better the condition of their class should get together, familiarize themselves with the working details and make a beginning in a small way. The difficulties to be encountered are not so much the business itself as the people's indifference. Where as many as fifty can be gotten together and imbued with the proper spirit, a safe start can be made. Some members can pay their shares in full and others fifty cents or one dollar a week. Some vacant room can be rented cheaply or obtained for nothing; the work can be done evenings by volunteers or by some one out of work for small pay. The beginning should be confined to staple articles of food, and books should be kept under advice of a friendly book-keeper. Care should be taken to keep the expenses so proportioned to the business that a fair net profit will be made from the start. Purchases and sales should be rigidly cash, and prices should be the same as at the neighboring retail stores. Every one of the fifty should be a missionary to explain the plan to his friends and get them to join. Members should loyally do all their trading at the store, even at some inconvenience. Undertaken in this way, a co-operative store can be started anywhere and be assured of success.

### The Creation of Wealth

A. A. HOPKINS....WEALTH AND WASTE (FUNK & WAGNALLS)

What is wealth? We might answer: The gain of production over consumption; the proof of productive labor; the surplus after supplying Want's necessities; the accumulation of means wherewith to supply Want. But not one of these answers will supply all the meaning of wealth, as the word is used by economists uniformly. Each of them would be good in their sight as far as it goes, though I have never seen either given in just the form I have used, by any economist; but neither goes far enough. De Laveleye comes near to the last one when he says: "Wealth may be defined as everything which answers to men's rational wants"; but even this falls rather short of meeting the broadest idea of wealth. Perry prefers the two words Value and Property to what he calls "the old and poor word 'Wealth'"; but other economists do not abandon it.

Marshall subdivides it, or what it includes, into Material Wealth and Personal Wealth, and the former he speaks of as "The material sources of enjoyment which are capable of being appreciated and therefore of being exchanged;" while speaking of the latter he says: "'Personal' or non-material wealth consists of those human energies, faculties and habits—physical, mental and moral—which directly contribute to making men industriously efficient, and which therefore increases their power of producing material wealth." "In goods or wealth," says De Laveleye, giving elasticity to his own definition, "must be included all that is good for the advancement of the individual and of the human race." And he goes on to add: "From this idea of wealth it follows that besides material riches, there is also immaterial riches, such as knowledge, manual skill, or the taste for work. The growth of riches is not an unmixed benefit unless it be accompanied by the growth of justice and morality." Grant that there are two kinds of wealth in the language of Political Economy,

it follows that the creation of one must depend upon the existence and preservation of the other.

Material wealth, while it may come from natural sources, under natural law, must come through labor alone—through the productive effort of “those human energies, faculties and habits—physical, mental and moral”—which constitute personal or immaterial wealth, the result of temperance and sobriety, and form the basis of all profitable production. We have already seen that there are three requisites to production—Natural Agents, Labor and Capital. Between the first and the last stands Labor, the intermediary, striving to make from one yet more of the other. The four great natural agents are—Land, Water, Electricity, Climate. As Professor Laughlin says: “No single article of wealth is produced for which something is not taken from nature, either in the form of materials or of forces. The taking of it is labor, and the production of any single article which may meet any person’s want or add to any person’s wealth, may employ the labor of many persons and the natural agents in many parts of the world.”

Newcombe, in his *Principles of Political Economy*, illustrates this in this way with regard to a coat: “In the first place, sheep had to be reared, pastured and sheared, in order that the wool necessary for the coat should be obtained. The breeding of the sheep required a considerable expanse of land on some Western prairie or in the interior of Australia. It is obvious that without land there could be no grass, and therefore no wool. Now, land in its original state is a gift of nature which men cannot make at all. In the further process of manufacture a factory had to be erected and machinery of brass and iron employed. A particular kind of earth was necessary to make the bricks out of which the factory was built, and the iron had to be extracted from iron ore. Both these materials had to be taken out of the earth and their ownership is associated with that of land. If the machinery was run by water-power, a river was necessary; if by steam-power, coal had to be dug from the earth to make the fires which produce the steam.” You will observe that this illustration covers two great natural agents, Land and Water, by direct reference. The other two are sufficiently implied; for proper Climate is essential to the raising of sheep—in the Arctic zone they would freeze to death in spite of their wool—and the great woolen factory would be lighted now with Electricity, of course. Natural agents may in a sense be considered natural wealth and are indispensable to the creation of wealth. Of the four mentioned, land and water are commonly reckoned as wealth, and are commercially conveyed or exchanged. It might be accurate enough to define land as private wealth and water as public wealth, but each definition would require a modifying clause in some cases. Each of these two natural agents has close relation to the other. In a well-watered region the land will be worth more, whether as private or public wealth, than in a dry or barren region—worth more because it will produce more. A direct addition to the value of land is made and fixed in Colorado and some other parts of the West by water-rights, which great irrigating companies convey.

Apart from land—from which, however, the separation can be but nominal—the gold or the diamond in the mine is as near to being natural wealth as anything

which you can name. Close akin are silver, iron, and coal. But of what actual value is the gold-mine unworked? To be sure, it can be sold. For it, if you own it, and sell it, you may obtain a large sum of money. In this way it may add to *your* wealth, to your surplus or accumulation, wherewith to meet *your* increasing wants. Yet it has not so far added one dollar to the world’s wealth. No part of the money paid you, or value received in exchange by you, has come from the mine you sold. You merely transferred to another man your opportunity for increasing the general surplus. Until he fulfills the opportunity and becomes an actual producer, there is no productive value in that mine. The gold-mine, the silver-mine, the iron-mine, the coal-mine, furnish a few of Labor’s opportunities for partnership with Capital in the production of wealth. Outside that partnership no wealth is produced. Inside of it production is limited by or dependent upon certain conditions of labor that grow out of certain conditions of want. Large capital, controlling unskilled labor, rendered incumbent by, or heavily discounted on account of, bad habits, the result of false wants, may waste capital and wreck the creation of wealth.

It may be superficially assumed, in these days of multitudinous mechanical devices and the constant increase of machinery for production, that Labor’s share in the partnership, Labor’s part in the creation of wealth, is much less than formerly, and is likely to disappear. It is true that machinery has in great measure supplemented, or been substituted for, the work of human hands. But take the most marked instance of which I have ever heard, where machinery, unaided, carries on the work of production to meet the wants of man. I read of it a few years ago. It is or was found in a small factory in a little English manufacturing town somewhat remote from productive centres, the name of which I do not recall. The machines in that factory make or made only one sort of thing—such cord as is used for window curtains, or was used in connection with them before spring appliances came into vogue, and is yet used for picture-hanging, etc.,—a cord of peculiar weave. These machines are so complete in themselves that they require practically no attendance, and it is said that the whole factory could be set in operation Monday morning, and run day and night until the week’s end without any supervision whatever, each machine caring for itself and mending its own breaks. The report which I saw of it said that regularly at night the doors of the factory were closed, but the work of the factory went on until morning unattended. A marvel of mechanics indeed! A triumph of the inventor’s art! A far step, and the ultimate, perhaps, toward thought by a machine—the embodiment of brain in brass and steel!

Yet back of the machine was man, the inventor of it; man, the maker of it. And back of it were other factories where the maker and the inventor labored, and other machines which collaborated with them; and back of all, those natural agents from which all production must come, and the creation of all material wealth. I have seen silk and carpet-weaving machines that came as near to thinking as anything in metal could come; but back of each were human hands, a diversity of hand labor; back of each were laborers of many kinds, from the coal-miner, the iron-miner, to the most skillful machinist money could hire to co-operate with the inventor’s brain. Bear in mind, also, that much of the



work done by machinery could not be done so well by hand labor, and is done to meet a want that handicraft, in the direct application of it, could not supply—a want in one sense widely created by the machinery devised wherewith to meet it. Until the cheapness of window-cord was made possible by the machines to produce it, the want of window-cord was not universal or was not extensively recognized. Until carpet-machines rendered fine carpets cheap, the want of fine carpets was not commonly felt, and coarse rag carpets, or no carpets at all, fairly well sufficed.

The better the machine the better the man. By which I mean that the higher the grade of mechanical devices, the higher the order of human wants; the more finely developed "those human energies and faculties," the more wisely regulated those "habits," upon which depend the supply of those wants and the creation of wealth. A Hottentot could not have constructed a sewing-machine; a Russian serf could not have invented a McCormick reaper and binder. The greater the immaterial wealth of the people, the greater will be their aggregate of material wealth. In other words, the more perfect the development of intelligence in a people, the more universal their skill, the more completely at command their physical and mental powers, the more industrious their habits, the more generally and successfully they will appropriate natural agents to meet their natural and cultivated wants, the more widely they will accumulate surplus over the demands of all wants, the more prosperous and wealthy they will become. Ignorance and indolence go hand-in-hand with poverty all over. Poverty is want but ill-supplied. Wealth is everywhere recognized as more than the immediate supply of want.

### The Causes of Celibacy

A STUDY OF MARRIAGE.....THE NEW YORK OBSERVER

The female writers of fiction who are just now acting as prosecutor and judge in the trial of the men of the day, find a chief cause of condemnation in the decline of the matrimonial impulse. Very few of the reasons advanced for that decline, however, touch the real root of the difficulty. To begin with, the writers misstate its nature, which is not so much that the desire to marry has weakened, as that it is gratified later than it used to be. The causes assigned for this postponement—the growing selfishness of young men, their love of liberty and of bachelor comforts—have little existence in fact. The selfish, comfort-loving man generally marries, knowing that, with an assured income, his comforts will be increased; while as respects liberty, the class which wants to use it for license is small and steadily diminishing. Young men are celibates longer than they used to be, not because the matrimonial impulse has declined, or because they are more misogynists than their ancestors, but because they have not sufficient means for early marriage. The impulse to marriage is not impaired, but they have become increasingly fearful of the cost of marriage, and hesitate to assume its responsibilities until reasonable independence is assured. And as this independence comes later than it used, marriage is correspondingly deferred.

For this condition there are various causes. The growth of higher education in this country tends to keep young men out of active business life longer than their forefathers were kept. While, formerly, young men were settled in business or professional life at twenty-five,

the majority of them are not now wholly self-supporting before thirty. Though this late beginning is to their advantage in many ways, its effect is to postpone marriage, and apparently to augment the number of those who do not marry. With more thorough intellectual training, young men are, too, less romantic and more disposed to take a sober and serious view of life and its responsibilities. They are more ready to weigh the consequences of any action, and less inclined to take risks either for themselves or for those whom they would select as partners. No doubt, so far as they are concerned, this is a phase of the selfishness of which the lady novelists complain. But it is unselfishness, too, so far as it is unwillingness to take a girl out of a good home and place her in a poorer one. But the chief cause is lack of assured income sufficient to marry early. The increase of wealth has also raised the standard of living, so that what was considered, forty years ago, a sufficient income to maintain a family in comfort, is now insufficient. Invested capital brings smaller returns and, in consequence, the elder class of business-men remain longer in business, thus keeping the young men out. Mean time, the latter are kept down by the increasing competition, now become so fierce that the number of those standing idle in the market-place is, in many lines of business, sufficient to fill all vacancies twice over. The result is that the marriageable age for men has, in the upper middle classes at least, been advanced from twenty-five to thirty-two. Men have not lost the impulse to marriage, but the conditions for satisfying it early have become steadily less.

And it is difficult to suggest any remedy. Possibly one might be found in giving to women the right to propose. Undoubtedly some men are timid and bashful, and lack the courage to make a choice; or do not marry because they fear lest the woman they want will refuse. But the advantages of this plan are likely to be overborne by its disastrous effect on the temper of women, owing to the large number that might be refused. A better remedy would be that adopted by the French; that is, the giving of a certain dower to each daughter. But the average American father could not be induced to systematically save for that purpose, and the average young man dislikes to be thought of as pecuniarily dependent upon his wife. As respects any solution of the problem by a return to simple habits of living, there is little to hope. The new generation want to begin where their fathers left off; and, in the general increase of refinement, the "simpler habits," which would at all content the educated, are far from inexpensive. The conclusion is, then, though it may seem a barren one, that there is no remedy which promises to be effective, and that conditions must continue much as they are.

### The Increasing Number of Wage Earners

CARROLL D. WRIGHT.....THE FORUM

Taking the whole number of persons engaged in all remunerative or gainful occupations, I find that in 1860 such persons constituted 26.19 per cent. of the whole population. In 1870 this percentage had increased to 32.43, in 1880 to 34.68, while in 1890 it was 36.31, an increase of more than 10 cent., relatively, in one generation, the period from 1860 to 1890. This, it should be borne in mind, is the percentage which the total number of persons engaged in gainful occupations is of the total population.



## MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

### Fortunes Made from Plays

DRAMATIC GOLCONDAS....NEW YORK HERALD

It is a well-known and generally believed statement that more money has been put into mines than has ever been dug out of the earth. It is equally true, although not generally known and very little believed, that more money has been put into the theatrical business than has ever been taken out. The public have been the great winners in theatrical enterprises. The managers and producers, in the aggregate of course, have been the losers. For all that, there is seldom any difficulty in raising money to produce plays or to build theatres. The bait is too tempting. There are always innumerable instances to be brought up of quick fortunes that have been made by plays. "If I went to any big financier in this country," said a well-known manager to me, "and told him that I could monopolize the Atlantic steamship trade and showed him how I could do it without any question of doubt, he would hesitate before he invested a cent in the scheme. He would investigate it thoroughly and then go into it very cautiously. But if I went to the same man with a proposition to build a New York theatre, or showed him the manuscript of a new play, the chances are nine to one that he would put up the money to launch the scheme; because in a legitimate business enterprise a shrewd business man studies the situation thoroughly before he embarks, but in the theatrical business there are so many reasons that can be given showing how the scheme will surely be a profitable one that the shrewdest business men are very frequently entrapped."

A short time ago Mr. A. M. Palmer sold the rights to a summer production of *Trilby* in Boston to Mr. Brady for \$15,000. That is one of the biggest production prices ever given. In view of that fact it is interesting to look back over the field of American dramatic productions and see where the large amounts of money have been made. The average man would unhesitatingly say that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had made more money than any other play produced in this country. That is not true. There is very little doubt, however, that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has taken in more money than any other play, simply because it has been played over a longer term of years and by more companies. It never, however, was produced to any extraordinary large business, and hundreds of companies have been stranded and gone to pieces in trying to play it. These small companies make the aggregate of loss much greater than the aggregate of profit. A number of the leading New York managers whom I questioned on the subject all agreed that the most profitable play ever given in this country was *The Lights o' London*. It is stated on very good authority that within a period of four years this play cleared a net profit of \$1,500,000, meanwhile being played by from one to four companies. During this period it was under the management of Messrs. French, Shook & Collier. This fortune, however, was very largely lost by the production of subsequent English plays which proved to be failures, notably *Storm Beaten* and *Separation*. It is doubtful if any money made on *The Lights o' London* has remained for the producers.

Another singular thing about this play is that it went begging for a while. Mr. William McConnell came on from the West, representing his brother, to invest \$15,000 in New York in some theatrical enterprise. The first thing he struck was the manuscript of *The Lights o' London*. He was offered it outright, with the entire American rights of production, for \$12,000. He wired to his brother the offer. "My brother," said Mr. McConnell, "wired me back that I was an imbecile. He said that there was no manuscript in the world that was worth \$12,000, unless it was written on plates of solid gold. We didn't take it. We did invest that \$15,000, and \$2,000 more, in a Brooklyn theatre. It's there yet. We never got any of it back." Plays that have made the most money have not been plays that have been most on the public's tongue. The big, artistic and pleasing successes have not, as a rule, been the plays most beneficial to the producers. Of course, there are exceptions to this. Perhaps the most marked is that of *America*. In the six months that *America* was played in Chicago during the World's Fair it cleared \$1,200,000. In one week alone the receipts amounted to \$65,000. That is the biggest business ever done by any theatrical production in this country. Now, however, the public generally has forgotten all about *America*. There isn't one man in ten who can tell you whether it was a drama, a comedy, or a burlesque.

Plays that tickle the popular fancy, rather than plays that appeal to a high appreciation of dramatic art, are the most profitable. Messrs. Brooks and Dickson made nearly half a million dollars on *The World and The Roman Rye* within a period of three years. Then, like nearly everybody else in the business who had had big successes, they lost it all in other productions. Following their run of luck they secured the *Standard Theatre*, which proved a disastrous undertaking. On top of that came a list of dismal failures, among them *In the Ranks*, *The Coal Burner*, *Ristori's farewell tour*, which was particularly disastrous, and Mr. John T. Raymond's starring tour without a new play. It is estimated that at least \$150,000 slipped away from them before they really knew that they were losers. The late Mr. Chanfrau made a fortune of over half a million dollars by playing *Kit the Arkansas Traveller*. No one ever asserted that it was a good play. It was not even particularly popular in the combination theatres in New York, but his expenses were very light, and in small towns he literally turned people away at every performance for years.

The same experience almost has been that of Mr. Oliver Doud Byron. He is credited with having made nearly half a million dollars by playing blood and thunder Wild West melodramas, notably *Across the Continent*. Mr. Byron can thank the gallery gods for his fortune. My Partner made Mr. Louis Aldrich famous and rich. My Partner, however, was a good play. For all that, Mr. Aldrich had almost to get on his knees to get it produced to start with. New York managers would not have it, and the story is told of how one manager could have had half an interest in it for less than a thousand dollars. It has made for Mr. Aldrich probably about all the wealth he is now credited

with, which is well-nigh a million dollars. It seems singular but it is true in almost every case that the big dramatic successes have found a very cold reception when offered to managers for production. This was particularly true of *Shenandoah*, the most successful war play ever given. *Shenandoah* has made Mr. Charles Frohman probably the most extensive theatrical manager in the world, and even Mr. Frohman, who is credited with having the keenest insight into "a good thing" in the way of a play, was doubtful about hazarding his money on it when he first saw it in Boston. Perhaps his hesitancy arose from the fact that he was offered the play so cheaply. This is the conversation that is said to have occurred between him and the owner about it:

"Take it," said the proprietor, "and I'll throw the scenery in. Just take it off my hands. That's all I want." The price that is said to have been paid for it was \$5,000. Now for the sequel. It was pretty hard work for the new managers to raise the money to produce *Shenandoah* at the Star Theatre when it was brought to New York. There were several postponements in the date of production, and Mr. Frohman was busy giving out stories of lost parts and misplaced scenery to account for these delays. Meanwhile all hands were hustling to raise the necessary funds to bring the play out. Finally they were secured by selling a part interest in it. Then *Shenandoah* was produced. The audience went crazy over it. General Sherman got up in his box and made a speech indorsing it. *Shenandoah* was an assured success from that moment on. Within one year from that night it cleared for the management \$150,000. Mr. Bronson Howard, who wrote the play, received something like \$80,000 besides.

All the Broadway managers admit that Mr. Frohman is the lucky man in selecting plays. At the same time, Mr. Frohman has to refund a great deal of the money he makes back to the public by giving them productions they demand and which he knows perfectly well will bring no profit to him. He has had to pay large sums to foreign authors in advance of production of their plays which have not been profitable. He has had to keep his army of actors and actresses, comprising some eighteen companies, constantly employed, although some of the plays were playing to continually losing business. And that is why a big dramatic success does not mean as much clear gain as it seems on the face.

Here is an instance of how Mr. Frohman even may occasionally misjudge the drawing merits of a play: *Too Much Johnson* was first produced on the road for a week or so. Then it was played over in Brooklyn for a week and was billed to come to the Standard Theatre, in New York, following the Brooklyn engagement. The previous attraction at the Standard, *The New Boy*, had been a most disastrous failure financially. All Mr. Frohman's efforts in the way of changing the cast and manipulating the lines had been of no avail. *The New Boy* lost money as though he had holes in his pockets. So when Mr. Frohman saw the production of *Too Much Johnson* in Brooklyn and saw that it was witnessed by a small house which was anything but enthusiastic, he was very blue indeed over its prospects in New York. The following day he met a friend at lunch, in New York, and offered him the play for \$500. "You can play the part yourself," said Mr. Frohman, "and save a salary. All Gillette has to do is to walk around the stage and smoke big cigars. It don't require any acting. You

can play it." The friend was seriously tempted to do it, but \$500 was about all the money he had in the world, and he didn't feel quite justified in venturing it in a thing that so shrewd a manager as Mr. Frohman had doubts about, even if the price was so cheap. Well, the upshot of it all was that Mr. Frohman couldn't sell *Too Much Johnson* and had to produce it himself. It has made in its run at the Standard Theatre nearly \$80,000. It is generally admitted to be Mr. Gillette's masterwork, and that Mr. Gillette's acting in it is even cleverer than were his efforts in *The Private Secretary*.

Still another funny feature of this production is the fact that Mr. Gillette himself had no confidence in the play. He did not believe that it would be a success. He considered it simply as the result of a convalescent's amusement, in toying with pen and paper. So lightly did he regard its merit that he didn't even care to invest his money in its production. So he sold it outright, retaining a small interest, something like three per cent., I understand. Probably there was no more surprised or disgusted man in New York than Mr. Gillette, in consequence of the way the public received *Too Much Johnson*. The biggest bonus ever paid to an author for a play was given by Miss Fanny Davenport to Sardou for the right to produce *Gismonda* in America. Miss Davenport paid \$10,000 to Sardou on the receipt of the manuscript. This payment was entirely a bonus. Of course, the regular royalty she had to pay weekly in addition. And even with this big preliminary handicap on the box office, Miss Davenport has made a great deal of money out of *Gismonda* this season. The run at the Fifth Avenue Theatre was very profitable both for her and for Mr. Miner. *Jim the Penman* was another play that was persistently turned down by New York managers. It was even offered at one time for \$500, and found no takers. The manuscript was knocking about from one manager's office to another, with "N. G." marked all over it. Finally, it fell into Mr. Palmer's hands, and, doubtless, Mr. Palmer is very glad that it did, because it was one of the big successes.

*The Silver King* is another very profitable and long-lived play that had a hard struggle to see the light of day. Mr. John Warner had the refusal of it for \$5,000. He tried for six months to get a manager to advance that money to him for the production, but without success, although Mr. Warner's reputation in the profession has always been one of the best. This simply goes to show how true is what a manager said to me the other day about his brother New York managers: "If you offered one of these sextons of a Broadway theatre, as I call them," said he—"I used to call them janitors, but now I call them sextons, because they all give Sunday night performances—thirty cents for a loan of fifteen cents, he would hesitate and send the coin down to the mint to be examined before he made you the advance. And then the simple fact that it was a 'sure thing' would frighten him so that he wouldn't have anything to do with it after all. New York managers want to take risks in things in which there is some mystery. They don't like to invest money in sure winners—at least that's my experience." Among the men who have made fortunes rapidly of late years in the theatrical business, perhaps Mr. Charles Hoyt stands out the most prominent. Just eleven years ago he first produced a play, under his own management, at Tony Pastor's Theatre. It was *The Rag Baby*. After the production Mr. Hoyt had just \$2 of



his own, and sought a hotel where he could get a room for a dollar and have a dollar left for breakfast. To-day he is worth over \$400,000. His best paying play was *A Trip to Chinatown*. Within one year the two companies playing it cleared over \$95,000. When it was first done in New York it was given in Hammerstein's Harlem Opera House, and was not considered a success. Six months later it was given down town, and stayed for a year and a half. Mr. Hoyt attributes its great success very largely to the popularity of that little ditty in it, *On the Bowery*. He says that song has brought more money into his pockets than any play he ever wrote.

Another member of the profession that makes a great deal of money is Professor Herrmann. His expenses are very light and his business is always very big. Especially on the road is he a favorite. It is said on very good authority that his profits during his last season, which has proved so bad to the great majority, were close on to \$75,000. That is a very low estimate, as people in the business will tell you that he clears \$100,000 a year. Still another man, who cannot make his expenses in New York City, but who seems to have money thrown at him in wads wherever else he performs, is Mr. Sol Smith Russell. Wherever he plays in any of the small Western cities or villages the house is always packed. In New York it is always about half full only. Mr. Russell is a very rich man, and owns a great deal of property in St. Paul and Minneapolis. Next to America, perhaps more money was made on *The Black Crook* than any other spectacle ever produced. During the first few years of its production it did an enormous business. The *Kiralfys* never equalled it with anything since. The *Old Homestead* is said to have cleared a quarter of a million dollars for Mr. Thompson. Contrary to the general belief, light opera has not been a particularly well paying branch of the business. The *Mikado* was the most profitable light opera for the management ever played in America. Mr. Duff could have made a big fortune out of it if he had produced the opera when he first came back from London with the manuscript, instead of waiting until D'Oyley Carte's company came over and saw two performances of the original company first, to be sure that his own version was correct. Notwithstanding the general belief, *Pinafore* did not make much money in this country. The copyright law was not enforced. It was pirated by everybody and sung by amateur companies all over the country. Of course, that killed it financially for the legitimate managers.

#### Living Pictures as "Sermons"

BOTH SIDES OF A PICTURE.....THE LITERARY DIGEST

Both here and in England the "living pictures" continue to be a burning question. Some assert that they are "art" and hence safe from legal interference, and others demand their suppression as shameful, indecent exhibitions. In New York a court has just dismissed a complaint against a theatrical manager who is exhibiting living pictures whose covering consists of nothing but a coating of bronze or metallic paint, most of the witnesses having testified that the exhibitions were "pleasing representations of classical studies" which offended none who went as spectators rather than as detectives bent on discovering evidence of indecency. In London, the Secretary of the National Vigilance Association, Mr.

W. A. Coate, is working hard to secure State action against the exhibitions. In a recent address before the Church and Stage Guild, he said :

"What cant to talk about 'Art' in connection with these living picture exhibitions! They are so obviously 'living.' Human nature is so very much in evidence. The nude as represented by the true artist on canvas never has the slightest tendency to demoralize. The artist's soul so consciously pervades the work that the beauty of form and pose hides that which would mar or vulgarize the picture. The subject is spiritualized, and becomes an inspiration for good and lovely thoughts. It is very different with the 'living picture.' There is no art in it. Paradoxical as it may seem, there is no life in the living picture: it is even posed as a lifeless mass. There is a marked difference between the canvas or marble and the living picture, much to the disadvantage of the latter. . . . Nothing can justify the exhibition of nude and semi-nude women as a means of amusement for a mixed audience. They are shameful productions, and deserve the condemnation of all right-thinking people." This insidious emotional poison that is demoralizing our youth should be controlled by means that is lawful, as we regulate the sale of bodily poison.

On the other hand, G. Bernard Shaw, the dramatic critic of *The Saturday Review*, author of several successful plays, and a Fabian Socialist, enters a vigorous protest against the anti-living-picture crusade and defends these exhibitions both on artistic and moral grounds. Writing in *The Saturday Review*, he says that Mr. Coate's denunciations impelled him to go to see the living pictures and form an unbiased judgment of their morality. The result of his visit he gives in the following paragraph :

"I sat out the entire list of sixteen 'living pictures.' Half a dozen represented naiads, mountain sprites, peris, and Lady Godiva, all practically undraped, and all, except perhaps Lady Godiva, who was posed after a well-known picture by Van Lierus (who should have read Landor's imaginary conversation between Lady Godiva and her husband), very pretty. I need hardly say that the ladies who impersonated the figures in these pictures were not actually braving our climate without any protection. It was only too obvious to a practiced art critic's eye that what was presented as flesh was really spun silk. But the illusion produced on the ordinary music-hall frequenter was that of the undraped human figure, exquisitely clean, graceful, and, in striking contrast to many of the completely draped and elaborately dressed ladies who were looking at them, perfectly modest. Many of the younger and poorer girls in the audience must have gone away with a greater respect for their own persons, a greater regard for the virtues of the bath, and a quickened sense of the repulsiveness of that personal slovenliness and gluttony which are the real indecencies of popular life, in addition to the valuable recreation of an escape for a moment into the enchanted land to which naiads and peris belong. In short, the living pictures are not only works of art: they are excellent practical sermons; and I urge every father of a family who cannot afford to send his daughters the round of the picture galleries in the Haymarket and Bond Street, to take them all (with their brothers) to the Palace Theatre." The true reverence for the beauty of the human body comes only through this study where all sensual suggestion is eliminated.



## A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP: PARTING FROM SOUTHEY

FROM A LETTER BY SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE

This extract is but the fragmentary suggestion of Coleridge's grief at the cowardly withdrawal of Southey, the poet, from the Pantisocratic scheme upon which they and three or four others had labored for years. The entire letter is but mingled grief, indignation, forbearance, and a desire to be just. From Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Southey, I *have* lost friends—friends who still cherish for me sentiments of high esteem and unextinguished tenderness. For the sum total of my misbehavior, the Alpha and Omega of their accusations, is epistolary neglect. I never speak of them without reverence. Not "to this catalogue," Southey, have I "added *your* name." You are *lost to me*, because you are lost to Virtue. As this will probably be the last time I shall have occasion to address you, I will begin at the beginning and regularly retrace your conduct and my own. In the month of June, 1794, I first became acquainted with your person and character. Before I quitted Oxford, we had struck out the leading features of a pantisocracy. While on my journey through Wales you invited me to Bristol with the full hopes of realizing it.

\* \* \* We commenced lecturing. Shortly after, you began to recede in your conversation from those broad principles in which pantisocracy originated. I opposed you with vehemence, for I well knew that no notion or morality or its motives could be without consequence. And once (it was just before we went to bed) you confessed to me that you had acted wrong. But you relapsed; your manner became cold and gloomy, and pleaded with increased pertinacity for the wisdom of making Self an undiverging Center. At Mr. Jardine's your language was *strong indeed*. Recollect it. You had left the table, and we were standing at the window. Then darted into my mind the dread that you were meditating a separation. At Chepstow your conduct renewed my suspicion, and I was greatly agitated, even to many tears. But in Peircefield Walks you assured me that my suspicions were altogether unfounded, that our differences were merely speculative, and that you would certainly go into Wales. I was glad and satisfied. For my heart was never bent from you but by violent strength, and heaven knows how it leapt back to esteem and love you.

\* \* \* Then with good reason I considered you as one fallen back into the ranks; as a man admirable for his abilities only, strict, indeed, in the lesser honesties, but, like the majority of men, unable to resist a strong temptation. *Friend* is a very sacred appellation. You were become an *acquaintance*, yet one for whom I felt no common tenderness. I could not forget what you had been. Your sun was set; your sky was clouded; but those clouds and that sky were yet tinged with the recent sun. As I considered you, so I treated you. I studiously avoided all particular subjects. I acquainted you with nothing relative to myself. Literary topics engrossed our conversation. You were too quick-sighted not to perceive it. I received a letter from you. "You have withdrawn your confidence from me, Coleridge. Preserving still the face of friendship when we meet, you yet avoid me and carry on your plans in secrecy." If by "the face of friendship" you meant that kindli-

ness which I show to all because I feel it for all, your statement was perfectly accurate. If you meant more, you contradict yourself; for you evidently perceived from my manner that you were a "weight upon me" in company—an intruder, unwished and unwelcomed. I pained you by my "cold civility, the shadow which friendship leaves behind him." Since that letter I altered my conduct no otherwise than by avoiding you more. I still generalized, and spoke not of myself, except my proposed literary works. In short, I spoke to you as I should have done to any other man of genius who had happened to be my *acquaintance*. Without the farce and tumult of a rupture I wished you to sink into that class. "Face to face you never changed your manners to me." And yet I pained you by "cold civility." Egregious contradiction! Doubtless I always treated you with urbanity, and meant to do so; but I *locked up* my heart from you, and you perceived it, and I intended you to perceive it. "I planned works in conjunction with you." Most certainly; the magazine which, long before this, you had planned equally with me, and, if it had been carried into execution, would of course have returned your third share of the profits. What had you done that should make you an unfit literary associate for me? Nothing. My opinion of you as a *man* was altered, not as a writer. Our Muses had not quarreled. I should have read your poetry with equal delight, and corrected it with equal zeal if correction it needed. "I received you on my return from Shurton with my usual shake of the hand." You gave me your hand, and dreadful must have been my feelings if I had refused to take it. Indeed, so long had I known you, so highly venerated, so dearly loved you, that my hand would have taken yours *mechanically*. But is shaking the hand a mark of *friendship*? Heaven forbid! I should then be a hypocrite many days in the week. It is assuredly the pledge of acquaintance, and nothing more. But after this did I not with the most scrupulous care avoid you? You know I did.

Southey, as far as happiness will be conducive to your virtue, which alone is final happiness, may you possess it! You have left a large void in my heart. I know no man big enough to fill it. Others I may love equally, and esteem equally, and some perhaps I may admire as much, but never do I expect to meet another man who will make me unite attachment for his person with reverence for his heart and admiration of his genius. I did not only venerate you for your own virtues, I prized you as the sheet-anchor of mine; and even as a poet my vanity knew no keener gratification. But these things are passed by like as when a hungry man dreams, and lo! he feasteth, but he awakes and his soul is empty. May God Almighty bless and preserve you! and may you live to know and feel and acknowledge that, unless we accustom ourselves to meditate adoringly on Him, the source of all virtue, no virtue can be permanent. Be assured that G. Burnett still loves you better than he can love any other man, and Sara would have you accept her love and blessing; accept it as the future husband of her best loved sister.

Farewell!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

## PLANT LIFE: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

### Grass that Makes You Tired

NATURE'S GREEN OPIATE .... PITTSBURG DISPATCH

In some parts of New Mexico there grows a grass which produces a somniferous effect on the animals that graze upon it. Horses, after eating the grass, in nearly all cases, sleep standing, while cows and sheep almost invariably lie down. It has occasionally happened that travellers have stopped to allow horses to feed in places where the grass grows pretty thickly, and the animals have had time to eat a considerable quantity before its effects manifested themselves. In such cases horses have gone to sleep on the road, and it is hard to arouse them. The effect of the grass passes off in an hour or two, and no bad results have ever been noticed on account of it. Cattle on the ranches frequently come upon patches of this grass, where they feed for perhaps half an hour, and then fall asleep for an hour or more, when they wake up and start feeding again. The programme is repeated perhaps a dozen times, until thirst obliges them to go to water. Whether, like the poppy, the grass contains opium, or whether its sleep-producing property is due to some other substance, is not known.

### In Desperate Struggle for Life

GRANT ALLEN .... ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Alas, alas, most of the pretty white foxgloves we planted out by the boggy hollow just below the tennis-lawn have come to nothing! The heather and bracken of the moor have outgrown them and throttled them. They made a hard fight for life, in their petty Thermopylæ—one or two of them, indeed, are still battling with inexhaustible courage against the countless hordes of sturdy natives that choke and overshadow them; but die they must in the end, unless I step in betimes as earthly providence to thin out the furze and enrich the niggard soil for the struggling strangers. They remind me of the Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts. Foxgloves, you know, cannot compete with ling or Scotch heather on its native heath. They are denizens of a deeper and richer mould, growing generally on the fat wayside banks or in the ditches by hedgerows—always the wealthiest and most luxuriantly manured of any wild places, because there birds perch, and wild animals take refuge, and snails and beetles die, and robins perish, that hedgerow weeds may batten on their decaying bodies. The hedge, in point of fact, is the main shelter and asylum for beasties great and small in our workaday England. There the hedgehog skulks, and the field-mouse hides, and the sparrow builds her nest, and the slow-worm suns himself; there the rabbit burrows, and the cuckoo sits mocking, and the dormouse dreams, and the lizard lies in wait for the dancing midges. All the waste richness of the field finds its rest at last by the roots of the whitethorn, to reappear in due time as red campion and herb-robert, as faint-scented may and tall military spikes of purple foxglove.

But when you sow or transplant these lush herbs of the hedgerow on to the bare and open heath they come into competition at once with other and far harder upland bushes. The plants of the moor are indeed unlike such pampered odalisques of the deep banks and rich lowlands. Stern children of the heights, their

stems are hard and wiry, their leaves small and dry; their flowers feel like tissue-paper; their growing shoots have none of that luxuriant tenderness, that translucent delicacy, which characterizes the long sprays of hedgerow dogrose and hedgerow bramble. All is arid and parsimonious, as in some Highland cottage. Our daintily bred foxgloves, decayed gentlewomen, stunted and dwarfed in that inhospitable soil, can scarce find nutriment in the thirsty sand to send up a feeble parody of their purple spikes; in long droughts they droop and fail for the lack of a drop of water. You must make a deep pocket of garden mould in the midst of the heath if you want them to thrive; and even then, unless you keep constantly cutting down the heather and gorse about them, they are overtopped and outlived by the native vegetation.

To dwellers in town, that mere phrase, "the struggle for life among plants" seems a quaint exaggeration. They cannot believe that creatures so rooted and so passive as plants can struggle at all for anything. The pitched battles of the animals they can understand, because they can see the kestrel swooping down upon the linnet, the weasel scenting the spoor of the rabbit to his burrow. But the pitched battle of the plants sounds to them but a violent metaphor, a poetical trick of language, a notion falsely pressed into the service of the naturalist by some mistaken analogy. In reality, those few of us who have fully read ourselves into the confidence and intimacy of the beautiful green things know well that nowhere on earth is the struggle for life so real, so intense, so continuous, so merciless as among the herbs and flowers. Every weed in the meadows, every creeper in the woodland, is battling for its own hand each day and all day long against a crushing competition. It is battling for food and drink, for air and sunlight, for a place to stand in, for a right to existence. Its rivals around are striving hard with their roots to deprive it of its fair share of water and of manure; are striving hard with their leaves to forestall it in access to carbonic acid and sunshine; are striving hard with their flowers to entice away the friendly bee and the fertilizing beetle; are striving hard with their winged or protected seeds to anticipate the vacant spots on which it fain would cast its own feeble offspring. A struggle for the "Hinterland" goes on without ceasing. The very fact that plants can hardly move at all from the spot where they grow makes the competition in the end all the fiercer. They are perpetually intriguing among stones and crannies to insinuate their roots here, and to get beforehand on their rivals with their seedlings there; they fight for drops of water after summer showers like the victims shut up in the Black Hole of Calcutta; they spread their leaves close in rosettes along the ground, so as to monopolize space and kill down competition; they press upward toward the sun so as to catch the first glance of the bountiful rays, and to grasp before their neighbors at every floating speck of carbonic acid.

This is no poetic fancy. It is sober and literal biological truth. The green fields around us are one vast field of battle. And you can realize it at once if you only think what we mean by a flower garden. We want to induce peonies and hollyhocks and geraniums and



roses to smile around our houses, and what do we do for them? We "make a bed," as we say; in other words, we begin by clearing away all the stouter and better-adapted native competitors. Go, dock and thistle; go, grass and nettle! We will have pansies here, and sweet-peas, and gilly-flowers! So we root them all up, turn and break the stiff clods, put in rich leaf-mould, manure it from the farmyard, and plant at measured distances the components of our nosegay. Tall white garden lilies take the place of knotweed; the larkspur mocks the sky where the dandelion spread before its golden constellations. Yet even so, we have not permanently secured our end. Original sin reappears as ragwort and hawkweed. Every day or two we must go round, and "weed the beds," as we say; the very familiarity of phrase and act blinds our minds to the truth that what we are really doing is to limit the struggle, to check the competition. We pull up here a shepherd's-purse and there a chickweed, that the Iceland poppies may have room to raise their black-capped buds, and that the groundsel may not steal all the light and air from our shrinking nemophilas. Relax your care for a week or two, and what then do you find? The goosefoots and couch-grasses have lived down the mignonette; the russet docks are over-shadowing your white Japanese anemones. Abandon the garden for a year, and the native vegetation has avenged itself on the intruders in a war of extermination. The thistles have cut off the lilies-of-the-valley as Israel cut off the Canaanites; not a spike remains of your sky-blue monkshood before the purple standard of the victorious burdocks. Here and there, it is true, some hardy perennial, some stout iris or sweet-william, armed with his sword-shaped foliage, will continue the unequal strife for a miserable year or two of guerrilla warfare, like Hereward Wake in the Isle of Ely; but sooner or later the stronger will win, and your garden will become a mere nursery of weeds, whose flying thistle-down will invade and usurp the neighboring meadows.

Plants, in point of fact, have more needs than animals; therefore, perforce, they struggle harder. The beasts require but food and drink; the herbs require from the soil water and nitrogenous matter for their roots; they require from the air, carbon, which is their true solid food, for their leaves; they need sunlight, which is the motive power, for their growth and assimilation, insects to fertilize them, birds or breezes to disperse the seeds. For all these they struggle ceaselessly among themselves; and the struggle is all the deadlier because it is carried on in such very close quarters.

### Wonders of Forest Life

DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT....NEW YORK LEDGER

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," but not every one who finds himself surrounded by innumerable trees is sure of experiencing it. If that bugbear, loneliness, possesses him, the rambler is oppressed by his distorted fancies and only wishes to be again in the open country; as if in the weeds or bushes there could lurk no danger. Better encounter a beast in a forest than a snake in the grass. But wherever we are, if fear possesses us, there can be no enjoyment, so it is presumed that, come what may, we will not be afraid. Do not fancy, because you are familiar with woodland, you can answer off-hand such a question as how we may enjoy life in a forest. The terms "forest," "woods" or "wild-

erness" are not very definite. Every close-growing collection of trees is dependent upon so many conditions that there is little similarity between one wooded tract and another, so that the enjoyment derived from tarrying in one locality will be wanting if we wander even a short distance to another woods. Then, what a difference between an evergreen, a deciduous and a mixed forest. The latter two have some features in common; but the evergreen woods, whether of pine, spruce or cedar, is a thing of itself. Again: The forests of temperate regions have little akin to those of the tropics, and the woods that clothe a mountain-side are not such as cover the plain. One must be a world-wide traveller to speak of all forests. I can only mention what little I know of those in which I have rambled.

To enjoy life in a forest, go thereto alone. A little practice and a tree can be made companionable. It is all very well to talk glibly of "tongues in trees," but they do not always speak to us. We cannot gain a tree's confidence, as we do that of a stranger; but alone, say with some gigantic oak, we can question ourselves concerning it until finally a light breaks in upon us, and the tree will help us out of our difficulty by whispering many a secret. Perhaps I have not made myself plain; but, alas! how helpless are we with such poor tools as words when we think deepest. The first impression we get upon entering a forest is that of its silence. The effect may be depressing at first, but this quickly gives way to wonderment. The moment we ask ourselves the reason of any condition we meet, we have taken the first step toward rational enjoyment. Curiosity, that leads us into many a scrape in town, is an excellent companion when in the woods. Why are forests so apt to be silent? Primarily, because they are comparatively uninhabited as compared with the more open country. (I am speaking of the woodland tracts of to-day. When the country was all forested, the immediate banks of streams and lakes attracted the greater portion of wild life.) The few strictly wood-birds are not noisy species, and open-country birds, when in the woods, are not so given to singing as when they can see in every direction and have the sun shining directly upon them. Mammals that lurk in the forest are usually silent and asleep by day, and wander forth and out of the woods by night. I have often walked a mile in a dense woods, and heard only the hiss of a snake, the hum of insects, or the rattle of loose bark over which a lizard swiftly darted.

A light breeze may rustle the leaves, a sudden gust may cause touching branches to creak, and in "the pines" we have ever "that magic tone awakened by the wind alone." But all such sounds but intensify the silence. We long for a sound from the throat of a living creature, and at last we hear it. Then how alert is every sense! The possibly timid wanderer becomes an explorer, and we have reached the flood-tide of enjoyment in a forest. Some strange bird or beast has uttered a cry, and we would know what manner of creature it was. I know of no greater pleasure than that of solving such mysteries. To follow a sound through the woods is hunting par excellence, and the game we bag, if we do bag it, has not yielded up its little life to satisfy our whim. It is not unlikely the sound heard was that of a bird, and of some very small bird at that, but the distinctness of the utterance suggests larger game. A song, for instance, that if heard in the open fields would be scarcely noticed, here in the woods fairly fills the air, and is even



echoed and re-echoed down the leafy aisles. We are not alone, after all, and with this pleasing thought we go deeper and deeper into the forest. Every sensation is intensified as we progress. Constant expectation renders us more bold, and if we turn a corner suddenly and find an owl staring us in the face, or a grouse goes booming away from our feet, we are not startled, but thrilled with a healthy excitement.

Almost every peculiarity is exhibited by trees, and travellers often bring remarkable accounts of the wonders of the vegetable world. We have been told of Trembling Trees—the Trembling Tree being a species of acacia which puts itself in a “wild commotion” when touched, and gets in a great rage, trembling violently, when transplanted, at the same time emitting a nauseating odor; of Smoking Trees, a species of mulberry which at times emit vapor-like puffs of smoke; of Rain Trees, which discharge showers of drops. There is, also, according to the description of a traveller, a tree native to Queensland, Australia, which, though beautiful to the eye, is very offensive to the sense of smell, and positively dangerous to approach. Here is an account of its effects. A traveller says: “Sometimes, while shooting turkeys in the scrub, I have entirely forgotten the Stinging Tree till I was warned of its proximity by its smell, and have often found myself in a little forest of them. I was only once stung, and then very lightly. Its effects are curious. The sting leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening, and for months afterward the part when touched is tender in rainy weather, or even when it gets wet in washing, etc. I have seen a man, who treats ordinary pain lightly, roll on the ground in agony after being stung, and I have known a horse so completely mad after getting into a grove of the trees that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot. Dogs, when stung, will rush about, whining piteously and biting from the affected part.”

Much speculation has been indulged in as to the length of time during which trees of particular kinds may live; but anything like an absolutely accurate estimate is obviously impossible. Approximation to exact knowledge is all that can be obtained. Such an approximation, however, is interesting, and here it is. The cedar has been known to live 2,000 years, the cypress 800, the elm 300, the ivy 335, the larch 576, the lime 1,100, the maple 516, the oak 1,500, the olive 800, the orange 630, the spruce 1,200, the walnut 900, and the yew 3,200. It is not unreasonable to suppose that some of the giants of the Yosemite Valley are older than any of those given, their years been almost, if not quite, equal to those of the period since the Flood, according to common chronology. The existing cedars of Lebanon are supposed to be contemporaries of those cut down by Solomon for the building of the Temple. Doubtless there are trees to be seen in every primeval forest as old as the Christian era, and some, perhaps, that antedate the Pyramids of Egypt. While we look with undisguised awe and wonder upon the ancient monuments of civilization, we fail to realize that we may have almost every day within our view, in the shape of an aged oak or towering pine, a yet living and vigorous witness of the far-off morning of the world.

A vast amount of superstition and any number of pretty myths and legends are connected with trees. Among the Indians of Brazil there is a tradition that the whole human race sprang from a palm-tree. There is a

familiar legend about the blackthorn, a species of the plum. It is said that the heavenly country is peopled with trees as well as other beautiful things. We have it upon the authority of Milton:

“In heaven the trees  
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
Yield nectar.”

### Making Fruit Without Seeds

OUTWITTING APPENDICITIS.... WASHINGTON STAR

“Appendicitis may not be so fashionable a disease a few years hence as it is now,” said Assistant Pomologist Taylor. “Gardeners are trying their best to get rid of seeds in fruits. Already we have the navel orange, which is nearly always seedless. Some varieties of apples have been produced that have almost no seeds. They are abnormalities. Sometimes they are called ‘bloomless,’ because the blossoms have no petals, and in some cases lack stamens. The core is very small, and commonly there is a hollow at the end opposite the stem. These seedless apples are generally poor in flavor, being grown merely as curiosities. Raisin producers in California are trying to obtain seedless grapes for raisins. The object in view is to get size and seedlessness in the same fruit. You are familiar with the seedless grapes of Corinth, which are commonly known as ‘currants.’ The Sultana raisins of southeastern Europe are likewise seedless grapes. Both of these varieties are now cultivated in California, but they are small. A prominent grower in Fresno county is working in this direction with the Muscat of Alexandria, which is a leading raisin grape in California. He selects cuttings from those vines which produce less than the normal number of seeds. Continuing this process from year to year, he hopes to reduce the grapes to absolute seedlessness eventually. It is believed that the seedlessness of the Corinth and Sultana grapes was obtained by similar means.

“The banana is seedless, and has been so for centuries, though nobody knows why. It is propagated by suckers, and possibly it had no seeds when it was first found in the wild state. The banana is a modified berry. Cutting the fruit down through the middle, you will sometimes see a few little brown spots, which are rudimentary seeds. Occasionally the banana does actually produce seeds. The pineapple is nearly seedless, being propagated likewise from suckers and from slips. The egg-plant, which is a fruit, botanically speaking, is occasionally seedless. This plant is able to produce developed fruit, whether the blossoms are fertilized or not. Horticulturists are endeavoring at the same time to rid fruit plants of thorns. Some oranges and lemons are very thorny—for example, the high-priced King orange, which is the best of the mandarins. It is rarely seen in this market. The first trees were brought to the United States from Cochin China. In Florida its thorniness has been diminished by selecting buds from branches with the fewest thorns. Thorns are objectionable, because they puncture the oranges and lemons when the branches are blown about by the wind. Efforts are being made to get rid of the thorns on raspberry and blackberry plants, simply for convenience in picking the fruit. The thorns are intended by nature to protect the plants from animals. Cultivators select those plants which by chance happen to be thornless or comparatively so.”

## THE SKETCH-BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

### Mrs. Bradshaw's Divorce

HOW IT WAS MANAGED....ST. JAMES BUDGET

Mr. Garraway stood up as young Mrs. Bradshaw rose from her seat at the dinner table. It had been rather a quiet dinner, and he had to do nearly all the talking.

Bradshaw opened the door and Mr. Garraway (of Gray's Inn Place) noticed that each avoided looking at the other.

Ernest Bradshaw closed the door and came back to the table. He cracked a walnut, and, on opening it, threw it into the fire.

"Bad?" inquired Mr. Garraway.

"Yes," said young Mr. Bradshaw, violently. "Of course it's bad. Worst of it is that you never know until you try."

"But all the nuts are not bad, Bradshaw," Bradshaw grunted. "Anything wrong at Whitehall?"

"No. Whitehall's all right."

Mr. Garraway owed his success as a solicitor mainly to knowing exactly when not to do the wrong thing.

"I want to ask you something, Garraway. Do you ever have people coming to you to draw up deeds of separation?"

"Oh, yes; pretty often."

"Well, would you mind being of some use to me—and to Ellen?"

"Why, certainly. But you two don't want to be separated? Why, man alive, you haven't been married a year!"

"Garraway, look here. We have had a row—a dispute, or whatever you like to call it. We have agreed to part."

On the piano in the dining-room upstairs a chord or two were struck, and the clear voice of Mrs. Bradshaw's rang out.

"You see," said Bradshaw, "perfectly jolly over it." There was a sudden stop and a crash on the piano, as though the player could keep it up no longer.

"Look here, Bradshaw,"—Mr. Garraway passes his hand carefully over his smooth, spare hair—"look here. Call at my place at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning and I'll do what is wanted."

"Thank you, Garraway."

"Shall we go upstairs? I must arrange with her."

The demure, precise little clock on the mantelpiece in Mr. Garraway's chambers struck 11. A small boy entered with a card.

"Thank you, Judd. Show the lady in."

Mr. Gibson withdrew with his work to the outer office, stepping aside at the door to permit a slim, girlish figure to enter.

"I had no chance of speaking to you last night," said Mr. Garraway, "excepting to ask you to call. But I had a brief conversation with Bradshaw, and he assured me that you had quite made up your mind about the matter."

"He is, in this particular instance, quite right." She put her lips together and looked determined.

"And so I am to draw up the deed of separation?"

"If you please."

"It's rather rough on me," went on Mr. Garraway,

with an effort at humor. "Why, it seems only yesterday that I was his best man, and you and he went away to Neuchatel, and we cheered you as you left Victoria station. Do you remember?"

"Would you mind telling me, please, when the document can be drawn?"

"And do you remember your first dinner after your return, and how jolly we all were? Why, you were as comfortable as anything, until a week or so ago."

"What I propose to do," said the stern young lady, with just the suspicion of a catch in her voice, "is to go abroad with my aunt for a year or two, and leave the house as it stands, for Ernest to live in. He can get a housekeeper, you see, and——"

"By jove!" cried Mr. Garraway; "not a bad idea."

"You think—you think it will work all right, Mr. Garraway?"

"Oh, yes."

"It was our quarrel of last week parted us, and——"

"Well, will you allow me, as an old friend, to give you a little advice?"

"I should advise you to make up this difference of opinion with Ernest. I'm told—of course I'm only a bachelor—but I'm told that all young couples have their quarrels to begin with, and they do say—here again I speak, of course, as a mere bachelor—that the making-up is always the most delightful part of it."

"Mr. Garraway, I thought you would argue in this way, and it is very good of you. But my mind was made up before I came here, and nothing that you can say will alter it. A woman must judge for herself in these matters."

"It shall be put in hand at once."

"I should like to leave London this day week."

"I dare say," said Mr. Garraway, with great amiability, "that that can be managed."

"There is only one question of a housekeeper. Somebody must be there to look after the servants."

"It is there, I think, I can be of some assistance to Ernest." Mr. Garraway spoke with genial assurance. "It so happens that a client of mine is looking for precisely a situation of that kind."

"How extremely fortunate."

"She is a good manager. She is a widow and she has had charge of a house similar to yours."

"That's capital. As I say, I shouldn't like the house to go to rack and ruin. When could this old lady come, do you think?"

"This—who?"

"This old lady—this widow. When could she come?"

"Oh, but"—Mr. Garraway smiled pleasantly, "you are laboring under a slight mistake, Mrs. Bradshaw; the lady is not old."

"Oh, she is not young, I suppose."

"Well, as a matter of fact, she is rather young. By the bye, I ought to have her portrait here somewhere."

It had cost Mr. Garraway one shilling, this cabinet photograph, in a shop that morning. The shopman couldn't tell him who it was; she was an exceedingly pretty girl in demure black, and the wily Mr. Garraway was content.

The bunch of narcissus at the lady's bodice was bobbing up and down as she continued to look at the photograph.

"You see, the thing is to get some one who would make poor Bradshaw comfortable, and not compel him to be always at the club."

She put the photograph down on the table.

"This lady," said young Mrs. Bradshaw, definitely, "shall never come into my house."

"No," agreed Mr. Garraway, sweetly; "quite so. Not in your house. She will, of course, be in Ernest's house. I am sure that on my recommendation——"

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Garraway, that you would recommend a person like this for such a position?" Mrs. Bradshaw had risen from her chair and spoke indignantly.

"Now, Mrs. Bradshaw. Pardon me; I can't allow you to speak ill of a client of mine. I have every reason to believe that she is a well-bred young lady and comes from one of the best families. I have no doubt in my mind that she will make my friend Bradshaw very comfortable indeed."

There was a tap at the door, and the smart boy entered with a card.

Mr. Garraway went toward the door to receive the newcomer. Not before, however, he had seen the handkerchief go to the eyes of the young visitor.

"Bradshaw," he whispered at the door, "listen to me, man. Your wife's in there, crying. Go and kiss her, and make it up."

An hour and a half later Mr. Garraway sauntered back. The small Judd followed him into the room and put some more coals on the fire.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw gone, Judd?" demanded Mr. Garraway.

Master Judd said, "yesir."

"What the deuce are you grinning about, Judd?"

The excellent Judd said it was nothin' special. Being pressed, however, Master Judd confessed that, entering the room about twenty minutes after his master had left, he saw the gent and lady kissing each other like one o'clock, and as 'appy as——

"Judd," said Mr. Garraway, severely, "I am surprised at you. I am surprised that a man just now, perhaps, of tender years, but one who is possibly destined for the highest honors, should be guilty of the highest impropriety—the gross unprofessional impropriety, sir—of noticing a matter of this kind. I am surprised at you; perfectly surprised at you. Would you like to go to the theatre to-night, you young scoundrel?"

#### Chimmie Enters Polite Society

EDW. W. TOWNSEND....CHIMMIE FADDEN (LOVELL, CORVELL)

"Say, if I didn't come near gittin' de gran' bounce, de straight trun out, me name's not Chimmie Fadden. Dat's right. Sure, en say, 'is Whiskers was crazy.

"Listen. De old mug calls me 'a unregenerate heathen!' Did ye ever hear such langwudge? I'm gettin' on to dem big words, sure. 'Un-re-gen-er-ate.' Say, dat's not bad fer a mug like me. How'd it happen? Easy. Trouble allus comes dead easy ter me. See? I'd a been trun out bod'ly 'cept fer der loidy, Miss Fannie. Yes, we calls 'er Miss Fannie. All de hands calls 'er Miss Fannie, sure.

"It was dis way. Dey gives a party up dere de odder night. Say, dey's allus given parties dere. See?

Well, de mug dey calls de butler—de one I had de scrap wid—'e says ter me, says 'e, 'e says, 'Chames,' says 'e, 'Chames, you'll help de kitchen servants to-night,' 'e says.

"'Tell I will,' I says. See? I says, 'Tell I will.'

"But Miss Fannie, she makes a sneak ter de barn, where I was teachin' de coachman's kid how ter pat fer a jig, an' she says, says she:

"'Chimmie,' says she. 'Chimmie, you'll do what de butler tells ye, or I'll break yer face,' she says, Miss Fannie does. See?

"Naw, not dem words, but dat's what dey means. Say, a felley can't allus be 'memberin' just de words folks use. But dat's wot dey means.

"'Dat goes, Miss Fannie,' I says. 'Dat goes,' says I, fer wot she says goes if I have ter lick de biggest mug on eart' to make it go. See?

"Well, as I was tellin' ye, dey gives de party, an' I helps in de kitchen. Say, it 'ud killed ye dead ter seed me. Apron? Sure! an apron wid strings on it, an' it comes down ter me feet. Dat's right. I knowed 't would kill ye.

"Well, as I was tellin' ye, I helps in de kitchen wid de heavy stuff, an' I never tuk so much jawin' in me life. Say, I'd a slugged de whole gang of dose farmers if it hadn't been fer makin' a racket wot ud queered Miss Fannie; she bein' me backer, kinder. Well, bimeby, all de mugs begins feedin' in a big room where dey's a little room offen it dey calls de pantry. I sneaks in dere once ter look at de mugs, like all de kitchen hands was sneakin' in, an' dere was a lot of bots in de pantry, an' I just natur'ly swipes one under me dinkey apron. See? Dat's right, ain't it?

"When I gets a chanst I trun it outen de windy, aimin' fer de grass; but, holy gee! it hit some mug plunk on 'is nut. Say, I was near crazy. I snook out dere, an' dere was de coachman's kid chokin' 'isself tryin' not to howl, wid 'is 'ead in 'is paws, where de bot had hit 'im right over 'is ear. Dat's right. Sure.

"'Oh, it's yuse, Chimmie Fadden,' 'e says, says 'e. 'It's yuse, an' yer stealin' champagne,' 'e says, holdin' up de bot I'd swiped.

"'I'm stealin' nottin', yer jay,' I says, an' I gives 'im a jolt on de jaw, see? I knowed he couldn't howl, an' I was dyin' fer a scrap, but dere was no fightin' in 'im, see? 'E only says, says 'e, 'give me half de bot,' 'e says, 'an' I'll not tell on ye.'

"'Dat goes,' I says, and we sneaked de bot ter de barn, where 'e opens it. Say, did ye ever drink dat stuff, champagne? Holy gee, it's rank! It's like beer wid sugar an' winigar inter it. Sure. Dat's right, I only took one glass, an' dat's all de champagne Chimmie Fadden wants. I've heerd 'em jaw 'bout Bowery whiskey, but it's milk 'longside dat. Say, it's no good.

"Well, I sneaked back ter der kitchen an' left der kid wid de bot. See? Say, if de kid didn't collar de whole bot, I'm a chump. Sure. De whole bot, I'm tellin' ye. Dat's right.

"Well, after de party de coachman finds 'is kid paralyzed on de barn floor. Paralyzed, see? All de old mug could get out'n de young mug was a song an' dance 'bout me. Say, everyt'ing dat goes wrong 'bout dat barn, it's all put on me. Sure.

"Well, de coachman grabs me an' takes me to 'is Whiskers, who was talkin' wid Miss Fannie 'bout de party, an' 'e says, says 'e:



"Dis villain has murdered me son," 'e says.

"Say, you'd a died if you'd seed de picnic. 'Is Whiskers was all broke up, an' talks crazy 'bout murder comin' ter 's house tru 'is daughter tryin' ter reform de slums.

"Murder nothin'," I says. 'Wot t'ell,' I says, like dat. I says, 'Wot t'ell. De kid's nut is cracked, an' 'e's punished de bot,' I says. 'Wot t'ell! 'E'll be all right in de mornin'.

"Say, 'is Whiskers couldn't understan' me, so de whole gang of us, 'is Whiskers, Miss Fanny, coachy, an' me, goes ter de barn. Well, you'd died if you'd seen de kid. He'd kinder taken a brace, an' was tryin' ter do a dance I'd teacht 'im. He had de bot in 'is arms an' was singin' a dinky song 'bout razzle-dazzle. 'Is face was all blood from where 'is nut was cracked by de bot; an' holy gee, 'e was a bute!

"Say, I could see 'is Whiskers wanted ter laugh, an' Miss Fannie wanted ter cry, an' coachy was struck dead dumb; so, nobody sayin' nottin', I just taut I'd be social like, an' so I just chippen in wid, 'Oh, wot a diffrence in de mornin'.' Den 'is Whiskers says, says 'e: 'Chimmie Fadden,' 'e says, 'yuse is a unregenerate heathen, an' you'll have to go.'

"Say, wot de t'ink Miss Fannie done? She says, 'No, fadder,' she says; 'no, I t'ink Chimmie is not de only sinner here. Give 'im anodder chanst,' she says, an' she pulled de old mug's whiskers, like de loidy in de play. Dat's right. Dat's what she done. Ain't she a torrowbred?

"Well, 'is Whiskers says somet'ing 'bout its bein' better for 'im ter bring de slums ter Miss Fannie radder den Miss Fannie goin' ter der slums. Den 'e tells 'er ter go in de house, an' says 'e'll tend ter me. Say, mebbey yer t'ink 'e didn't. Well, 'e took me in de harness-room an' 'e just everlastin' lambasted de hide off'n me. Sure. Say, 'is Whiskers is a regular scrapper. See? Say, 'e t'umped me good, an' dat's right. 'E says, says 'e:

"Miss Fannie 'll look after yer soul, an' I'll look after yer hide," 'e says.

"Say, I'm kinder gettin' stuck on 'is Whiskers.

"Well, so long. I've got ter get busy. I'm takin' a note from Miss Fannie ter 'er fadder. I'm stuck on dat job. When I goes ter 'is office 'e gives me twenty cents ter ride home. I walks, an' I wins de boodle. See?"

### Uncle Zeke Talks Religion

R. RICHARDSON.....KATE FIELD'S WASHINGTON

An old white-headed negro was the centre of a group of gentlemen down town the other day. Uncle Zeke was talking religion.

"Yes, sir, dat's de trufe," he was saying. "Hit's in the Bible. When Chris' wuz on earth he went onst to a 'oman's house an' say he's hongry. You see, Chris' was'n hongry; he jes' 'tendin', ter try de 'oman. De 'oman wuz bakin' cakes by de fire, an' she look at de cakes an' she tink dey too big ter gib 'way. She say she bake 'im one. She wuz a pow'ful stingy 'oman, so she make a leetle cake, an' while she watchin' hit bake she tink hit too big ter gib 'way, so she make anoder no bigger dan a mou'ful, an' while hit bakin' she tink she cou'n' gib 'way any. Den Chris' he say: 'oman, fer bein' so stingy, I turn you to an owl.' De 'oman she 'gan ter turn ter owl an' flap her wings, an' den she flew up de chimbley an' she look at Chris' an' cry out: 'Who are you? Who are you?' An' ter prove dis story true,

you kin year de owls all night hollerin' in de woods: 'Who-are-you? Who-are-you? Whoo-who-who-who-are you?'

"Den, 'oder time," went on the old man, pleased with his attentive audience, "Chris' went ter a 'oman's house an' say he's hongry. Now dis 'oman wuz po'—so po' dat she cou'n' keep no cat, an' she wuz clar over-run wid mice an' rats. Chris' say he's hongry, an' de 'oman gib 'im f'om her store. Hit was'n much, but hit were all she had. When Chris' hat ate, he pulled off his glubs an' trew dem un'er de table an' dey turn ter two cats. An' den de 'oman look on der table an' dere were groceries, sugar an' flour an' tea."

"What church do you belong to, Uncle Zeke?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"Weil, suh, I tell you de trufe: I'se a Baptis' myse'f; but ten deys good in all 'nominations—all 'ceptin' de 'Piscopaliums."

"What's the matter with the Episcopalians?" asked a bystander.

"Well, suh, I'll tell you de trufe: Dey fit so."

"Fight!"

"Dat's de trufe, ca'se I done year 'um. Onst I wuz gwine by whar dey wuz a 'Piscopalium church, an' I yearn de preacher git up an' say some words f'om de Bible, an' den de whole con'gation ryz up ter onst an' sass 'im back. Den de preacher try ter talk 'gen, but de people breaks in an' all talk ter'geder, an' dey kep' hit up fo' a mighty long time. So I say de 'Piscopaliums dey fit."

### The Fight in the Snow

S. R. CROCKETT.....GOOD WORDS

This episode is taken from S. R. Crockett's story of Highland life and adventure, *The Men of the Moss-Hags*, now running as a serial in *Good Words*.

We were at the angle of the wall, and going slowly down among the cumbering heaps of rubbish by the dyke-side, when I certainly heard, through the sougning of the wind, and the soft swirl of the snowflakes, the quick trampling of footsteps behind us. It seemed to me that they came from the direction of the Queen's Bath-house, by which, as I now minded, my Lord Wellwood had built his new house.

I turned, and saw half a dozen of fellows running towards us with their swords drawn; and one, who seemed short of stature and ill at the running, following after them. Then I pulled quickly at Walter's sleeve.

"Get you to a good posture of defense, or we are both dead men. See behind you!"

At this he turned and looked, and the sight seemed wonderfully to steady him. He seemed to come to himself with a kind of joy. I heard him sigh as one that casts off a heavy back-burden, for blows were ever mightily refreshing to Wat Gordon's spirit.

As for me, I had no joy in blows, and little skill in them, so that my delight was small. Indeed, I felt the lump rise in my throat, and my mouth dried with fear, so that I could hardly keep the tears from running, being heartily sorry for myself, because I should never see bonny Earlstoun and my mother again, or any one else in the pleasant south country—and all on a business that I had no concern with, being only some night trokings of Wat Gordon's.

But even as he glanced about him, Lochinvar saw where we could best engage them; for in such things

he had the captain's eye, swift and inevitable. It was at the angle of the wall, in which is a wide archway that leads into the enclosure of Holyrood Palace. The snow had drifted round this arch a great sweep of rounded wreaths, and glistened smoothly white in the moonbeams, but the paved gateway itself was clear. Wat thrust me behind him, and, throwing down his cloak, cleared his sword-arm.

I was behind him in the dark of the archway, and there I made my pistols ready, and also loosened in my belt a broad Italian dagger, shaped like a leaf, where-with I meant to stick and thrust if any one should attempt to run in while I was standing on guard. Between me and the light I could see Walter Gordon, armed in the German fashion, with his rapier in one hand and his dagger in the other. Suddenly, through the hush of waiting, came running footsteps, and men's figures darkened the moonlight on the snow.

"Clash!" went the rapiers, and I could catch the glitter of the fire as it flew from their first onset. Walter poised himself on his feet with a quick alternate balancing movement, keeping his head low between his shoulders, and his rapier point far out. He was in the dark, and those about the mouth of the arch could not well see at what they were striking, whereas he had them clear against the gray of the moonlit sky.

Steel had not stricken on steel three times when, swift as the flash of the lightning when it shines from east to west, I saw Wat's long rapier dart out, and a man fell forward towards him, clinking on the stones with the jingle of concealed armor. Yet, armor or no, our Wat's rapier had found its way within. Wat spurned the fellow with his foot, lest in falling he should grip to pull him down, which was a common trick of the time, and sometimes resorted to without a wound; but the dark, wet stain on the cobblestones as it turned told us that he was sped surely enough.

In a moment the others had come up, and the whole archway seemed full of the flicker of flashing swords. Wat's long arm wavered here and there, keeping them all at bay. I could have cried the slogan. This was the incomparable swordsman indeed.

"Let off!" he cried to me, never taking his eyes from his foes. "Ease me a little to the right. They are overheavy for my iron on that hand."

So with that, even as I was bidden, and because there was nothing else I could do, I struck with my broad Italian dagger at a surly visage that came between me and the sky, and tumbled a tall fellow out of an angle of the gateway on the top of the first, kicking like a rabbit. The rest were a little dashed by the fall of these two. Still there were four of them, and one great loon determinedly set his head down, and, wrapping his cloak on his arm, he rushed at my cousin, almost overbearing him for the moment. He broke within Wat's guard, and the swords of the rogue's companions had been in his heart, but that then Lochinvar gave them another taste of his quality. Lightly leaping to the side just out of the measure of the varlet's thrust, and reaching sideways, he struck the man heavily on the shoulder with the dagger in his left hand panting with the force of the blow, so that he fell down like the dead. At the same moment Wat leaned far forward, engaging all points of the other swords.

They gave back at the quick, unexpected attack, and the points of their swords rose, as it seemed, for no

more than a second. But in that pulse-beat Wat's rapier shot out straight and low, and yet another clapped his hand upon his body and cried an oath, ere he too fell forward upon his companions. At this the little man, who had stood all the while in the background, took heart of grace and came forward, and I could see the hilt of the steel pistol in his hand. He crouched upon his hams, trying to get a sighting shot at us. But I had him clear in the moonbeam, like a pullet on a dyke; and just when I saw his forefinger twitch to the hammer-pull, I dropped him with a bullet fair in the shoulder, which effectually spoiled his aim, and tumbled him beside the others.

Then the remaining two threw down their tools and ran, whatever they were fit, in the direction of the town.

Walter Gordon, with much philosophy, straked his sword on the lapel of one of the dead men's coats, bent its point to the pavement to try its soundness, and returned it to its velvet sheath. Then he solemnly turned and took me by the hand.

"You are a man!"

Notwithstanding, I was not cheered but continued to greet like a bairn, only quietly, though I was grateful for his words and took them not ill.

Then Walter Gordon went forward to the dead men and turned them over, looking at each but saying no word. Lastly, he went to the little stout man whom I had shot in the shoulder. As he looked in his face, from which the mask had fallen aside, he started so greatly that he almost leaped in the air.

"William, William," he cried, "by the King's head, we must run for it! This is not a 'horning' but a hanging job. 'Tis the Duke of Wellwood himself!"

Greatly startled at the name of the great Privy Councillor and favorite of the King, I went and looked. The man's face had fallen clear of the velvet mask with which it had been hidden, and looked livid and gray against the snow in the moon's uncertain light. But it was indeed the Duke, for I had often seen him going to the Parliament in great state and dignity, but there in the snow he looked inconceivably mean, dirty, and small.

"It's a' by wi' the estate noo, Walter," I said. "You and me maun tak' the heather like the lave."

#### William's Invitation from the Mayor

ROBERT Q. DENTON....LIVERPOOL MERCURY

The young man had been to sea on a long cruise, and on his return was narrating to his uncle, an old Montgomeryshire farmer, an adventure which he had met with on board ship: "I was one night leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the ocean," he said, "when my gold watch fell from my fob, and immediately out of sight. The ship was going ten knots an hour, but, nothing daunted, I sprang over the rail, down, down, and after a long search found the watch, came up, and chased the ship, and climbed back to the deck without any one knowing I had been absent."

"William," said his uncle, "I believe thee; but there's many a thousand would not." "What!" exclaimed William, "you are politely insinuating that I'm a liar."

"William," said the old man, gravely, "thee knows I never call anybody names; but if the Mayor of Welshpool were to come and say, 'Josiah, I want thee to find the biggest liar in all Montgomeryshire, I would come to thee and put my hand upon thy shoulder, and say to thee: 'William, the mayor wants to see thee.'"

## CHILD VERSE: CHARMING BITS OF PRATTLE

*Blue and Gold....William S. Lord....Blue and Gold (Dial Press)*

Little Two Years Old, my son,  
Life for you has just begun;  
Dew is fresh upon the grass  
All along the way you pass;  
Every blade your dear feet press  
Gives a gentle, cool caress.  
Violets and buttercups  
Chronicle your downs and ups.  
Blue and gold, and gold and blue,  
Seemeth all the world to you.

Little Two Years Old, too soon  
You will know the heat of noon.  
Dust along your path will lie,  
And the grass be sere and dry.  
Every blade will give a thrust,  
Cry and urge, "You must! You must!"  
Rose and flame with cruel thorn  
Best will tell the sweet pain borne.  
Red and brown, and brown and red,  
Seems the world the sun o'erhead.

Little Two Years Old, the light  
Softens when you say "good-night."  
Sweet the journey will be when  
You are almost home again.  
Every footstep brings you near  
Faces, voices, long held dear.  
Gentian blue and goldenrod  
Lead you onward up to God.  
Blue and gold, and gold and blue,  
So the world will be to you.

*Little Feet....Elizabeth Akers....Poems*

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle  
In one caressing hand;  
Two tender feet upon the untried border  
Of life's mysterious land;  
Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms  
In April's fragrant days—  
How can they walk among the briery tangles  
Edging the world's rough ways?  
These rose-white feet along the doubtful future  
Must bear a woman's load;  
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,  
And walks the hardest road.  
Love, for a while, will make the path before them  
All dainty, smooth and fair,  
Will cull away the brambles, letting only  
The roses blossom there;  
But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded  
Away from sight of men,  
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,  
Who shall direct them then?  
How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,  
Poor little untaught feet?  
Into what dreary mazes will they wander?  
What dangers will they meet?  
Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness  
Of sorrow's tearful shades?  
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty  
Whose sunlight never fades?  
Will they go toiling up ambition's summit,  
The common world above?  
Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,  
Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk life's track unwounded,  
Which find but pleasant ways;  
Some hearts there be to which this world is only  
A round of happy days.

But they are few. Far more there are who wander  
Without a hope or friend,  
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,  
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,  
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,  
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway  
Stretches so strange and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling  
We crave all blessings sweet,  
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens  
Will guide the baby's feet.

*When I was a Boy...Eugene Field...Love Songs of Childhood (Scribner)*

Up in the attic where I slept  
When I was a boy, a little boy,  
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,  
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept  
Over a low, red trundle-bed,  
Bathing the tangled curly head,  
While the moonbeams played at hide-and-seek  
With the dimples on the sun-browned cheek—  
When I was a boy, a little boy!

And, oh! the dreams—the dreams I dreamed!  
When I was a boy, a little boy!  
For the grace that through the lattice streamed  
Over my folded eyelids seemed  
To have the gift of prophecy,  
And to bring the glimpses of time to be  
When manhood's clarion seemed to call—  
Ah! *that* was the sweetest dream of all,  
When I was a boy, a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep  
When I was a boy, a little boy!  
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,  
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep  
The crosses and griefs of the years away  
From the heart that is weary and faint to-day;  
And those dreams should give me back again  
A peace I have never known since then—  
When I was a boy, a little boy!

*Cradle Song.....Jessie Vivien Kerr.....Womankind*

Hushabye, sweetheart, the stars are all sleeping,  
Scarcely a twinkle, so softly they rest,  
Never a flower from its slumber is peeping;  
The ships are asleep on the dark ocean's breast.  
The rosebuds sink to sleep in the darkness  
And each little bird in its nest.

Hushabye, baby, the hyacinths' faces  
Are drooping and dreaming the whole night through.  
The fair lily sleeps in her cobweb laces  
And sparkling jewels of gleaming dew;  
The moon is in a cloudy cradle  
And star-fringed blankets of blue.

Oh, some little babies are softly sleeping,  
Sheltered under the warm green sod,  
And some sad mothers are bitterly weeping  
For fair little souls at home with God;  
But thou'rt with thy mother, my own little baby,  
And safe in the realm of Nod.



## APPLIED SCIENCE, INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

### Making Light Without Heat

D. MCFARLAN MOORE'S INVENTION....NEW YORK TELEGRAM

A young New Jersey electrician, D. McFarlan Moore, claims to have discovered the secret of the firefly. In other words, he insists that he can make light without heat, in accordance with a new principle in molecular vibration. He proposes to emulate the glowworm, and instead of having the present red-hot hairpin filament in the ordinary incandescent light, he will make the whole surface of the glass glow with a brilliant illumination. Mr. Moore's experiments have been directed along the lines of a new principle in electricity, which he claims to have discovered. He maintains that, theoretically, there is no more reason why we cannot have light without heat, than there is why we cannot strike a chord on the piano without striking all the chords, in order to have music. He claims to be able to separate the several divisions of energy and employ only the illuminating elements. He employs the ordinary current of 110 volts, and from this he gets a light that compares very favorably with sunshine, so far as obtaining a good negative is concerned. Indeed, he asserts that a one-volt current is enough to accomplish illumination.

He expects one of these days to sell sticks of light about the size of a stick of candy that will burn for forty-eight hours. They will be a sort of storage battery, and a man can carry them around in his waistcoat pocket. At night all that is necessary to be done is to press a little button, and you have a bright light. His laboratory is in Harrison, N. J., and recently a party of electrical experts examined his new apparatus for producing light without heat. The machinery employed by him is said to be very simple, and the present commercial current of 110 volts will be enough for nearly a hundred lamps. Under the present incandescent lamp lighting the heat amounts to ninety-nine per cent. of the energy; under Mr. Moore's system nearly all this is saved, so that the cost of his lamps is reduced very much. When the current is turned on and the lamps become phosphorescent, the bulbs are as cold as if they had been in an icebox. The whole surface of the lamp is illuminated, and not merely the filament or hairpin, as in the present incandescent lamp. The effect of the new light is said to be something exceedingly brilliant. He proposes to use tubes in big halls and churches. He is a graduate of Lehigh University, and is the youngest active member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. He has lectured before the Brooklyn Institute and Columbia College, and not long ago put the electrical steering gear on the United States man-of-war Miantonomah.

### Engraving on Diamonds

PROGRESS IN DIAMOND CUTTING.....CHICAGO INTER OCEAN

Diamonds can now be engraved in a very artistic manner. This development of the diamond cutting art brings into existence a new class of jewelry, for which a considerable demand is expected. It was long believed that the diamond could not be engraved with safety or satisfactory results. A few stones roughly engraved were found in India, and a diamond was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1878 on which a portrait of the

King of Holland was scratched. But the work was very imperfect and the stones were rather depolished than engraved. Some of the finest examples of engraving on diamonds are the work of M. Bordinet, a Paris jeweller. One is a certain scarf-pin representing a yataghan, of which the blade is a slender diamond; the handle is a ruby. Another example is a large circular stone on which a pansy, with its foliage, is engraved. In another case, the design is a knife, made with two diamonds. An elaborate piece of work is a bicycle, of which the wheels are two circular diamonds. The spokes are represented by lines engraved on the diamonds. A small hole is pierced at each axle. Another diamond is carved like a fish. A handsome brooch is a scarabæus, surrounded by sapphires and brilliants.

The most remarkable is a ring made of one diamond, the interior surface being polished and the exterior elaborately engraved. It is said that there is nothing similar to this in existence. Other examples are brooches, representing flies, of which the wings are thin, engraved diamonds; two diamonds engraved with armorial bearings, the imperial arms of Russia being used in one instance on shirt and cuff buttons. Formerly it was only possible to produce the polish on flat surfaces, but M. Bordinet has been able to do this on concave portions, as on the body and tail of the fish and the interior of the ring. His tools produce not only straight lines, as in the wheels, the racquet, and the flies' wings, but a free modeling, as in the pansy, the Russian arms, and the scarabæus. He has invented these tools himself, and intends that his son alone shall have the use of them. They are exceedingly delicate and difficult to handle. He has spent twenty-five years bringing them to perfection. It is but a few years since it was first possible to pierce holes in diamonds. This feat made possible the placing of diamonds on a string, alternating with pearls. The work is now done generally in diamond-cutting establishments.

### Sails Made of Paper

PULP SUPERSEDING CANVAS.....PAPER-TRADE JOURNAL

It is now quite certain that a paper-pulp composition will be employed in making sails for light vessels. The Herreshoffs, builders of racing boats, have lately experimented with the application of rubber to balloon and other light sails, the operations being carried on at the Bristol rubber works. The value of a big spreading sail in going before the wind is known to yachtsmen, which, together with a bulging balloon jib-topsail, utilizes every ounce of wind in force. The idea in view in making these sails of rubber is to obtain an elastic material which will allow the sails to increase in area and consequently in propulsive power in proportion to the force of the wind. Canvas sails have heretofore been used exclusively, but as a lighter, more elastic, and air-tight material is desired, the proposition at present is to make the sails of gossamer weight from rubber, rope them strongly along foot, luff, and leach, resulting, it may be, in superior sails.

Even rubber has its drawbacks. A sudden increase of wind-power expands the sails too much, and difficulty

is experienced in governing the course of the boat; so attention has been turned to that unfailing source from which so many things are now made—paper. A chief reason for the employment of paper stock for this purpose is lightness, a matter which counts for considerable in fast-sailing vessels; but there are other points of superiority, one being that the composition stretches just about enough to favor both wind power and vessel, while another is that the paper sails are air-tight. Besides this, practical tests have shown that the paper, properly prepared, is very durable and is less liable to tear in case of high winds. The sails made on this new plan are not woven from strands or threads, but are made up from compressed sheets, these being cemented and riveted together in such way as to form a smooth and strong union. The first process of manufacturing consists in preparing the pulp in the regular way, to a ton of which is added one pound of bichloride of potash, twenty-five pounds of glue, thirty-two pounds of alum, one and one-half pound of soluble glass, and forty pounds of prime tallow, these ingredients being thoroughly mixed with the pulp. Next the pulp is made into sheets by regular paper-making machinery, and two sheets are pressed together with a glutinous compound between, so as to retain the pieces firmly, making the whole practically homogenous.

The next operation is quite important and requires a specially built machine of great power, which is used in compressing the paper from a thick, sticky sheet to a very thin, tough one. The now solid sheet is run through a bath of sulphuric acid to which ten per cent. distilled water has been added, from which it emerges to pass between glass rollers, then through a bath of ammonia, then clear water, and finally through felt rollers, after which it is dried and polished between heated metal cylinders. The paper resulting from this process is in sheets of ordinary width and thickness of sail stock; it is elastic, air-tight, durable, light, and possessed of other needed qualifications to make it available for sailmaking.

### Wires Under the Waves

RENE BACHE.....THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

A new device for enabling vessels to communicate with the land from a distance of many miles has been offered to the United States Government by an English electrician, Willoughby S. Smith. By its aid, a ship far out at sea may drop a wire overboard, with a weight at the end of it, and exchange messages either by telegraph or by telephone with the shore. While useful in time of peace, in war such a system would be most valuable, enabling armed cruisers to get orders and send information without approaching within sight of terra firma. The inventor, who has just left Washington, asks no pay for his idea, which is given purely in the interest of science. The plan—already under consideration by the Lighthouse Board, for communicating with lightships—involves the laying of an ordinary telegraphic cable out from the shore into the ocean for any desired number of miles. To mark the seaward end of it, a conspicuous buoy is anchored. The precise location of this buoy is marked on the nautical charts. A vessel desiring to send a message to the land anchors close by the buoy and drops a wire to the bottom. It is not expected to come into contact with the cable, but, salt water being a first-rate conductor, the electric current from a battery on

board the ship jumps from the wire to the cable and is transmitted to the shore station.

To afford the requisite current there must be a circuit. A telegraph line between Washington and Philadelphia needs but a single wire, because the two ends are attached to metal plates, which are buried in the earth. So excellent a conductor is the earth that the current transmitted from Philadelphia to Washington passes back through the earth without the aid of a wire, and so the circuit is completed. Now, in like manner, the line by which the ship communicates with the land must be "grounded" at both ends. One ground plate is set in the water near the land station. When the vessel reaches the neighborhood of the sea-end of the cable she simultaneously sinks the second ground plate to the bottom over one side and a wire to complete the circuit with the cable through the water on the other. There is a gap, but the current can jump it if it be not too great a distance, and thus messages can be carried between the ship and the land. In time of war floats marking the ends of such cables would be likely to be destroyed by hostile ships; or the latter might utilize the wires for sending misleading messages, unless, perhaps, a cipher code were employed. But Mr. Smith says that the buoys could be wholly dispensed with, the locations of the cable ends being accurately indicated by memoranda of latitude and longitude noted on secret charts in possession of naval commanders. The chief difficulty in the way of utilizing this plan for establishing communication with lightships seems to be found in the swing of the vessel at anchor, which would be apt to carry her out of reach of the cable.

The Lighthouse Board has been trying for many years to find a way for connecting lightships and off-shore lighthouses with the land by some means of communication. For instance, take the case of the New South Shoal lightship, twenty-six miles from nearest land, guarding the dreaded "banks" south of Nantucket, which have a record of five hundred known wrecks. She lies right in the track of trans-Atlantic commerce. If, through her, vessels bound for New York could be reported in advance to owners and consignees, the advantage would be great. Sailing craft, with perishable cargoes, could telegraph for tugs. Every now and then this lightship is blown away by a storm, and is off her station for weeks. If prompt notice of such an accident could be had, by her failure to report, one of the supplementary lightships could be sent at once to take her place and warn ships off the shoals. There are fifty lightships in United States waters. They are placed where lighthouses are not practicable. There are certain off-shore lighthouses which it would be most desirable to connect with the land by some means of communication. The Tillamook Rock is an example. It is an islet one acre in extent, one mile from shore, and twenty miles south of the entrance of the Columbia River, Oregon. Congress gave \$6,000, in 1889, for the purpose of laying a cable from the rock to Port Stevens. The sum is still available, but has not been used because it is absurdly insufficient. Telegraph cable costs fifty cents a foot, or \$2,600 a mile, without counting the expense of laying, etc. Furthermore, the strongest cable would quickly be torn to pieces on the rocky shore of Tillamook, and every storm would cut it off.

A means of communication between Tillamook and Port Stevens, or with Port Adams or with Cape Dis-



appointment, would be of inestimable value to ship-owners. It would give them early notice of the approach of expected vessels, and would inform the skippers of vessels as to the condition of the bar at the entrance to the Columbia River. The rock cannot be approached save at certain times in the year. If there were an accident at the lighthouse, it might be most important to have notice of it on the mainland. Suppose that the keeper should die, or that the lantern should be smashed? The Tillamook Rock rises one hundred feet above sea level, with deep water all around. It used to be a favorite resort for thousands of sea lions, with which huge beasts—valuable only for oil—its surface was often completely covered. They were disposed to defend the premises at first, but eventually retired to other rocks to the southward. The beginning of the lighthouse was made with almost incredible difficulty. In trying to land, one man was drowned, and several other lives were endangered on different occasions. Eight quarrymen were finally set upon the islet by the breeches buoy, and they started to cut away the rock so as to make a place for shelter. This they accomplished with drills and dynamite after being nearly swept away by a hurricane, which threw waves clear over the summit. After leveling the top of the rock, a tower was put up, with a first-order light, one hundred and thirty-six feet above the sea.

The lighthouse is now provided with a steam siren of the first class. This sort of contrivance is a huge trumpet with bell-shaped mouth pointed out to sea. It was invented by Professor Henry, being an adaptation of an instrument designed by a Frenchman—Cagniard de la Tour—for recording the vibrations of musical notes. The sounds it makes are produced by projecting a powerful jet of steam through a tube which is partly obstructed by a revolving wheel perforated with slits. The faster the wheel goes round, the higher is the pitch of the shriek uttered by the machine. No other contrivance of human manufacture is capable of emitting so loud and far-reaching a noise. The Tillamook siren has two trumpets and two steel boilers as big as those of a locomotive. They utter blasts of five seconds' duration at intervals of one and a half minutes, when there is a fog, and they consume 130 gallons of water per hour. Their agonizing cries can be heard at a distance of thirty miles under favorable circumstances. Nevertheless, it sometimes happens that, while in full operation, they cannot be heard at all at a distance of two miles. At the same time they will be audible at seven miles, wholly inaudible at twelve miles, and audible again at a greater distance from the rock. This curious phenomenon is due to the refraction of sound-waves by wind. It has been found that such a signal, when not heard at all on the deck of a vessel, will sometimes be loud and clear to the ear of a person ascending to the masthead. Sometimes it is audible with great volume in one spot, and completely inaudible two hundred yards away. Eighty-one sirens and other steam fog signals have been established by the Government at a cost of \$600,000, and are maintained at a yearly expense of \$100,000.

A lighthouse which it would be most desirable to connect by telegraph with the mainland is situated on one of the Farallone Islands, twenty-two miles out in the Pacific from San Francisco. The situation is the most desolate imaginable. A powerful light, 360 feet

above the sea, is supplemented by a fog-whistle, blown by the rush of air through a cave which forms a passage opening into the ocean. One of the many caves worn by the surf on the shore chanced to have a hole in its top, through which the incoming breakers violently expelled the air carried before them. The mouthpiece of a great trumpet was fixed to the aperture, and now the waves blow mighty blasts through the instrument, which is only silent for an hour and a half each day. In various other parts of the world are signals made by utilizing such natural orifices in wave-beaten cliffs.

How advantageous it would be if some means of communication could be established between the mainland and the Minot's Ledge lighthouse, near Boston, which stands on a rock that is under water at low tide. In winter its keepers are shut off for months together from all the rest of the world. Several of them have gone insane from sheer loneliness. An occasional message from the shore would relieve the sense of hopeless isolation which weighs them down. It is said that persons who are naturally most cheerful become under such conditions morbid and morose. Several lighthouses on the Florida reefs are equally solitary. Two important devices for communicating ideas by sound across wide spaces of water have recently been experimented with. One of them is an invention of an electrician named Cox. It is a trumpet for telephoning at sea. Echoed sounds, "carry" great distances; and speaking trumpets, if made to give the same note, will produce the phenomenon known in acoustics as "sympathy." From these two discoveries the theory of this instrument springs. With its aid conversation can be carried on in an ordinary tone of voice between speakers five miles apart. The other invention, by Thomas A. Edison, is a system by which ships are to be enabled to exchange intelligence by electricity through water, without wires.

### Tempering Wine With Electricity

PROGRESS IN WINE-MAKING.... PITTSBURG DISPATCH

Italian wine merchants have reason to congratulate themselves on the introduction of the electrical process for the aging of wines, in the wine-producing provinces of Italy. The process is said to render possible extraordinary modifications in the bouquet and body of the vintage, and the suggestion has been made that it might be employed with advantage in the correction of faults frequently apparent in California wines, arising from the richness of the soil on which the grapes have been grown. But the tempering of wine is only one of many uses to which electricity is now put in the wine-producing industry. In an establishment in Algeria, where the Arab labor was uncertain and unsatisfactory, a generating plant has been erected for doing the whole work. The plant consists of a compound dynamo and a steam engine. The current from the dynamo is utilized for lighting purposes, and for the operation of seven electric motors, ranging from two to ten effective horse-power. One motor drives a one-ton crane, which lifts boxes of grapes from the ground-floor to the beating-room; three motors operate the beaters and presses; and the remaining three are coupled direct to the centrifugal pumps, which keep the must moving in the tuns. The work of the electric motors is extremely variable, and consequently there is much fluctuation in the load of the generating dynamo. All trouble, however, in lighting circuits is obviated by a perfect system of regulation.



## VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

### Flesh Reducing as a Fine Art

DIANE DE MORNÉ....SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

Feminine beauty is not compatible with either extreme stoutness or emaciation. If there be a choice between obesity and leanness, it is distinctly on the side of the latter condition, and most of us prefer to be bony to carrying an excess of flesh. It is much easier, also, I have found, to acquire flesh than to get rid of it. There is no royal road to beauty, nor, indeed, to any other very desirable state of being, and the reduction of fat, while easily enough accomplished, all things being relative, requires perseverance and self-denial. Fat is an accumulation of unburnt body fuse—in other words, fat is carbon, and carbon is consumed by oxygen, which we inhale through our lungs. To put this in still plainer English, physical exercise will, we all know, reduce flesh. The reason is that in unusual exercise, such as rapid walking, horseback riding, gymnastics or bicycling, the blood is more rapidly oxygenated, and the result is the destruction or burning out of the fat; and you may have noticed that great walkers are never fat, and that people who live in high altitudes and mountainous countries, where they walk a great deal and consume quantities of oxygen, are always slim. There are all sorts of systems and theories respecting the reduction of flesh.

About twenty years ago an Englishman named Banting made his name the synonym for flesh-reducing by the publication of a pamphlet, which may still be purchased, giving in detail the history of his own case, and telling the means by which he reduced his weight from 202 to 150 pounds in one year. Mr. Banting for seven years maintained his weight at 150 pounds. He lived on beef, mutton, fish, bacon, dry toast and biscuit, poultry, game, tea, coffee, claret and sherry, and abstained from pork, veal, salmon, sugar, milk, all vegetables grown under ground, and all fatty and farinaceous substances. Mr. Banting, however, consumed daily about forty-three ounces of liquid. There is no question about the success of the Banting system for those who wish to try it, but there are very few people possessed of the originator's self-denial and persistency. Dr. Schweninger, the famous German physician, who has established his reputation as a flesh-reducer through his success in ridding Prince Bismarck of forty pounds avoirdupois in three months, without the slightest deleterious effect upon his distinguished patient's physical condition, restricts the consumption of liquids at all times, and deprives the patient entirely of all fluids during or within an hour of meals, forbids starch and sugar, and advises most heroic physical exercise. This is a sure cure, and, for the Man of Iron, not difficult; but, for the average American woman, the Schweninger method would be martyrdom.

Dr. Say recommends the drinking of large quantities of hot tea, and Professor Oertel goes to the other extreme, for he not only deprives his patients of the pleasure of allaying thirst when agreeable, but goes further by diminishing the fluids in the body by a régime which would be to most of us a most exhausting one, as it consisted of a systematic sweating process. I heartily disapprove of the theory, as it cannot fail to be weaken-

ing and depressing, and fatal to beauty. Dr. Ebstein published a pamphlet some years ago recommending fatty food and sauces containing fat on the homeopathic principle of "like cures like." This method resulted in some cases in a gain of flesh to the extent of three pounds a week. Dr. Saulsbury has been quite successful so far as the actual reduction of flesh is concerned by his system of a diet strictly limited to underdone meats, principally beef, dry toast and hot water. His patients certainly get thin, but it is a species of martyrdom which I have found unnecessary, as the same result may be accomplished more agreeably and with a far better effect upon the complexion. The proper weight for various heights is acknowledged to be as follows: 5 feet 1 inch, 120 pounds; 5 feet 2 inches, 126 pounds; 5 feet 3 inches, 133 pounds; 5 feet 4 inches, 136 pounds; 5 feet 5 inches, 142 pounds; 5 feet 6 inches, 145 pounds; 5 feet 7 inches, 149 pounds; 5 feet 8 inches, 155 pounds; 5 feet 9 inches, 162 pounds; 5 feet 10 inches, 169 pounds; 5 feet 11 inches, 174 pounds; 6 feet, 178 pounds.

Most women begin to get too stout at about thirty, sometimes a little earlier, but in such cases there is usually an inherited tendency. Frequently the subjects are of indolent natures, though women who are of sedentary habits and mentally extremely active also are troubled by obesity. Many literary women, compelled to sit the greater part of their waking lives, are often great sufferers from fat. I have never failed to reduce the flesh of a client who would follow my directions, and with the systems I advise there is not, as in most cases, the discouraging outlook of wrinkles in place of fat. Sleep, want of physical exercise, sugar and starch, are, in my opinion, the most formidable of flesh-producers. I will promise to reduce your weight from four to twelve pounds a month, without exhaustion, without drugs, without the flabbiness which is so frequently the result of flesh-reducing, particularly when induced by drugs. You will find the relief from the burden of flesh so delightful, and the pleasures of life so increased as you approach a normal condition of health (for too much fat is a disease), that you will be more than repaid for the effort I am bound to say you must make. Courage, therefore! "What is worth having is worth fighting for," and first of all please to get weighed. You must limit your hours of sleep to seven at the outside, and no siestas during the day. Seven is a lucky number and a very good hour to quit your bed for the day. If you are in the habit of taking a cold sponge in the morning, all the better.

Practice a few moments with your dumb-bells before breakfast and at that meal abstain from potatoes, all kinds of hot wheat breads, and eat any ripe fruit you like, with a wedge or two of dry toast, a good-sized bit of underdone steak or mutton. Sprinkle a little salt on your toast and you will find it does very well instead of butter; in fact you will very soon find you are getting on without a thought of butter, which you must not eat. You may drink tea or coffee, and in either case sweeten the liquid with a saccharine tablet, one grain, which you may purchase at any apothecary's. The tablets are put up in small bottles containing about twenty-five

each. One cup of tea or coffee must suffice. Use milk only sufficient to make your beverage palatable, and if it is not a real privation to you, dispense with coffee and tea; it will hasten the flesh-reducing. I do not insist upon this because it is in many cases a real hardship to be deprived of one's cup of tea or coffee at breakfast. You may also eat raw tomatoes, sliced cucumbers, radishes, or cresses in season with your breakfast, but you must omit oil from the salad dressing. After breakfast, rain or shine, you must exercise. If possible take a good long walk, and before you go let me beseech you to loosen your corsets, if you have been in the deplorable habit of wearing them tightly laced, and to provide yourself with large, easy, broad-soled shoes, coming well up about your ankles. Never mind how they look; get shoes at least two sizes larger than any you have ever worn hitherto, with flat heels. If your heart fails you, think of the immortal Trilby and of those heelless, large, and easy shoes of hers, and be comforted. Begin by a walk of two miles. Get into the country if you possibly can; if not, a city park is the next best thing.

Keep your mouth closed while walking and learn to breathe, if you have not yet acquired the habit, from the diaphragm—deep breathing as it is called. It consists in drawing the breath deeply and slowly. By this process a great deal more oxygen is taken into the lungs, and it is pure oxygen we are looking to as a great factor in our treatment for obesity. Deep breathing has a most wonderful effect in hardening the muscles of the abdomen also and in decreasing its size. You will get purer air away from the dusty and too often filthy streets, which is another argument for the country and the parks. Rising at seven, breakfasting about eight, you should be at home again by eleven, and about your ordinary occupations. Luncheon should consist of fruit, toast, eggs in any form, underdone meats, and almost any vegetable which does not contain starch. For example, peas, potatoes, corn, and beans all are starchy, so you must give them up, but you still have a varied and delightful menu in fruits, salads, cabbage, tomatoes, cucumbers, egg-plant, turnips, squash. You need not fear starvation.

Weigh yourself twenty-four hours after you begin this treatment, and you will find you have already lost flesh. If you can ride horseback, do so by all means, and for getting rid of flesh about the hips there is no exercise so effective as bicycling. If you have no horse and no wheel, there is nothing for it but walking and gymnastics. You can accomplish the same results. The process may not be quite so diverting, but you will succeed if you will be but persistent. Bodily exercise is of the greatest importance in the obesity cure, and if you will exercise courageously, you will have no wrinkles where the flesh was, and they are enemies to good looks. If you are in the custom of drinking wine at dinner choose either a light claret or white wine. You must not drink either champagnes or any sweet wines or liquors; you may drink a little black coffee after dinner, but you must eat no sweets at dessert. In place of massage, which is, despite all protests to the contrary, an aid to flesh-forming, once each day rub your arms, your cheeks, and the soft flesh under the chin briskly, but not so forcibly as to bruise, and afterward apply the following excellent tonic lotion prescribed by Dr. James and indorsed by the celebrated hygienist, Monin,

as wonderfully efficacious for preventing the formation of wrinkles: rose water, 200 grammes; (thick) milk of almonds, 50 grammes; sulphate of aluminium, 4 grammes; dissolve thoroughly and filter; keep in stoppered bottles. Keep a record of your weight. You can easily regulate the decrease in flesh, not only by your diet, but by the exercise you take. Of course, it is understood that once in twenty-four hours you take a full bath and scrub thoroughly.

### Fabulous Wealth in Gems

FAMOUS JEWEL COLLECTIONS.....BOSTON HERALD

They are only very little bits of carbon and corundum, roughly created in the crude and youthful years of the world's existence by some of the curious and mysterious workings of nature—only carbon and corundum, minerals sent to us far down the years from the paleozoic time; but men have toiled from youth to age to acquire them, have struggled and fought for them, have won them by the sword and kept them by the sword. Weighed in the scales, they far out-value the virgin gold. They have brought fame, and wealth, which mankind loves more than fame, to their possessors; and they have brought death and dishonor. Virtue has died through them and vice has triumphed by them. They have overthrown great monarchs and great people. Historians have written of them, romancers have woven fanciful tales about them. They have been the inspiration of great prosaists and great poets. Translate carbon into its diamond form, and corundum into the ruby and sapphire, and the dry, tedious pages of mineralogy become transformed as though by magic.

Far away in South Africa there is a mighty man; untitled, born to no great historic throne like Victoria, no creator of a great dynasty like Augustus Cæsar, no demigod like the first Napoleon. Cecil Rhodes is the name by which he is called; and the world of to-day knows him as "the diamond king." A few white men, more yellow, and an army of blacks toil unceasingly through the long, hot African day at his command; and through his hands, and by the labor of his subjects, comes yearly the great diamond stream that finds its way through various channels, sooner or later, to every country. When Pliny wrote of the Adamas, as the Romans called the diamond, it was less common than the ruby and much more valuable; and that interesting old writer notes the fact that only the greatest monarchs, and few even of them, were able to possess many of the glittering stones. To-day the ruby—the pure, unflawed stone from the Ural mountains about Burmah—outranks weight for weight the diamond. Would you comprehend the more thoroughly how long ago were the years of which Pliny wrote? Would you see world-famed jewels, not only diamonds and rubies, but sapphires and emeralds, pearls and turquoises? Would you revel in the glittering, almost bewildering light of a great part of the Rhodes' stream, as well as of that of the other mining monarchs of precious stones from the time of the birth of man? Then, when the opera season here in New York is at its height, go some night to the great temple that is called the Metropolitan, when Melba or Eames and the De Rezkes, those golden-throated song-birds of the day, are announced as the interpreters of the music poets. Take powerful glasses with you, and find your seat, where in the long waits between the scenes of Faust, or Rigoletto, or Lohengrin you may search each



of the boxes, and miss nothing of the detail of dress and adornment of its occupants.

Futile indeed would be the attempt to say how many families in the United States have half a million dollars invested in jewels, but there are more probably than is imagined. Take, for instance, what is now the American branch of the Astor family. When Mrs. William B. Astor chooses she may, from her jewel casket, literally almost cover herself with gems, and sometimes at the opera she seems to do so. Among her baubles there is a wondrous tiara of diamonds, marvelous for their size and depth and purity, and which rumor has valued at \$50,000. Then about her throat there is a velvet band attached to which are seven superb brilliants, perfect, and perfectly matched, at a cost of \$10,000 each. Or in place of the simple velvet band, this grand dame may wear any one of three great diamond necklaces that she owns, the three once appraised at \$130,000. Next there is a stomacher ablaze with \$50,000 worth of diamonds. Mrs. Astor's pins and rings, brooches and odds and ends of precious stones, excepting her earrings, which may have cost \$10,000, are as the sands of a beach. Value them at \$25,000, which is easily within bounds, and you have the interesting total of \$338,000. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, usually at the opera, clings to diamonds and sapphires, and possesses fully \$100,000 worth in various settings. Including the jewels of the late Mrs. Roosevelt, of Mrs. Drayton and Mrs. Orme Wilson, Mrs. Astor's daughters, this family has possibly \$1,000,000 invested in gems.

With the exception of Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt, whom the law has detached from that great house, the women of the family, whether that by birth or marriage, are thoroughly unostentatious. Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, mother of the Vanderbilt men of this generation, is devoted to home and quiet. She owns a collection of jewels second, perhaps, to none in America, but rarely wears them. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Sloane, Mrs. Twombly and Mrs. Shepard also have almost inexhaustible jewel caskets, with not unimportant collections of rare stones of many sorts. Mrs. Alva, who was Mrs. William K., was always the member of the family most delighting in the ostentation of wealth. Among her treasures is a great rope or chain, two and a half yards long, composed of diamonds of no mean size, perfectly matched, and bored so that they may be strung touching one another like beads. Her jewels are valued at \$500,000, the chain alone being appraised at \$100,000. Mrs. W. Seward Webb has a chain of diamonds, almost the counterpart of the one just mentioned and probably quite as costly, with coronets, tiaras, sunbursts and the other trifles. It would be safe probably to say that \$2,500,000 would be approximately near the value of the jewels of the eight Vanderbilt women, including Mrs. Alva as one.

Among other New York women Mrs. Levi P. Morton is noted for her superb diamond stars, Mrs. Henry Clews for a very beautiful collar of remarkably pure pearls, Mrs. George Gould for her splendid diamond crown, a mass of large white stones set in an open circle, and forming a series of inverted V's. This is said to be valued at \$50,000. The jewels of Mrs. Bradley Martin are eclipsed by those of no other woman in America. They are wonderful artistically for their size and value, and in many cases for their history. Suffice it to mention that her tiara of thirty-six points, dazzling

in its magnificence, made up of hundreds and hundreds of diamonds of all sizes and shapes of stones matched by years of searching and exquisitely set, is valued at \$250,000. That same modest figure applies to one of Mrs. Hicks-Lord's five diamond necklaces. This monstrous mass of fire is said to be more valuable from its large flawless stones than any other in the world. The contents of this woman's jewel casket are valued at more than \$500,000. Mrs. J. Townsend Burden has several chains of diamonds and quantities of other jewels, but her chief delight is in a splendid long chain of wondrously pure and very carefully matched pearls. At the opera and on state occasions Mrs. Burden wears this wound three or four times about her neck, and hanging over her corsage to her waist in two long loops, caught at the top of her decollete gown with a bright diamond sunburst. It is almost like a repetition of the names of gems and of adjectives to describe the jeweled ornaments of other New York women. Mrs. Burke Roche's diamonds and turquoises, Mrs. Ogden Mills' diamonds and rubies, Mrs. Webster's portion of the French crown jewels, the late Mrs. Paran Stevens' diamonds, Mr. Huntington's rubies—the money value of them all is certainly appalling.

And then consider in addition the collections of gems of those people like the Duchess of Marlborough; of Henry Hilton, whose unique set of ninety-seven colored diamonds is of fabulous value; and of Mrs. Leland Stanford's gems, that were at one time, if not now, kept here in safe-deposit vaults. Who will forget, who ever saw it, that lady's brooch of brown diamonds, surrounded by white; or her necklace of Hungarian opals and diamonds that the Emperor Napoleon III. presented to Eugenie, on the occasion of their marriage, and which was valued at 1,500,000 francs; or the historically famous Brunswick necklace of great yellow diamonds, surrounded by white and bordered by a mass of rubies, sapphires, emeralds and pearls? If one only had the all-seeing eye of the Mormon church, as Stevenson described it, here in New York, and could search the strong-boxes of the city, what wonderful jewels he might see, and how interesting would be a description of them. Think of that vast collection of gems, chiefly diamonds and rubies, that has been bought for investment only, and that set and unset glitters in the heavy iron-clad vaults of the Chemical Bank, a vault to which with its \$1,500,000 worth of brilliant treasure, the picturesque fifty-millionairess Hetty Green alone has the key.

Step for a moment from the heights of the "haute monde" to the theatre, and you will discover that it is not the New York grande dame alone who possesses a jewel casket. Many women of the stage have wonderful collections of gems, like Langtry and Fanny Davenport. A few have jewels the value of which soars up into the tens, even hundreds of thousands of dollars. Miss Davenport's collection, valued at \$250,000, has been described in all the papers, so that you will not have forgotten her glinting green emeralds, that were once the Empress Eugenie's, nor her splendid necklace and bracelets of rubies and diamonds, nor her ropes of pure white pearls. Mrs. Langtry's jewels have been much talked of, but have never been adequately described. When she played here some time ago they were carefully appraised by experts, and valued at approximately \$1,000,000. While not entirely a New York collection, so unrivalled is it, and so magnificent



that it is not only in place here, but worthy of a much more extended chapter than can be devoted to it. Perhaps more than any piece of jewelry in this collection, the most noted has been a coronet of diamonds and pearls. It contains 2,000 diamonds, ranging in weight from one-half of a karat to four karats, of the first water, and known in the diamond trade as brilliants. At the base of the crown a band of brilliants, set in squares, supports the florettes which form the wall of the tiara. A gem expert said recently, in speaking of the value of this remarkable piece of jewelry: "There is nothing like it in this country, and I doubt if its like exists in the world. Among the Russian crown jewels there is a coronet of somewhat similar structure, but the stones in it are more or less off color, and are not to be compared to the stones in this tiara for purity or brilliancy." Besides the two thousand diamonds of which the tiara is composed, there are also twenty-five large white Oriental pearls, which average from fifteen to twenty-five grains each, and are valued at \$80,000. The diamonds in the coronet represent a value of \$100,000. The frame is of silver, and the settings are all of silver.

Mrs. Langtry's collection of rubies is next in value among her jewels. She wears a necklace of rubies and diamonds which is unique in its way, for some of the rubies contained in it are unmatched for purity or perfection. This necklace is valued at \$25,000. The most valuable single jewel in the collection is an immense ruby. This superb stone, which weighs forty-four and one-eighth carats, is said to be without a rival. To-day a perfect ruby of five carats will average at least five times the value of a diamond of the same size and quality, while rubies without flaw or blemish of the true pigeon-blood variety, weighing about ten carats, are so rare and valuable, that ten times the value of a perfect diamond would be considered a very low price. From this some idea may, therefore, be gained of the enormous value of this matchless gem. The variety of ruby which this stone represents is known as the "Oriental," and it has the vivid tint of arterial blood. Jewelers and experts have never been able to agree as to the correct value of this most wonderful of gems, but it is certain that it represents no less than \$300,000. Then there is a brooch in the shape of two hearts, one of which is composed of white and the other of black pearls. The lustrous white pearls possess an almost indescribable tint of blue, and are exceedingly valuable, but of still greater value are the fine, well-matched black pearls. This brooch is appraised at \$25,000.

The diamond and emerald necklace is one of the surprises of the collection, for flawless emeralds of large size are so extremely rare that the expression "an emerald without a flaw" has passed into a proverb to denote unattainable perfection. This necklace represents an investment of \$60,000. Another necklace is of diamonds, surrounding a number of wonderful Oriental turquoises of great size. Of rings this woman possesses scores and scores, including one holding a huge turquoise—her favorite. Her rings and the necklace represent \$80,000. Then there are still other necklaces, one of sapphires and diamonds, valued at \$125,000, and one of rare Chinese yellow pearls. Bracelets, pins, gems from every corner of the world, curiously and fantastically set, of all kinds and sizes—

the whole form a collection the sight of which is bewildering. The cabinet in which this Golconda is kept is a marvel of exquisite Oriental cabinetwork, and is a triumph of mechanical ingenuity with its locks and springs. It is usually kept in a safe-deposit vault.

### The Battle of the Buckles

ORIGIN OF THE GREEK COSTUME.....ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

The Pope has issued a propaganda concerning the absurd dress that adorned the feminine head some generations ago. A French law was recently enacted regarding corsets. In Chaucer's time the English authorities took steps to prevent the extravagant wearing of gewgaws, and we all know the nature of the famed Connecticut blue laws. Even as far back as the days of Paul, the preacher, it was demanded that women's heads remain covered in public places, especially in church, but probably the most unique law ever enforced regarding feminine apparel related to buckles. It is the more interesting to air this bit of antique legality in view of the present astounding popularity of the offending article of jewelry.

Here is the story: Strife was bitter between Athens and Ægeæ. War, or rather a series of petty fights, was the accepted attitude. In one such engagement the Athenians were triumphant. A small body of the soldiers marched into the little town of Ægeæ, to be met by an infuriated mob of women, both matrons and maids. These members of the gentler sex unclasped the girdles from about their tunics and belabored the incoming militia with their metal buckles, demanding as they did so the lives of brothers, husbands and sons. The soldiers hesitated to return the attack. But resistance of some sort was necessary, as the encounter was rapidly assuming proportions of a serious affray. So they fled down the streets into open arches and cellarways, relentlessly pursued by the enraged women, who used their long winding sashes as lassoes, and pitilessly struck the flying enemy with the dangerous gold and silver ornaments. The soldiers were lashed and cut wherever an inch of flesh was unprotected and presented itself as a target for the markswomen. Finally, exhausted, the Grecian Amazons desisted, but not before "the buckle fray" had become so serious an affair that it became one of the sensations of the day.

A hearing of the case was had before the judges. The women pleaded that all was fair in love and war, but the jury and men in general determined to take such convenient weapons out of feminine possession. Probably they were not only amazed, but alarmed at the ferocity of these female warriors and resorted to the cloak of law in order to shield themselves from the possible equality of rivalry. At all events, a verdict was rendered forbidding Ægean women henceforth forever to use buckles as part of their attire. Their gowns should be fashioned, the judge decreed, in such a manner that these heretofore necessary ornaments would be omitted from the calculation. It was the bitterest judgment that could be passed on these beautiful women. It proclaimed to the world their unwomanliness, and held them up as examples at whom other women might point the finger of scorn. And they did, for the Athenian women had the gold and silversmiths mold the buckles of finer make than ever. These they wore with great pomp and pride to triumph over their male relatives' opponents.

## SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

### Mystery of the Northern Lights

THE EFFECT OF ARGON....NEW YORK WORLD

The aurora borealis has now been explained as the work of argon, the new element in the atmosphere revealed to the scientific world only a few months ago, and savants are asking in amazement what further chemical discoveries are impending. Mysteries which for ages have puzzled men of science may, it is pointed out, find their solution in argon, a basic element hitherto unsuspected, which is destroying all the old laws and setting up new ones. But a few months ago argon was unknown, and now the aurora, nature's noblest phenomenon, and a never-ending puzzle to scientists, is explained by its action. A gas present in stupendous quantity has been found which reveals strange qualities and bears a relationship to light and heat that is yet mysterious. Without it human life would be impossible, and under its influence electricity is curiously affected. Tested under the spectroscope, argon is found to have light-giving qualities. It is also mysteriously affected by heat and cold. At these phenomena the men of science are astounded. Here it is admitted may be a discovery greater than that of electricity, more revolutionary in its effects than that of steam itself.

The primal and hitherto undreamed-of cause of many of the forces of nature may at last have been unearthed. There is hypnotism, for instance, a strange, mysterious force, well recognized, but unexplainable by known laws. Argon, it is suggested, may lie at the bottom of this scientific mystery. By breathing it into the lungs in greater or less quantity the human system may become charged with this new gas, which, having mesmeric influence of its own, may affect the wills of other individuals. In medicine this new gas, which, condensed, looks like cheese, may play a most important part, yielding to the physician drugs and fluids of the greatest potency. It may cure diseases, refresh exhausted natures, and be the veritable elixir of life which shall banish death. Affecting the brain, it may excel opium or alcohol in exhilaration, and emotions like fear or love may be under its control. In explosive force argon may excel dynamite. Being lighter than air, argon may lift balloons to illimitable heights, and cause men to fly. The cause of the aurora, it may dispel the night. It may be the essential principle of electricity, the potential force of energy, or that missing link of science, the primal cause of life.

For countless ages men have viewed with wondering awe the brilliant interplay of prismatic colors which at rare intervals have irradiated the northern heavens at night, and returning travellers from the Arctic have told how, to the very zenith, some gigantic brush seemed nightly to have revelled in a many-colored painting of the sky as luminous as it was evanescent. Red and orange, purple and gold, emerald and ultra-marine, displayed at one moment as a stupendous fan, at another as some colossal fabric of lace, and again as a vast palisaded wall of gems or cataract of fires hanging in the sky, have seemed to man the work of some gigantic hand which swept the whole prismatic keyboard with a master touch. Before such gorgeous panoramas as these upon the background of the sky science has been hum-

ble. It recognized the mystery of the aurora borealis, a silent yet beautiful manifestation of some unknown force which refused to harmonize with the professor's yardstick, and eluded searching analysis.

A few tentative explanations of the aurora have been thrown off from time to time, but their very number and variety have only served to illustrate prevailing confusions on the subject. It was, said one learned professor, reflected light from icebergs in the Polar Sea. When in answer to this the point was raised that the aurora shone most brilliantly when blackest night hung her sable robe over the polar zones, the somewhat ingenious reply was made that it was stored-up sunshine which in some mysterious manner was thrown off by the icebergs after being caught during the short Arctic summer. Again it was said that the aurora borealis was original light which the earth itself was throwing off, and even so great a scientist as Humboldt inclined to this belief. In proof of this contention, he cited the planet Venus, the part of which not lighted by the sun often glimmers with a dim phosphorescent light. Taking up the theory of Humboldt, some scientists have asserted that the light was emitted from great internal fires in the center of the earth, and which had been drawn through the atmosphere to the poles, there to be concentrated by the extreme cold.

Not satisfied with this, one or two enthusiasts maintained that an actual hole through the crust of the earth existed at the North Pole, and that the aurora borealis was but the light of the internal fires shining through. Commodore Semmes of the Confederate navy was one of those who believed in the existence of this hole. All of these theories, however, began to disappear with the discovery and development of electricity. Electricity is such a mysterious agent, even at the present day, that it is held accountable for almost every phenomenon in nature otherwise unexplainable, not only among amateurs, but not infrequently in scientific circles. "It is electricity," says the farmer who encounters any unusual and mysterious force, and the college professor is at times equally vague in explaining any troublesome question put to him. Of late years the professor has frequently said that the aurora borealis was an "electrical disturbance," adding a few technical terms like "seismic," "waves of light" and "thermal influences," which sufficed to gratify the curiosity if not to enlighten the minds of inquiring students. But scientists have, all the same, been aware among themselves that the great mystery of the aurora was unexplained. It puzzled them. The electrical theory would not hold water under searching analysis, and the aurora borealis came and went unrelated to waves of electricity sweeping through the earth, and which have been variously ascribed to sun spots and to volcanic eruptions.

Now, however, with the discovery of argon, which, unknown to ourselves, we have been breathing into our lungs from the beginning of time, a light dawns in the northern skies of science. Oxygen and nitrogen had been examined without results. They failed to throw off lights of their own. They appeared to have no connection with the aurora. But when argon had suddenly



been produced from the atmosphere, upsetting old standards and revealing a hitherto unknown series of chemical laws to which alone it conformed, one of the first thoughts of the savant was to see if here was not the solution of the mystery of the aurora borealis. It was the eminent French scientist, Prof. Berthelot, who sought to ascertain whether argon might not explain the aurora and whose work has now been crowned with victory. During February he had received from Prof. Ramsey a tube containing some of the new gas. Prof. Berthelot at once began a series of investigations to ascertain first, the chemical combinations into which the new gas might be induced to enter, and, second, to secure a comparison of the spectrum of argon with that of the aurora borealis. Prof. Berthelot found that argon could be induced under electrical influences to combine or become absorbed by certain of the hydrates of carbon. This combination, however, was effected much less easily than with nitrogen, which some chemists still consider in the same relation to argon as is oxygen to ozone.

"When," said Prof. Berthelot, in describing his experiments, "I passed the silent electrical discharge through the tube of argon, there resulted a very feeble violet flame or glow, visible only in perfect darkness. Then I introduced ten drops of benzine into the tube and submitted it to a mild continuous current of electricity for ten hours. I found that eleven per cent. of the gas had been absorbed, or rather that the original one hundred volumes had been reduced to eighty-nine. I submitted the remainder to electric discharge at a higher tension, and in three hours this eighty-nine volumes had been reduced to sixty-four. A third time I placed the gas, mixed with benzine, to a high current from a Rumhkorff battery, and the gaseous residue was only thirty-two. This last product was not pure argon, as it was mixed with the products of electrical reaction on the benzine. The thirty-two volumes of gas proved to be made up of 13.5 parts of hydrogen, 1.5 parts of vapors of benzine, and 17 parts of argon. The solid residuum consisted of a yellow resinous substance, deposited on the walls of the tube. It was volatilized easily by heat and left an abundant charcoal deposit. The vapors were alkaline apparently, but the quantities were too small for reliable analysis. During these experiments, in passing electric currents through argon mixed with benzine, I obtained splendid displays of colors, similar in every respect to those of the aurora borealis. Testing these with the spectroscope, the identification seemed fully confirmed. It will be necessary to investigate further with larger quantities of the new gas, but the results already obtained certainly suggest that the aurora borealis is caused by the action of electric currents upon the argon and other elements in the atmosphere."

The "northern lights," which have so long puzzled mariners and scientists and frightened superstitious people, have thus been actually produced upon a small scale in the darkened laboratory of Professor Berthelot. In the blackness of the night he obtained, he says, "splendid displays of color similar in every respect to the aurora borealis," and the playing of the lambent flame was co-incident with a strange change in the chemical formation of the new gas. The argon appeared to be consumed by the little aurora borealis it was throwing off before the astonished and delighted eyes of the man of science. How large an aurora he can now produce appears, moreover, to be only dependent upon

the quantity of argon he can procure, and when this gas becomes a purchasable commodity, this beautiful experiment will be within the reach of every amateur. An immense field, it has been suggested, has been opened up by this astounding discovery, and the hope has even been expressed that here may be the light of the future, which will displace electricity, as the latter is displacing gas. The quantities of argon in the atmosphere are illimitable and unmeasurable.

By periodic burstings forth into auroras, such as those which have from time to time astonished mankind, some over-plus of argon appears to have been consumed and the even balance of the atmosphere again attained. But with man controlling the supplies of nature, an unending source of light is available. Some people have asserted that the aurora was merely local, that while it was common in the Arctic and only infrequently seen near the Equator, it was a feeble light at best. There is no truth in this theory, for it has been demonstrated that the prismatic rays of the aurora have pierced the atmosphere for thousands of miles. Thus New York was astonished and many of its people frightened by a display of the aurora which took place September 2, 1859. But when the nations began to compare notes it was found that upon the same evening this gorgeous emanation of colors from the northern skies was visible in Siberia, at the Cape of Good Hope, in Australia, Salvador and Scotland.

### Wonders of the Inconsumable

#### MODERN USES OF ASBESTOS... THE ENGINEER

Asbestos is a wonderful substance. The name comes from a Greek word meaning inconsumable. Fire will not burn it, acids will not gnaw in, weather will not corrode it. It is the paradox of minerals, for it is quarried just like marble. The fibers of which it is composed are soft as silk and fine and feathery enough to float on water. Yet in the mines they are so compressed that they are hard and crystalline like stone. Although the substance has been known for ages in the form of mountain cork or mountain leather, comparatively little has been learned as to its geological history and formation. A legend tells how Emperor Charlemagne, being possessed of a tablecloth woven of asbestos, was accustomed to astonish his guests by gathering it up after the meal, casting it into the fire, and withdrawing it later, cleansed, but unconsumed. Yet, although the marvelous attributes of asbestos have been known for so long, they were turned to little practical use until about twenty years ago. Since that time the manufacture of the material has grown until it can take its place with any of the industries of this country. Indeed, so rapid has been its progress and development, that there is almost no literature of any kind on the subject, and, to the popular mind, it is still one of those inexplicable things.

Up to the late seventies nearly all the asbestos used to come from the Italian Alps and from Syria, but one day explorers discovered a rich deposit in the eastern township of Quebec. Companies were formed, and, in 1879, the mines were opened. Remarkable as it may seem, however, although the Canadians started factories, in the operation of which they were substantially backed by English capital, it was an American concern, with headquarters in New York, that developed the industry most rapidly. The company has now grown so large that it has branches in nearly all of the large cities of the country, and the machinery used is specially made



and peculiarly adapted to the manufacture of asbestos articles. There are also a large number of factories in England. The veins of chrysotile, as the Canadian asbestos is called, are from two to four inches in thickness, and are separated by thin layers of hornblende crystals. The nearer to the surface the veins run, the coarser are the fibres and the less valuable.

The mining is done by the most improved machinery. Holes are drilled in long rows into the sides of the cliffs by means of steam drills. They are then loaded with dynamite and exploded simultaneously in such a way that a whole ledge of the rock falls at once. Then the workmen break out as much of the pure asbestos as possible, load it into tubs or trucks, which are hoisted out and run along to the "cobhouse." Here scores of boys are kept busily employed crumbling or "cobbling" the pieces of rock away from the asbestos and throwing the good fibre to one side, where it is placed in sacks for shipment to the factory. The greatest work in connection with the mining of asbestos is in disposing of the waste rock and the refuse of the quarry. Only about one-twenty-fifth of the material quarried is real asbestos, and the rocky parts have to be carried to the dumps at great expense.

As the asbestos comes from the mine it is of a greenish hue, and the edges are furred with loose fibers. The more nearly white asbestos is the better its grade. The length of fiber is also of great importance, the longest being the most valuable. From the mines the asbestos is taken to the manufactories in the United States.

#### Utilizing the Earth's Central Heat

AN ENGINEERING POSSIBILITY....NEW YORK LEDGER

One of the schemes for future engineers to work at will be the sinking of a shaft 12,000 or 15,000 feet into the earth for the purpose of utilizing the central heat of the globe. It is said that such a depth is by no means impossible, with the improved machinery and advanced methods of the coming engineer. Water at a temperature of 200 degrees centigrade, which can, it is said, be obtained from these deep borings, would not only heat houses and public buildings, but would furnish power that could be utilized for many purposes. Hot water already at hand is necessarily much cheaper than that which must be taken when cold and brought up to the required temperature. Once the shaft is sunk, all cost in the item of the hot water supply ceases. The pipes, if good, will last indefinitely, and as nature's stokers never allow the fire to go out, there would come in the train of this arrangement many advantages. When by sinking a shaft in the earth we can secure a perpetual heating apparatus which we can regulate by the turning of a key, one trial of life will fade into nothingness.

#### Can Acquired Character Be Inherited ?

ST. GEORGE MIVANT....HARPER'S MAGAZINE

"Can acquired character be inherited?" It is not from human characteristics and family histories that an answer has been sought, but rather from observations and experiments on various kinds of lowly organized animals. It is, in fact, a problem which has come to the front through changes and developments of opinion, and resulting contests, which have taken and are taking place among the disciples and followers of the late Mr. Charles Darwin. As most of our readers doubtless know, Darwin was preceded in his speculations about the

"origin of species" by the French naturalist Lamarck. The last named and earlier writer attributed the transformation of species to modifications of habit due to efforts newly called forth in different creatures by changes which happened to have taken place in their surroundings. The modifications of structure thus induced were, he taught, transmitted by parent animals to their offspring, and became intensified wherever such newly induced efforts and habits were maintained from generation to generation by a continuation of those changed conditions of environment which first called them forth.

Darwin to a certain extent availed himself of this hypothesis, and in his *Origin of Species* he brings forward many examples of what he believed to be modifications of form or function due to change in external conditions, and transmitted subsequently to the offspring of parents so modified. Nevertheless, though Darwin rested his theory in part on such a Lamarckian support, he based it mainly on his own special conception—namely, on the action of "natural selection." Affirming that every part of every kind of animal is liable to slight indefinite variations, practically accidental, and taking place in all directions, he taught that it was the destructive agencies ever at work in nature which caused the individuals with unfavorable variations to disappear, while it preserved those whose fortuitous modifications were useful to it, as proved by the very fact of its surviving. The most diverse characters might, under diverse circumstances, be selected, owing to their utility, and transmitted to their offspring. Sometimes it would be strength, sometimes speed, often it would be acuteness of sight, at other times quickness of ear. Thus the original Darwinian system rested, as it were, upon two pillars: (1) "natural selection" of congenital variations transmitted to offspring; and (2) the transmission by parent organisms to their progeny of characters which have been acquired by such parents owing to the influence upon them of surrounding conditions.

The disciples and successors of Darwin have now divided themselves into two antagonistic schools. One of these has made a return toward the system of Lamarck, and of such Professor Eimer, of Jena, may be taken as the representative. The other school is headed by Professor Weismann, of Freiburg in Breisgau. He has entirely repudiated the Lamarckian system, and represents the origin of new forms as being exclusively due to "natural selection," and dogmatically affirms that no acquired characters can by any possibility be transmitted to offspring. To our initial question, then, Weismann replied by an absolute, unconditional negative. All progress, he tells us, must be exclusively due to minute fortuitous variations in the composition of the germ of the animal which is in process of formation. Inasmuch as each animal above the lowest unicellular group consists of a body (or soma) containing its portion of immortal germ-plasm, it follows that each generation would be a perfect reproduction of the one before it, but for the fact that there is in each case a contest between paternal and maternal influences—between the germ-plasm of two parent organisms. In each case the germ-plasm is a new combination of antecedently existing characters—and of none but antecedently existing characters—modified by mutual conflict. But the Professor assigns to very definite minute structures the function of handing down real material

particles of ancestral substance. In the nucleus of the germ-cell there are certain peculiar filaments which, on account of their susceptibility to coloration, are known as "chromatin filaments." These may be observed to present a certain beaded appearance, and these beads. Professor Weismann regards as the material vehicle for the transmission of ancestral characters. To the fibers, or filaments, he gives the name of idants, and to the beads which compose them that of ids, while still more minute structures, the existence of which is purely hypothetical and imaginary, he terms "biophors."

It is known that the grubs, or larvæ, of insects can be made to grow either into "workers" or "queens" by being fed in a certain different manner. Bee larvæ, Professor Weismann admits, all receive similar food for the first three days of their existence; but then, if it is intended to develop any of them into queens, the bees which tend them supply such larvæ with a different, more stimulating food, after which their reproductive organs become fully developed, while those of the larvæ which are to grow into workers become very imperfect and rudimentary, though they at the same time acquire other positive characters which fit them to carry on their life as workers. The instincts of these creatures also are developed in such a way that the bees act as if they knew what would result from one or other mode of feeding, and they apply this seeming knowledge with much apparent intelligence, according to the needs and conditions of the hive. It has been contended by modern Lamarckians, and, among others, by Mr. Herbert Spencer, that in these processes we have manifest instances of results produced by changes in the environment (differences of food), instead of instances of the action of "natural selection." It is certainly indisputable that change of food does end in the results described; but, says Professor Weismann, such changes are not the cause, but merely the occasion for the manifestation of phenomena which must be due to another cause altogether—namely, as Professor Weismann says, "the latent primary constituents" of the insects concerned. The Professor, however, attributes the nature and qualities of these insects, "primary constituents," to the action of "natural selection." Can our readers believe—we confess ourselves unable to do so—that all the singular, and singularly diverse, structures, instincts and habits have been exclusively produced by minute accidental variations in the ultimate structure of a germ-cell which could not possibly contain idants, ids or biophors of any ancestors themselves possessing in the least degree instincts or structures of such kinds? These incipient stages must have been, if not actually prejudicial, only infinitesimally useful. That acquired characters and the effects of voluntary effort and of disuse can be inherited has been well argued by Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professor Eimer, and seems proved by such phenomena as the gradually complete disappearance of rudimentary organs. Professor Weismann's arguments against their possibility have, unless we are greatly mistaken, entirely broken down.

But can we attain to any ideas which afford us any more satisfactory explanation of the processes of development of individual animals, of heredity, and of the origin of species? In every investigation it is our first duty to inquire what facts are most certain and evident, and what consequences evidently flow therefrom, and by such our various speculations and hypo-

theses must be tested. In studying the functions of organisms, therefore, we should first study those about which we can obtain the most evident and certain knowledge. But among organisms no one of them is nearly so well known to us as is our own, and the most certain fact of our knowledge about ourselves is that we think, and can know we are thinking, that we can know some of our past in addition to our present state, and that we can consider and reconsider our thoughts in various groups and in different orders, as we will, passing them in review, as it were, before a present consciousness. If we are certain that we have—that we consist of—a material substance (our body), we can be yet more certain that in our thought we have an immaterial energy, and so that we are one being—a unity—which at the same time is both material and immaterial. Here, then, is one absolutely certain and evident fact, one of the most fundamental facts of the whole of natural science. Such an individual and individuating immaterial energy cannot, of course, be pictured by the imagination, but that is no bar to its intellectual apprehension. In the conception here advocated we have what no one can deny to be a "vera causa" the existence of which is supremely evident in ourselves, while it helps us to an intelligible, though unimaginable, cause of all the vital actions of organic beings, among them being that of heredity, while it facilitates the belief in the inheritance of acquired characters, upon the possibility of which inheritance depends all and any future progress of mankind through a congenital improvement of the race, to be brought about by means of voluntary effort, generous self-denial, and a persevering cultivation of the best powers and qualities of body and of mind.

#### How Nature Formed Coal

DR. HOMER GREENE'S THEORY.. DALLAS TIMES-HERALD

The formation of coal, according to Dr. Homer Greene's cosmical theory, was due to the solar orb bringing forth millions of years ago, when it was larger and hotter than to-day, a wonderfully luxuriant vegetation, including plants of strange kinds, mosses as large as forest trees, and ferns thirty feet in height, growing up richly from the clayey soil and forming dense jungles in the vast marshes, the latter covering great areas of the earth's surface; these ferns, mosses and the leaves, branches, and trunks of trees in time falling and decaying where they grew, only to render the soil more fertile and the next growth more luxuriant—year after year, century after century, this process of growth and decay going on, until the beds of vegetable matter thus deposited became of great thickness; the earth's body, however, still continued to shrink, in consequence of which her crust sinking throughout vast areas, the beds of vegetable matter going down and the water sweeping again over the great marshes, sand and mud and gravel were laid down anew over the deposits, and the clayey soil from which the next rich growth would spring was spread out on the surface, this process being repeated again and again, as often, indeed, as seams of coal in any coal bed. In this way, according to Dr. Greene, the conditions for the formation of coal were made complete, atmospheric air being entirely excluded, while the vegetable beds underwent the processes of decomposition so that in some beds of coal whole trees have been found, with roots, branches, leaves and seeds complete, and all converted into the same kind of coal as that surrounding.



## IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS IN CHARACTER VERSE

*A Big Puzzle.....Rev. Plato Johnson.....Independent*

I'se t'ought it over 'gane an' 'gane,  
But somehow don' quite make it plain

W'y t'ings is as dey be;  
No, I ain't makin' no complaint,  
But simply sayin' that I kain't  
See w'y dis is, an' todder ain't;—  
But God knows better 'n me.

For 'zample, dere's ole Jacob Bean;  
Dere ain't on yearth no man so mean,  
So orle mean as he.

Now, w'y should he have all de cash,  
Eat 'possum fat w'ile I eat hash,  
An' look on us as nigger trash?—  
De Lord knows better 'n me.

Den comes my neighbor, Simon Bole;  
Jess like a lump uv solid gol';  
He's good as good can be.  
For eighteen weeks he's ben in bed,  
Wid shakes dat's shook him almos' dead;  
But w'y, I don't git froo my head;—  
De Lord knows better 'n me.

Well, I don' bodder 'bout it all;  
De Lord's so big, an' I'se so small  
I couldn' spec' to see.  
So I jess stumbles 'long de way,  
Bearin' my burden day by day,  
An' smilin' cos my soul kin say,  
De Lord knows better 'n me.

*The Orthod-Ox Team....Fred Emerson Brooks....Old Ace (Cassell)*

"Hold on, stranger! Turn out yonder close to the wall!  
For the road's rather narrow, and I've got it all! [whoa!  
Whoa, back, haw there, old Baptist! Whoa, Methodist,  
These are oxen that need all the road you must know;  
Yes, I drive without swearin', tho' strange it may seem,  
For I'm drivin', good stranger, my Orthod-ox team!"  
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"That Episcopal ox is of excellent breed,  
He's more noted for style than he is for his speed.  
Though of delicate structure, this ox will not shirk,  
But he never was known, sir, to sweat at his work.  
He's a good, pious ox, never losin' his way,  
For he reads all the signboards and goes not astray!"  
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's the good Baptist ox, he's hard-shell to the bone;  
Close communion in diet—he eats all alone!  
Shakes his head when it's rainin' and closes his eyes;  
He hates to be sprinkled, though it come from the skies!  
He won't cross a bridge unless dragged by the team!  
He'll go nowhere, I swan, but down into the stream!"  
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Presbyterian, gee! Congregational, haw! [draw!  
They're good stock, let me tell you, and know how to  
They're so perfectly matched, sir, that very few folk  
Can tell 'em apart when they're out of the yoke!  
But you see a slight difference when it is shown,  
One leans on his elders and one stands alone!"  
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's an ox I term Israel, oldest of all;  
Once he grazed in the garden before Adam's fall;  
He went into the ark at the time of the flood,  
And when Pharaoh starved he was chewing his cud!  
There's an ancestry, sir, full of glory no doubt,  
But for goring the Master they're scattered about!"  
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"I've an ox over there who tends strictly to 'biz'!  
He's the Catholic ox; what a monster he is!  
And he keeps growin' big, while he keeps growin' old!  
And he never lets go where he once gets a hold!  
He's a strong one, you bet! Why, I never yet spoke  
But he started right off, with his neck in the yoke!"  
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's old Methodist, one of the best on the road!  
You'd suppose, by the fuss, he alone dragged the load!  
How he pulls when I sing hallelujah and shout;  
But the worst of it is, he keeps changin' about!  
He was bought on probation, and works like a top;  
But I've had him three years and suppose I must swop!"  
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"That suave Universalist many admire,  
Thinks the devil's a myth with his great prairie fire!  
There's an Adventist, claimin' to have second sight;  
If he keeps on a-guessin', he'll guess the thing right!  
And the Seventh Day Baptist—their numbers are such,  
If they do break the Sabbath, they don't break it much!"  
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Got a Spiritualist? Yes, sir; I bought one by chance;  
When it comes to hard work he goes off in a trance!  
Nothin' practical, sir, in a medium ox, [knocks!  
When you have to keep proddin' with rappin's and  
But I must keep movin' and ploddin' along  
With my Orthod-ox team, or the world will go wrong!"  
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Take the road that I came, and beware of short cuts!  
You will not lose the way if you follow the ruts;  
I'm sorry to force you, my friend, to turn out,  
But this is the regular lumberman's route!  
On the road of life, stranger, my right is supreme;  
All the world must turn out for my Orthod-ox team!"  
Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

*Katie an' Me.....J. Edmund V. Cooke.....New York Recorder*

Katie an' me ain't engaged anny moor.  
Och, but the heart of me's breakin', fer sure! [low,  
The moon has turned grane and the sun has turned yal-  
And Oi am turned both and a different fallow.  
The poipe of me loiftime is losin' its taste;  
Some illigant whuskey is goin' to waste;  
Me heart is that impty and also me arrum;  
Pertaties an' bacon have lost all their charrum,  
And Oi feel loike a tombstone, wid crape on the dure,  
Since Katie an' me ain't engaged anny moor.  
Yit most of the world is a-movin' alang  
As if there was nawthin' at all goin' wrang.  
Oi notice the little pigs lie in the mud,  
An' the fool of a cow is still chewin' her cud;  
The shky is still blue and the grass is still bright;  
The stars shine in hivin in peaceful delight;  
The little waves dance on the brist of the lake;  
Tim Donnelly's dead an' they're havin' a wake,  
An' the world's rich in joy, and it's only me poor,  
Since Katie an' me ain't engaged anny moor.

She was always that modest an' swate, Oi declare  
She wud blush full as rid as her beautiful hair  
At the t'ought of another man stalin' the taste  
Of her lips, or another man's arm round her waist.  
An' now—och, McCarney, luk out, or Oi'll break  
Yer carcass in fragmints an' dance at yer wake,  
As you're dancin' at Donnelly's! What shud Oi fear?  
Purgatory? Not mooch, fer the same is right here,  
With me heart on the briler, an' never a cure,  
Since Katie an' me ain't engaged anny moor.



## AT THE REVIVAL: IN THE TENNESSEE LOWLANDS

BY LILLIAN BELL

A reading extract from *A Little Sister to the Wilderness*. By Lillian Bell. Stone & Kimball. In this scene, from a most charming story of life in the Tennessee lowlands, the Rev. Mr. Camden is preaching at the protracted meeting. He is a city minister of prominence, who has come for this series of revival sermons. Mag, the heart-hungry maiden of his congregation, whose hopes, aspirations, and vague ideals are far above her environment, is unaware, until she attends this meeting, that Camden is a preacher. He has been kind to her in many ways, and brings new life and a vision of higher possibilities into the dull, dreary round of her daily duties.

Zion Church stood perched on four stone supports to keep it dry. The roof sloped up narrowly on either side to the ridge-pole, with nothing to break the skyline. Its two doors stood open as if hungry, and the whole aspect was of something huddled shiveringly against the horizon.

Its interior was severe in the extreme. The hard, bare seats and uncarpeted aisles gave it a meagre look. Even the high, contracted pulpit seemed gaunt and cadaverous. Two straight aisles separated the pews into three tiers, of which the men occupied the left, the women the right, while the middle was held by those whose education had reached a point which permitted men and women to sit together in church.

Never had such a congregation gathered within Zion's walls as that which greeted Camden on this Sunday morning. Bottomites easily were distinguished from the gentry, by the way in which they entered, if by no other. Some men bent forward and tiptoed their way to their seats in boots which no ingenuity of tread could render noiseless, holding their inverted hats carefully in both hands, as if they were bowls of water. Others bent backward in an excess of assurance, taking steps so long that their attenuated coat-tails flapped from side to side like a stair-clock pendulum. Women sidled and writhed into their places with painful self-consciousness. Just before seating themselves they arranged their toilets by giving their slat sunbonnets a lurch forward with one hand, while with the other they made a comprehensive grab at back gathers of their skirts.

The Richards girls fluttered in like swallows and settled themselves with much frou-frou of drapery and smoothing of ribbons. Miss Sallie and Miss Bettie Chisholm, followed by their eager escorts, came in as demure as nuns, and beckoned Addison into their pew. Miss Addison glided in with the undulating motion which seemed to belong to her clinging black gown and pliant figure, and sat in front of her cousins.

The grotesque and the serious, the sublime and the ridiculous, jostled elbows with each other at Zion. A lost soul might be saved while young people whispered or while the Tates and Greens piously quarreled.

Old Brother Tate and old Brother Green usually occupied the flat railings which ran out parallel with the sides of the pulpit, and the one who got ready first, pitched the hymn. There was no organ nor choir; nor was it anything unusual for both to pitch the hymn at the same time, some half a dozen notes apart, and sing it through, each clinging persistently to his own key, leaving the congregation to follow which leader they would.

The Tates and Greens in days past had intermarried

confusedly. Every one in two counties "claimed kin" to one or the other, yet this feud, which had begun in a friendly difference concerning brotherly love, came to include local politics and a disputed cow pasture, and finally ended in their calling each other liars; upon which the women of the family caught it up, the various kinfolks took sides, and with each year it had steadily grown worse, until now it was a county vendetta, extending into every department of their lives.

This morning, for some strange reason, Brother Tate was not there. Brother Green could hardly believe his own eyes, but he quite plumed himself. He sat with his back propped against the wall, facing the congregation, with his long legs stretched lengthwise on the rail in front of him. His heavy shoes presented a vast expanse of sole to the view of the people, half concealing, half disclosing his loosely fitting white socks, which wrinkled sadly. There is something pathetic about the wrinkled socks of an old man, especially if they are white.

The railing on the other side of the pulpit was conspicuously empty; but through the open windows the people saw and enjoyed the sight of Brother Tate galloping up the slope on a white mule. Camden rose and called out in a voice which clearly reached the little old man on the mule,

"Let us praise God by singing, 'Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord.'"

Brother Tate was seen to dig his knees into the mule in a sudden frenzy of apprehension. Brother Green was in no hurry, for his rival was not there. He cleared his throat, ran gallantly up the scale, and had just treed the note—oh, fatal delay! when Brother Tate clattered up the steps and jubilantly pitched the tune from the open door.

Brother Green paused with his mouth open, discomfited and surprised; then he shut his teeth with a most unchristian snap, and glared fiercely at the grinning faces of some Tate boys which mocked him from the pews. The congregation straggled in on the soprano, the men pounded out the air an octave below and called it bass, while the bookless Chisholm girls improvised a melodious alto.

Brother Tate sang lustily all the way down the aisle, where he disposed of himself upon the right-hand rail, just as had his rival on the left. Mr. Tate had a face like a winter apple. He wore a linen suit and green spectacles. His hair was fleecy white and hung to his collar straight. His general benevolence to all mankind only vanished when he met a Green.

Every one was seated long since, when Mag, abashed, humiliated and with wrenched heart, crept in and hid herself back near the door. The horrible sense of faintness which overpowered her when she discovered that Camden, her teacher, her friend, was the famous preacher, seared her very soul with shame, for it opened up before her averted eyes the fact that she loved him, loved him wholly, utterly. Her temerity shocked her. He was so far removed from her that she might as well aspire to Gabriel himself. She was overwhelmed by her unconscious sacrilege.

She heard the vibrations of Camden's voice as he gave out the hymn, and it quivered along her nerves to her finger-tips. It seemed to call her to him. She wanted to stay out there alone, away from everybody, but something irresistible drew her against her will. She never knew that it was Camden himself.

Mag looked earnestly at the lovely Chisholm girls and their cousin, and from them to Camden. They were his equals. They were of his kind. The eternal fitness of things in the little group she watched crowded itself upon her soul with a sickening oppression. They all belonged to the same world and to each other. She could picture him going home with them to dinner, as the preacher generally did. It was only proper that he should. She was beyond the pale. She looked again at the heavenly expression on Camden's face, and remembered all he had done, all that he had been to her. She would worship him always for that. But she turned her face to the hard, bare wall and prayed to die.

While the hymn was being sung, Camden sat studying the upturned faces before him. Faces there were in plenty with lines of suffering and care written upon them; fretful faces, weak faces, bad and good faces, and some that shone like those of the saints, but all stamped with the utter hopelessness of life. In the city these same faces would be discontented. In the country they are hopeless.

He yearned over each one of these people personally. He longed to put a ray of light into their lives which was not there now. He implored that he might be able to extend their narrow horizon; to teach them to believe more understandingly, and to understand more believingly. If only he might *do* something for them!

He rose in the tall pulpit, and waved the whispering congregation into silence. "Let us pray."

The shuffling of heavy feet, the frou-frou of women's gowns, the rustling of starched skirts, the fluttering of fans, the whimpering of fretful children melted away before those outstretched hands and hushed themselves into breathless stillness. There was an electric silence in the air which drew the people together involuntarily. Camden's uplifted face was radiant with divine light. His lips moved a moment in silent prayer, and the solemn quiet made itself felt upon the people like a benediction.

Then his voice was heard.

The words of his petition doubtless have faded from the minds of his hearers, but the breathless hush, his earnestness, that voice which melted and trembled and all but broke with feeling, which penetrated the depths of their callous hearts, which searched and quivered along their nerves with a force men vainly call magnetism for lack of a better word—all these will be remembered until memory itself fails. He pleaded for a surcease from earthly, bodily pain, from sufferings of the heart and mind, for anxieties and burdens to be rolled away. There were hushed pauses between the words, forcing an anxious solemnity from them, a solicitude for his solicitude, reacting on themselves and begetting a personal uneasiness for souls, which were of such moment to him. There was such intimate feeling manifest in his voice, it was as if a father were pleading for safety for his own sons and daughters. He seemed to call them each by name.

Mag sank upon her knees as the solemn words dropped impressively from Camden's trembling lips.

"He is praying for me," she murmured, brokenly. Her heart was eased insensibly. Camden's silent prayer already was answered. He had touched the secret sorrow of one human soul in that congregation before him.

The rustling of the people raising their heads did not disturb Mag. With her face to the wall, still she knelt.

They sang another hymn. The waves of melody floated out on the summer air, mingling with the whispering leaves, and then trembled into a vibrant silence. Mag listened with closed eyes, letting the atmosphere of peace enfold her spirit gratefully. And it was not until Camden rose to begin his sermon that Mag ranged herself out of his vision to listen.

In the pulpit Camden was most impressive. Although of a keenly nervous temperament, his manner was dignified and slow, but hinted of such repressed power and possible vehemence that these qualities subtly communicated themselves to the people.

He was of unusual height, with square, lean jaws and high cheek bones, where vivid spots of color concentrated under excitement. His hair was black and abundant, and he had a leonine fashion of tossing it from his forehead with a backward movement of his head. The gestures of his long arms and strong, sinewy fingers were powerful. They remained in his hearer's mind as a part of the point they bore upon. After once seeing him it was impossible to forget him. He thrilled upon the memory like a shock.

The sermon was long and impassioned. Children played noisily in the uncarpeted aisles. Men got up, went out to quell disturbances among their horses, and creaked back to their places.

But in spite of Camden's powerful pleadings, there were no signs of an awakening. People seldom warmed up during the first service, which was largely one of curiosity and mental adjustment. The interest usually manifested itself on Sunday night. Nevertheless, it seemed that there was a tense feeling among them, as if they felt something stirring invisibly in the air.

Suddenly a low sob smote on their ears—a voice from the woman's side, back near the door. The sound produced that rustling of expectation among the congregation that the wind makes in a cornfield. Everyone turned and looked curiously, but whoever it was, shrank back and cowered down out of sight.

Camden called for the mourners to come forward, but no one came. Some one began to pray just as Brother Tate started a hymn. Neither would stop, and the hymn and the prayer progressed together.

Camden hesitated. He afterwards remembered that moment of delay, as one who studies the little things of life. Then he made his way to the sobbing voice. As he bent over to take the hand of the kneeling girl, he was confronted by the luminous eyes of Mag, with an appeal in their depths which stirred the soul to respond.

When he led her to the altar, he fell on his knees, and with Mag's hand in his, he poured forth such a prayer, such a storm of mingled thanksgiving and petition as never before had been heard in Zion church.

The effect was electric. Groans were heard, inarticulate cries, broken pleadings and snatches of hymns, and in a moment Zion was in the midst of a revival which shook her to her foundation-stones. Mourners pressed forward by the dozen. The whole congregation swayed towards the front. Tears rained down the faces of strong men, and timid women prayed aloud.



## MODERN SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

### A Lion Fighting a Bull

BARBARIC SPORT IN SPAIN.....NEW YORK PRESS

A tiger and a leopard, a grizzly and a pack of ferocious black wolves turned matadores recently to tickle the jaded appetite of the Spaniards for blood. The first battle of the kind took place the other day in the "Corrida de Toros," at the conclusion of the ordinary, every-day bullfight, in which a score of horses and eight bulls were killed, and three banderillos (or dart throwers) badly used up. The king of beasts, a big African lion from the Zoo, and a bull of the bluest blood and unbroken pedigree, Chirimbolo by name, were the contestants. Queen Marie Christina refused to see the gory contest, but, aside from Her Majesty, all the grandees of Spain were there. Thirty thousand paid admission, and 10,000 more clamored unsuccessfully for entrance. What a crowd in the Sombra (on the shady side)! What a mob opposite! Nobles and peasants, the Mayor and his staff, Ministers of State and Prelates, women and children, cavalry officers rattling their swords, and municipal guards ordered to keep the masses quiet, while themselves unable to disguise their excitement.

The programme opened with the usual ceremonies: Trumpeters in gorgeous scarlet, blue and gold, preceded the mounted master of ceremony, who commanded a small army of chulos (agitators), banderillos (dart throwers), picadores (mounted pikemen), and matadores, with their glistening swords. The two last-named types of the arena were there for ceremonial purposes only, and withdrew after having shown off. "The President!" "The President!" now cry the masses. That dignitary rises in his box and throws a key to the gorgeous creature in black and gold, the master of ceremony, who delivers it to the mounted keeper of the bull stable, who in turn gallops out of the arena through a door in the stockade, opened for his benefit. Half a minute later a red, glossy Chirimbolo bull plunges into the sand-strewn space, greeted by the yells of the many thousand beholders. Everybody sees the moment he springs into view that he is one of the favorites, a powerful, yet wise; ferocious, yet cautious, beast. How his polished, sharp and curving horns stand out, how well proportioned his whole make-up! His master—or, to be more correct, his late master, for Chirimbolo killed him an hour ago—had fastened a bunch of gay ribbons between his shoulders, and the long tail is festooned with gold and silver bands.

Again a menial official opens the stable, and a great African lion jumps from a cage that has been wheeled to the arena's edge. The animal proved to be a majestic brute, long of mane and tail, with a fine and dignified face. At his appearance the surging mass of 30,000 became dumb in expectancy and breathless with excitement. The lion, long used to the narrow confines of his cage, seemed to regard the comparatively limitless Plaza with suspicion. Once or twice he glanced at a box resplendent with ladies in gay toilets. Then he measured his mighty opponent from the tips of his horns to his hoofs, and turned tail, pressing against the door. A hailstorm of cobblestones, fired by the banderillos, drove him away. His next move was a peculiar one. Advancing half a dozen yards into the arena, he turned his back to

Chirimbolo and began scratching the sand with his front paws. This seeming docility, induced perhaps by evil forebodings, exasperated the Spaniards, who were eager for a fray and tremendous violence. They began cursing the king of beasts, "that acted the ostrich," and called to the chillos and banderillos to do their duty.

Immediately half a dozen of the first class advanced with red rags toward the bull, who began dancing about fiercely, endeavoring to bury his horns in the bodies of the offenders. Several of the reckless fellows were obliged to leap the tall stockade, others sought shelter in the screened niches, while Chirimbolo plunged headlong against the wooden wall. Seeing that he had been fooled, the bull then charged upon a banderillo, who, with catlike agility, jumped on his back, planting two arrows between his shoulders, while holding on to the bull's horns. Before the bewildered beast could realize the indignities to which he was subjected, his tormentor stood panting in the outer ring. At this juncture in the spectacle the lion uttered a thundering roar, which served as a warning to some of the men in the arena who had approached dangerously near, and likewise attracted the undivided attention of the bull.

Chirimbolo had his tail high up in the air, his feet tearing the ground in splendid rage. Licking up sand in large quantities and steaming at the nose, he bowed his head to the ground and pointed his tremendous horns toward the lion. The denizen of the Sahara, on his part, renewed his efforts to deepen the sand-pit he had been endeavoring to make for himself. He looked the coward from his magnificent head to the long silky tail, which latter lay motionless on the ground. Now Chirimbolo, with a light in his eye that meant death, charged upon the lion, who, by a well calculated backward bound, escaped without a scratch. Chirimbolo lashed himself into fine frenzy on account of the disappointment. He bellowed with rage and then made after the king of beasts, thrusting one horn into the lion's flank; then he remained glued to the spot, as if courting an attack.

He did not have to wait long, for pain got the better of his animal majesty's judgment. He bolted round suddenly and reached with his paw for the bull's eyes. Chirimbolo jumped to one side, leaving about two feet of skin from his face and neck in the lion's clutch, and raw, bleeding and quivering flesh exposed to view. Bleeding profusely and snorting with rage, Chirimbolo went backward a few yards, bowing his head to the ground. The lion, with eyes aflame, tail whizzing viciously through the air, the blood-streaked mane raised and trembling, was preparing to leap. So he stood, half crouched, for ten, fifteen seconds, then, amid the frantic applause of the entire audience, jumped on his adversary's neck.

Yet, before he succeeded in fastening his teeth and claws in the flesh, Chirimbolo shook him off, took up his body on both horns and threw the lion fifteen feet in the air. The tremendous animal mass that looked for a moment like a yellow-black fur ball, came to the ground with a dull thud, and before the lion could gain his feet, the foaming bull had run one of his three-foot horns into his belly. All this happened within the



space of a minute, in a circle formed by the agitators and dart throwers, who seemed to be lost in the contemplation of the combat, quite regardless of their own danger. Seeing that the lion was in a fair way to be disemboweled, they now rushed forward with their arrows and scarlet rags to divert the bull's attention from the victim. After awhile they drew Chirimbolo to another part of the arena, and, while endeavoring to lasso him, whose horns and head were dripping with blood and whose mouth was covered with foam, a dozen menagerie keepers rolled a low wagon into the arena, on which they deposited the semi-unconscious lion. The poor, peaceful beast did not object to being removed. He may recover, but his chances are slim.

### Kite Flying on a Large Scale

ALLEN SANGREE.....ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

Miss Elaine Goodale, the poetess, who was sitting with a party on a roof garden in New York, watching the fretful gyrations of a large kite, remarked that it reminded her of a soul impatient to free itself from earth and soar away. Another lady of a more realistic turn of mind likened it to a drunken man who was undetermined whether to go home or turn back to the saloon. After awhile this kite in question seemed to have come to a decision and, summoning up all of its latent strength, switched the long snake-like tail around and shot upward at a tremendous rate. It was then noticed for the first time that the string was being let out by a rather diminutive youngster who stood in the midst of a vacant lot which was intersected with deep sewer beds. The kite itself was eight feet high.

In the making of kites shape is no consideration. A square, circle, hexagon, man, star, fish, dragon, horse, or shield will fly equally well, but they must be equally proportioned. In Japan one often sees a whole menagerie at once in the air—horses, cows, dogs, monkeys, bats, crows, fishes and snakes, as well as dragons, babies which cry, boys with their arms and legs spread out, hunters and soldiers. In Japan and China, where kite flying is the national pastime, the daily occupation of the children and of the old men who have retired from active labor, there are practiced many competitive contests with kites of elaborate construction. Only within the past few years, however, has the war kite been introduced in this country from Japan, and it has given a great impetus to kite flying. There are two kinds of war kites, the unarmed and the armed. The usual form of the unarmed fighting kite is that of the bow kite. It should be made about two and one-half feet high; base of bow fourteen inches below top of spine or centre stick, and twenty-seven inches broad. Cover the frame with cambric or silk. The tail is made of string, with bunches of colored paper inserted in loops an inch or so apart with a paper tassel at the end. Ten feet is the proper length of tail for a kite of this size. The object in fighting with this kite is to capture your opponent's kite by entangling its tail in your own string. To do this you must make your kite dart under the twine of your enemy. As soon as it darts let out string rapidly enough to keep your fighter under control and at the same time allow it to fall to the rear of the other kite. Having accomplished this, drop your ball of string and pull in hand over hand as fast as possible. If your enemy is not very spry and well up in these tactics this manoeuvre will hopelessly entangle his kite tail on your

string. It then remains for you to pull in the other kite, inscribe the date of its capture on your own and return the captive to its proper owner.

The armed kites are of a more relentless and blood-thirsty order than the strategic unarmed warrior. Their object in life is to commit as much havoc as possible in kitedom. They are not content with simply humiliating their opponents—they annihilate him; that is, they cut the string which holds their enemy, leaving the latter to come to grief wherever he first lands. The armed kite is usually made about two and one-half feet high and covered with cambric and silk. The tail may be made of strips of brigat-colored cloth about one inch wide, securely tied in the middle to a strong twine. The destructive part of this kite lies in the tail, to which are attached sharp pieces of broken glass, called knives. Fasten three of these knives together with wax, so that each shall point in a different direction, bind on three slips of thin wood lengthwise to hold the wax and glass firmly and cover with cloth or kid. A much simpler weapon is made by dipping the ten feet of string next to the kite in glue and then rolling it in pounded glass until thickly coated with a glistening armor of sharp points. The object with both is, of course, to cut your opponent's string. The skillful manoeuvring which this requires is very good practice in training one to act quickly. It is considered dishonorable to cut an unarmed kite.

Kite clubs, which hold meets and tournaments and award prizes to the steadiest stander, highest flyer, and for the most original and unique kite designs, have been organized all over the country, and for the most part have their own rules and regulations. In New York the boys fight with their kites from the tops of the big flat houses, and there is very little attention paid to rules. Another thing the boys do in town is to fly kites at night with lanterns in the end of the tail. They always attract much attention wabbling about high up in the air without any visible means of support. In Japan they fly castles and pagodas with windows lighted by small lamps, so that they look like real houses. You may also see great bouquets of flowers, trees with leaves and fruit on them. The latter often contain fireworks, which go off in the air. Some are hung with lanterns or made like wheels, the spokes of which have fireflies fastened to them. They also have in Japan the "whistling kite," which buzzes or hums or sings in the air like a hurdy-gurdy or a swarm of bees. Live birds are afraid of them. The noise is made by a strip of bamboo or whalebone stretched tightly across the top of the kite and played on by the air.

The usefulness of the kite, though forgotten by most persons, is not ignored by the engineer, who uses it in carrying lines over deep chasms. It was in this way that the first wire of the Niagara suspension bridge was got across Niagara river. Ropes were formerly carried to wrecked vessels in this way. A scientific and military interest attaches to the kite, from the fact that it is of great service when attached to war balloons in supporting them and keeping them steady. It is also used in anemometrical observations. The most illustrious incident in the history of the kite, however, was when Benjamin Franklin used it to get down lightning from the clouds. Every boy has read of this. It was in this way that Franklin proved electricity in the atmosphere is the same as that generated by electrical machines.

## RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

**Equality of Man a Delusion**

MRS. ELIZ. LYNN LINTON.....ST. JAMES' BUDGET

This is one of those cant phrases which inflate the imagination of shallow reasoners and satisfy minds to which claptrap is argument. Born equal? Surely, if by that is meant born equal in bodily helplessness and mental vacuity—the future athlete no more capable of standing on his feet than the future dwarf and deformed; the unfinished epoch-maker in the world of thought no more capable of understanding his own identity than the future idiot who can never be taught that one and one make two. But to say that we are all born equal in the way of evolutionary possibilities is about as true as to say that we can all have blue eyes and golden hair and grow to the height of six feet, if so be that we and our parents will it. We are born unequal from the very beginning; and our future potentialities have their limits marked out for them or ever we draw the breath of life. We are as circumstance and our progenitors have made us. The child of sodden, vicious, diseased parents, criminal and ignorant, and the son of a clean-blooded well-conditioned father and a chaste self-respecting mother, can scarce be ranked as equal in aught but the physical impotency and mental incapacity of the earliest days of infancy. Take that poor little gutter-sparrow from the cradle and educate him side by side with the son of the gentleman—no art yet known of man can make the two equal in inherited proclivities or raise the offspring of vice, dirt, drunkenness, and disease to the same level as that granted by right of inheritance to the child of good blood and clean living. Physical taints are inherited, as we all know; and moral taints with, and perhaps because of, the physical. The child of the drunkard is not as the child of the sober, and the thief and the profligate transmit more than the curve of the lip or the color of the eyes. Those sour grapes which the fathers have eaten set the children's teeth on edge now as heretofore; and Nemesis has a trick of clutching at the little ones who have done no wrong as yet, but who are predestined all the same.

Though every infant's mind is a blank page whereon the abiding words are written by outside circumstance, the material of each page is different, and the same writing takes different depths and varied directions. No two members of a family are exactly alike, and certainly not exactly equal. Born of the same parents, reared under the same conditions, educated alike, treated alike, fed and nurtured alike—one will prove idle, listless, neurotic, viciously inclined from early youth; hopelessly self-indulgent; as hopelessly unconscientious. Another will be sturdy, upright, commonplace, with no great vices and as little nobility of virtue. A third will be of the stuff of which heroes are made; a fourth will be a non-entity. Where was the equality of birth there? Sameness of circumstance, yes; but equality in potentialities of development—equality in mental and moral capacity—emphatically no! There is not a trace of this educable equality, look where we will. In a foundling hospital, in a workhouse, where the children are taken from the earliest days and subjected to exactly the same regimen throughout, do we get equality of result? As little there as elsewhere. No sameness of discipline,

uniform and impartial as it may be, does more than create a certain sameness of appearance. The men march in step and hold their rifles at the same angle; but the powers, the proclivities of each are different and unequal. Why, no one who has had much to do with newly born infants—no monthly nurse, no obstetrician, no woman who has ever held more than one child in her arms, can say they are equal—not even in their swaddling-clothes. With one you are conscious of a man in embryo—a creature who may grow up to be one of the semi-divine sons of men; with another you have but a poor little abortive bit of atavism. Will any amount of food or education make these two equal? Great and unremitting care may mitigate some of the inherited evils of our poor little failure, and pull it out of the depths somewhat nearer to the surface; but no care whatsoever will make it equal in the end to our nobly-built strong-limbed man-child, if he, too, be well and wisely nurtured. It is the old analogy of the figs and the grapes and the thistles and the thorns, and each producing after his own kind.

The modern idea goes the other way; and it is easy to see why. It is part and parcel of the New Radicalism, which in all its breadth and depth ignores science and derides law—building its house on the shifting sand and its pyramid point downward. As the main endeavor of the present Radical school is to show that one man is as good as another, and that it is only by adventitious and removable circumstances that inequality exists at all, free education and free dinners are the magic runes by which the dry sticks are to be made to blossom and bear fruit and the dead bodies stand up and walk. Under the gracious influence of this supreme spell, the gutter-sparrow is to be cleansed of his congenital filth and come forth as a shining dove, whose feathers are of silver, untarnished and unbroken. Heredity is not to count; prenatal conditions are not to count; base blood, diseased and corrupted, is to be held capable of becoming the purest ichor; home surroundings are to be as phantasmagoric as the rest; and under the transforming power of a little book knowledge, which is not rightly understood when learnt, and is of no practical good to the after-life, all the potent factors we have mentioned are to be wiped out of the sum, and a quite ideal totting up is to be the result. This is the corollary of that flattering fable—Born Equal—which has caught the fervid fancy of the New Radical; and suitable class education, in view of the fact that we are born unequal, and unequal shall have to remain to the end of our lives—that some are "aristoi" and some are plebeian from the cradle, and so go down to the grave—this suitable class education is set aside in favor of an unworkable bit of claptrap philanthropy.

"Every soldier carries in his knapsack the 'bâton' of a field-marshal." That was a fine phrase, heartening and encouraging; but it was eminently untrue. Every soldier did not carry that potential "bâton"—only those exceptionally favored by nature who had a finer material to work with than the rest and the opportunity to show of what stuff they were made. Men of this exceptional stamp will always come to the front, in whatever station they may be; and we question the theory of many mute



inglorious Miltons—mute for want of opportunity. Some of our sweetest singers were unhelpt by Fortune or circumstance; and, after all, the Ugly Duck will develop into a swan when the days of its probation are fulfilled—the golden eagle will hatch out into his proper shape, be the egg laid in a vulture's nest or among the heather with the grouse and the plover. We cannot all do as we would. Our ambition overleaps our powers, and we are the sport of unattainable desire and the victim of incapacities inherited and irremovable. We all have desires in excess of our powers; yet we see our neighbor accomplish with ease those things which we toil in vain to compass. He in his turn has his impassible barriers, which his brother clears at a bound. The words *Born Equal* stand like a mocking legend, flouting the failure of the incapable and making of the success of the stronger only a happy effort, helped by the partiality of Fortune and the happy arrangement of events.

If for this absurd and lying legend, which threatens more topsy-turvydom than is pleasant to contemplate, we substitute *Born Improveable*, we shall be nearer the mark. All, save those victims of physical and mental disability which science itself cannot mend, can be trained and educated into something better than their surroundings will make them, if those surroundings be evil. Good food, good air, good teaching, kind handling, and worthy example can evolve a better race even of gutter-sparrows than we have now under the opposite conditions. But just as it takes three generations before the descendants of a successful operative become gentlemen, so would it take many and many generations before these poor little waifs and strays could be cleansed of their inherited filth and made equal with the rest.

### The Law of Chance in Life

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.....SCIENCE SIFTINGS

The details of the Elbe ocean horror strikingly illustrated the truth that in questions of life and death the calculus of probability cannot be applied to the fate of individuals. Our life insurance companies have pretty reliable methods of classifying their customers and predicting the percentage of survivals in a given number of soldiers, sailors, and firemen, but their statistics deal only with averages, and, in special cases, the result is apt to belie the forecast of the most accomplished experts. In marine disasters, as a rule, women and children and the passengers of compartment vessels have a superior chance of escape, but there are cases of shipwrecked sailors having performed long voyages in open boats without a single accident, while more than one model steamer has gone down with all on board. When the mutineers of the *Bounty* set adrift their captain and his sympathizers in the middle of the Pacific they evidently only wanted to palliate the odium of outright murder, but never expected that one of the thirteen occupants of the rickety launch could possibly live to betray their crime. Yet that launch reached Singapore after a trip of 4,800 miles, though her rowlocks were so close to the water's edge that she could only be kept afloat by the most careful management, and in rough weather only by a constant use of pails. The steamer *Elbe*, on the other hand, had been built after a plan of compartment structure which was supposed to make the total loss of a vessel almost impossible, and in the worst case guarantee its buoyancy for a period sufficient to save the crew, together with the most valuable part of

the cargo. Yet a minute after the collision with the *Crathie* the big steamer became unmanageable and went under before more than five of the twenty-four lifeboats could be launched.

At Trafalgar, half a century before the invention of the compartment system, not one of the cannon-smitten French frigates went down half as quickly, and in spite of conflicting accounts it seems now wholly certain that the surviving twenty-two of the 350 *Elbe* victims were selected by the freaks of pure accident. If the steamer had not tilted at a critical moment and lifted fifteen boats half a hundred feet above the water's edge, every woman and child might have been saved. The truth seems to be that the ladies and children simply failed to draw prizes in a lottery with a fearful preponderance of blanks, or, as an agent of the German Lloyd expressed it, "had to take their chance of luck with the rest"—like the minors and noncombatants who followed the retreat of the French army from Moscow. At the crossing of the *Beresina*, a detachment of those helpless fugitives was given precedence, and an eye-witness of the fatal day records the fact that most of those who got safely across were doomed to succumb to subsequent hardships, while many of their despairing friends on the other side of the river were saved by falling into the hands of Commander *Tschitschakoff*, an unpronounceable Muscovite, with a very pronounced substratum of good nature under his shaggy mantle. The only survivors of the massacre of *Prevesa* were two boys and one heroic old swashbuckler, who backed against a rock and defied the victors to come on, and whose life a chivalrous lieutenant of *Ali Pasha* ordered his men to spare at all hazards. The survival luck of war is, indeed, not always in favor of the strongest or most cautious. Marshal *Turenne*, with all the boldness of his aggressive tactics, had a wholesome dislike of personal encounters, and when the Margrave of the devastated Palatinate challenged him to single combat he replied that "his instructions limited him to wholesale transactions." On the day of battle he followed the plan of *Marlborough* to keep his person out of bullet range, but, before the end of the campaign against *Montecucoli*, that long-headed commander was killed by a cannon-ball while reconnoitering the hostile position from a distance of a mile and a half.

A similar fate closed the chequered career of Gen. *Moreau*, who held that "an officer of rank can serve his country by the use of his telescope more than by the use of his sabre." The allies kept him as much, as possible at headquarters, but after the battle of *Dresden* he found out that *Napoleon*, too, knew the value of a telescope. Seeing a group of officers on top of a treeless hill, he watched them for a while through his field-glass, and then bade the officer in charge of a crack battery to "try and treat those gentlemen up there to a dozen balls at one discharge." Part of the volley went a little too high, but one ball answered the purpose of the programme by hitting the victor of *Hohenlinden* near the right hip and then breaking his left leg, after passing completely through his horse, which completed the mischief by falling on the top of its crippled rider. *Napoleon* afterwards learned that a fraction of a change in the aim of his artilleryists would probably have ended the whole war, as well as the campaigns of Gen. *Moreau*, for the two horsemen on the left and right of his former rival were the Emperor *Alexander* of



Russia, and Prince Schwartzberg, the Commander-in-chief of the allied armies. One of the gunners clutched his head with a groan when he heard of those facts. "Sacré ciel! I did want to depress my piece a little more," said he, "but our sergeant told me to stand back, because the rest were ready, and we had to blaze away all-of-a-whack."

The fate of Lord Nelson turned on a similar trifle. The sharpshooters in the rigging of one of the battle-ships had been ordered to come down, because her commander saw the hopelessness of further resistance, but one of them, just before beginning his descent, decided to have one more shot at an English officer, glittering with decorations, whom he had in vain tried to hit twice before. He had no idea that his target was the formidable Admiral in person, but merely felt a hankering to ascertain whether his misses were due to the swaying of the ship, or if the Englishman with the crosses (amulets for all he knew) really bore a charmed life. Still rougher luck was that of Marshal Lannes, who seemed destined to be hit in almost every battle. In the course of the three Italian campaigns he had been wounded not less than eight times, and was almost killed at Eylau, though he kept in the saddle for fear of disheartening his men in the crisis of the final charge. At Aspern, too, he rode at the head of his grenadiers till the bullets began to fly so thick that the special aim of the hostile marksmen could be no longer doubted. "They have recognized you," cried his adjutant; "get down, quick, or you are done for!" Two musket balls whizzing close by his ears indorsed the advice in a manner not easy to resist, and when a third bullet plowed through his hat, the stout Marshal dismounted, but had no sooner touched the ground when a cannon-ball broke both his legs just below the knee. Death followed. Murat, his rival in reckless courage, had the opposite kind of luck, and survived so many desperate charges that his troopers actually began to think him invulnerable. He rode into battle dressed most ostentatiously, and always kept in the front rank to give the enemy a chance to admire his embroidered velvet tunic and 10,000-franc ostrich plumes—in short, made himself a highly conspicuous target to hostile sharpshooters, but somehow or other always got off.

### Progressive Stages in Culture

#### THE EVOLUTION OF CRUDITY....THE OUTLOOK

There is one form of snobbery which is peculiarly offensive and exceedingly common among certain classes of people: snobbery which betrays itself in constant use of the adjective "crude." Now, there is a crudity which ought always to be condemned: the crudity of those who have had opportunities of passing out of the stage of ignorance, but who persist in remaining in it; the crudity of those who, in spite of educational chances, hold to low standards and ideals. It is impossible to condemn this kind of crudity too often or too severely; for it is a form of Philistinism which is both demoralizing and contagious. There is another kind of crudity, however, which is reputable because inevitable. The crudity which is final is a thing to expose and denounce; the crudity which is provisional is a thing to respect and protect. Ignorance in a man who might be educated exposes him to criticism and contempt; ignorance in a child who is a walking toward knowledge is a claim to patience and forbearance. Only a nature

essentially brutal scoffs at the blunders of an aspiring child; and a nature must have elements of coarseness and vulgarity which permits itself to make cheap ridicule of men and women whose aspirations are hindered by crudity. A really fine nature always respects that which aspires, and it makes little difference whether that which strives to better itself is still close to the earth or has lifted itself well into the sunlight.

As a rule, criticism of the kind one hears in ordinary conversation is valuable solely because it throws light on the standards and nature of the critics; this is the one element which redeems the superficial and silly opinions many people are always expressing about other people. And the frequent use of the adjective crude, applied without discrimination, awakens instant suspicion of the reality of the accomplishments and training of the person who uses it. Those who have just "arrived" socially—to use an expressive French phrase—are always the persons who scorn the pit from which they were dug, and look with shocked eyes and fastidious abhorrence on those who still linger in the regions from which they have just extricated themselves; the cheap people socially are always those who talk ostentatiously about "family." For a kindred reason it is the cheap people intellectually who are so distressed by the crudity of others. They have so recently emerged from the same condition that they are greatly concerned lest they shall have brought any trace of it with them. These sensitive people are pained by contact with crudity in any form; they take refuge in their own little circle, and bewail the low standards of those who surround them. They are appalled by the lack of taste and intelligence among the farming classes. If they happen to live on the Atlantic coast, they are depressed by the crudity of the West. They are much more concerned to protect themselves from contact with imperfection of knowledge or manner than they are to pursue perfection.

To stand uncompromisingly for the highest and best things is a noble attitude, and involves condemnation of any complacent acceptance of lower aims and standards; but the more single-hearted the pursuit of the highest things, the more reverent will be the attitude towards those who are taking the first steps along the difficult road. It is a cheap culture and a sham refinement of mind which ridicules or scorns the first sincere efforts of those who, finding that there is something better than they possess, have begun to strive for it. It is snobbery of the most offensive kind which draws the hem of its garment from possible contact with those who are still in the first stages of culture. But of this snobbery there is altogether too much in this country, where there ought to be the deepest fellowship between those who have enjoyed and those who have lacked the higher intellectual opportunities. In a democracy superior advantages impose responsibilities rather than confer immunities, and the trained man owes a peculiar duty to the untrained man. The deep instinct of the man who has had access to the finer resources of life ought to bring him into closest fellowship with his less fortunate brother. A genuine culture craves opportunities of sharing that which it has secured, instead of withdrawing itself into a privileged seclusion; and the greater the need of others, the deeper is its desire to divide its possessions. To a man of such culture all aspiration is sacred, and crudity reaching out for growth is a claim for sympathy and help which has a divine urgency in it.

## SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN A LIGHTER VEIN

*When Mabel Smiles....Samuel Minturn Peck....Life*

When Mabel smiles my heart beats high,  
A softer azure tints the sky,  
And zephyrs sweet flit laughing by,  
With strains unheard before.  
While I look in her peerless eyes,  
And envy not the rich and wise,  
Nor heavenward gaze with wistful sighs,  
For heaven can yield no more.

When Mabel frowns the world is drear,  
Each trembling dewdrop seems a tear,  
The roses droop in grief and fear,  
And cease to breathe perfume.  
Alas, for me, a mournful swain,  
The dismal moments drag in pain,  
For who could bear to meet disdain  
From lips so full of bloom!

When Mabel smiles my heart is proud,  
When Mabel frowns my heart is bowed;  
But be she dark or sunny-browed  
She reigns my bosom's queen;  
And well she knows who rules in state,  
That joy and pain must alternate;  
And so fair Mabel hides my fate,  
A smile and frown between.

*Fate and Lacework....Madeline S. Bridges....Puck*

Of course I loved him. (One, two, three,  
And slip the fourth.) Dear fellow! yes,  
He fairly worshiped me. (Now look;  
This time you take two stitches less.)  
Quite tall, well-built; his eyes were gray—  
(You pull that thread the other way,  
Two loops.) A dimple in his chin,  
The sweetest hair. (My dear, observe.)  
He was a poet. (This begins  
The second row, and makes the curve.)  
I'm sure you'd like to read the rhymes  
He wrote me. ('Round the edge, three times.)

Poor boy! His fate was very sad;  
He died quite young. (Another one,  
But not so tight.) It broke my heart.  
(There, that is very nicely done.)  
He was my first love, and—my last.  
(Be careful, dear; don't go so fast.)

My husband? Oh, the kindest soul!  
I met him (now, the pattern shows!)  
In Europe. We were married there;  
And—oh, well, yes!—as marriage goes,  
I'm happy. (Keep the thread quite straight,  
Or it will tangle.) Such is fate!

*Old Letters.....Norman Gale.....Orchard Songs (Putnam)*

Last night some yellow letters fell  
From out a scrip I found by chance;  
Among them was the silent ghost,  
The spirit of my first romance:  
And in a faint blue envelope  
A withered rose long lost to dew  
Bore witness to the dashing days  
When love was large and wits were few.

Yet standing there, all worn and gray,  
The teardrops quivered in my eyes  
To think of youth's unshaken front,  
The forehead lifted to the skies;

How rough a hill my eager feet  
Flung backward when upon its crest  
I saw the flutter of the lace  
The wind awoke on Helen's breast!

How thornless were the roses then  
When fresh young eyes and lips were kind,  
When Cupid in our porches proved  
How true the tale that Love is blind!  
But Red-and-White and Poverty  
Would only mate while shone the May;  
Then came a bag of Golden Crowns  
And jingled Red-and-White away.

Grown old and niggard of romance  
I wince not much at aught askew  
And often ask my favorite cat  
What else had Red-and-White to do?  
And here's the bud that rose and sank  
A crimson island on her breast—  
Why should I burn it? Once again  
Hide, rose, and dream. God send me rest.

*My Lady's Fan.....Stella Arnold Wise.....Southern Magazine*

This fairy wonder of silk and pearl,  
How like my lady in dainty grace:  
For pearls to-night on her breast she wears,  
'Mid folds of satin and lace.

She touched its rim to her dainty lips,  
That her welcoming smile I might not see;  
And I know that often its perfumed screen  
Hath hidden a blush from me.

She hath held it clasped in her fingers, here  
Where I touch my lips to the shining pearl;  
And brushed aside with its feathery edge,  
The floss of a silken curl.

And here, I marked as she wrote this eve,  
In pensive mood, on the pearly frame,  
While my rival whispered behind her chair;  
What was it she wrote? *My* name!

Ah, lady Belle, as I hold your fan,  
While you idly toy with your rosy ice—  
Little you dream that your secret's told  
Here by your own device.

You shall hide no more of your blushes sweet,  
Nor screen your smile from your lover's view;  
And the kiss that I gave your senseless fan  
I shall give sometime to you.

*When the Fields are Abloom.....Cy Warman.....Detroit Free Press*

O, it's easy to love, to be loyal and leal,  
Sweet, when the fields are abloom;  
When nature keeps pace with the passions we feel,  
Sweet, and the fields are abloom.

But O! to be true when the year has grown old,  
When the flowers are fading and love's growing cold  
Though the heart of the maiden is easy to hold,  
Sweet, when the fields are abloom.

In your sunny smile is perpetual spring,  
Sweet, and the fields are abloom;  
And all the year 'round I can hear the birds sing,  
Sweet, when the fields are abloom.  
For the sun seems to stay in your beautiful hair  
And the rose in your cheek; what shall I compare  
With your kiss?—the scent of summer is there,  
Sweet, when the fields are abloom.

## TOM FOLEY'S RETURN: AN IRISH GHOST STORY

BY JEREMIAH CURTIN

A selected story from *Tales of the Fairies and of the Ghost World*. Collected from oral tradition in Southwest Munster, by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co.

Before telling you of Tom Foley's ghost, let me give a word on the burial customs of Ireland. They are very interesting, because they throw light on beliefs concerning another life—beliefs that once were universal on the island, and are held yet in a certain way by a good many people. There is much variety in the burial customs of the whole country, but I can refer to only one or two details which are observed carefully in the peninsula west of Killarney.

When the coffin is ready to be taken to the grave the lid is nailed down; but when it is at the edge of the grave, the nails are drawn and placed one across another on the lid, which is left unfastened. In arranging the corpse in the coffin, the feet are generally fastened together to keep them in position. This is done, frequently, by pinning the stockings to each other; but, however done, the fastening is removed before burial, and the feet are left perfectly free. The corpse is not bound in any way, or confined in the coffin. That it is held necessary to free the feet of the corpse, is shown by what happened one at Cahirciveen. A man died, and his widow forgot to remove the pins fastening his stockings to each other. The voice of the dead man came to the woman, on the night after the funeral, telling her that his feet were bound, and to free them. Next day she had the grave opened, took the pins from the stockings, and left the feet untrammelled.

It is believed as firmly by some people that the dead rise from their graves time after time, each by himself independently, as it is by others that all men will rise ages hence at one call, and be judged for their deeds simultaneously. Besides the separate movements of each dead person, we have the social apparition on the night of All Saints, when the dead come to the houses of their friends and sit by the fire, unseen of all save those who are to die within the coming year. In view of this visit a good fire is made, the room is swept carefully, and prayers are repeated.

When I inquired why the nails were drawn from the coffin and bonds removed from the corpse with such care, some persons said that it was an old superstition, others that it was an old custom, and others still that it was done to give the dead man his freedom.\*

The tale of Tom Foley, suggested by this funeral lore, is a story of a premature burial; there is no real ghost, but there is strong evidence of a general and firm belief that ghosts go among men, and are active on earth.

There was a man, Tom Foley, a farmer who lived at Castlemain, near the Leann River; he had a brother John, who lived eight miles beyond Tralee, on a farm of his own which he had there. The Leann is a great river for fishing when the weather is favorable.

Tom Foley went fishing once on a cloudy day when it was raining a little. There was a great rise of fish in the river, and Tom was killing a power of them that turn. The place where Tom was fishing was about seven fields from his house without being in sight of it.

The main road was very near the river, and Tom wasn't above an hour killing fish when a man came that way on horseback, and when he saw Foley on the bank he made towards him.

"Is your name Tom Foley?" asked the man.

"It is," said Tom.

"Have you a brother named John?"

"I have."

"Well, your brother is dead; he got a sudden death yesterday. I am his servant-man, and I was sent by John's wife to say that you are wanted at the house without delay."

"You'd better not go back to-day," said Tom to the man. "There is a great rise of fish in this river; I haven't seen the like since I was born. Stop fishing here after me; you'll have time enough for the funeral to-morrow."

"Leave your overcoat with me," said the man.

Tom gave his overcoat to the man, and said: "I'll not mind going home. The clothes I have on will do very well; and do you take what fish I killed, and what you'll kill yourself, to my house; you'll find the road to it easily."

Tom mounted his horse and rode off. The servant-man, who was of Tom's size, put on the coat and was fishing away for a few hours, when, whatever way it happened, he fell into the river and was drowned.

There were two other fishermen on the bank of the river at a distance from Tom. They didn't see the horse coming nor the servant man changing places with Foley, and they thought it was Tom was in it all the time. After a while they looked again, but if they did, they got no sight of the man on the bank.

"It seems Tom has gone home," said one of the men; "there is no rise of fish here, and I'll go fishing the river down before me."

He went down till he came to where Foley's bag of fish was. He knew then that it was not home he went. So he looked into the water, and what should he see but the body at the bottom of the river and Tom Foley's coat on it. He screeched out to the other man then, saying that Tom Foley was drowned.

The other man came and stayed in the place, while the first went with an account to the house and told Tom's wife, Mary, that her husband was drowned in the river. Mary began to screech and lament in a way you'd think the life would leave her. The man ran and collected the neighbors, and went with them and Mary Foley to bring home the corpse. When the people raised the body from the river, they found the face all eaten by eels; no one could know that it was Tom Foley was in it but for the coat.

Mary began to moan and lament now at sight of the body. "Oh," cried she, "Tom aghraghil, you're gone from me; how can I live without you now. Oh, Tom, my darling, why did you leave me?"

It would bring the tears to any man's eyes to look at poor Mary Foley, and her heart nearly breaking. The neighbors took the body home, and there was a great wake in the Foley's house that night. The neighboring women comforted Mary the best way they could.



"Don't be flying in the face of God, my dear," said one old woman; "sure nothing happens in the whole world without the will of the Almighty. It was the Lord took your husband, and you should bear the loss and be resigned; the Lord will reward you."

Next day there was a great funeral, for Tom had many friends and relations. The parish priest himself went to the funeral; he didn't send the curate. The graveyard was four miles from Tom's village, and on the road home Mary Foley and her three brothers stopped at a public-house, half-way. They were tired, hungry, and dry—in need of refreshment. Mary's brothers had a friend of theirs with them, a man who lived two villages away—a fine, able, strong fellow, and he sat down with the company.

When they had eaten a bite and taken some drink for themselves, Mary was complaining of her lonely condition, and the tears coming out of her eyes. "How am I to live without Tom?" asked she. "Sure everybody will be robbing me. I'll be beggared unless ye do something to help me."

"Yerra, woman, how are we to help you?" said the oldest brother. "We have all we can do to mind our own families."

"That's true for you," said the second brother, "but still and all we can mend the trouble. There is no way for you, Mary," said he, turning to his sister, "but to marry, and the sooner you marry the better. Servant-men will neglect your work; they'll only be taking your money, and eating and drinking all before them. It's not long you'll have a roof over your head, if it's depending on servant-men you'll be. You must marry, and the sooner the better."

With that the company had another glass.

"Now, Mary," said the brother, "here is a man for you to marry—John Garvey, a friend of mine, and you couldn't find a better husband if you were to wait ten years for him."

Mary started up against the brother, "And wasn't it a shame for him," she said, "to be scandalizing her with his talk, and wouldn't it be fitter for him to have some respect for his only sister." The other brothers helped this one now, and the end of the whole matter was that before they left the public-house the match was made between John Garvey and Mary.

"Follow my advice, Mary," said the eldest brother; "go straight to the priest's house and be married off-hand; sure there's no good in waiting."

"Wouldn't it be a shame before all the neighbors for me to marry on the day of my first husband's funeral?"

"Sure the neighbors needn't know that you are married. Let them think that John is in service with you."

"The priest wouldn't marry us," said Mary, "if we asked him."

"Believe me, he'll marry you if you pay him well," said the brother.

Whether in her heart Mary was willing or not, no one knew, but she consented. "Have no fear," said the brothers; "no one will know anything of the marriage but the priest and ourselves."

They went to the priest's house, and when all were inside, the servant-girl went up to the priest and said that Mrs. Foley was below in the kitchen. The priest came. He said he was very sorry for her loss, and asked what could he do for her? What brought her?

"Oh, father," said she, "I am in a very bad way as I am. Every one will be striving to rob me, and nobody to do my work. My brothers tell me that if I'll be said by them I'll marry, and I'm thinking to follow their advice, and it's that that brought me."

"Oh, you villain of a woman, to marry a second time on the day of your first husband's funeral!"

"Don't blame me, father," said Mary; "maybe you'd have another mind from what you have if you were in my place. Sure no one need be the wiser. Marry me to this man here—John Garvey—and I'll give you three pounds."

"I will not take it from you," said the priest.

"Well, father, I'll give you all the money I have in my pocket. I'll give you five pounds."

"I'll not marry you," said the priest.

With that, one of the brothers took Mary aside and said: "Say that you will give him the big pig you have as well as the money."

"Well, father," said Mary, "with the five pounds I'll give you a fat pig that'll keep you in bacon for a twelve-month."

Now one of the brothers spoke up. "There is no need of publishing the marriage at present. People will think that John Garvey is in service with my sister."

The priest wanted to refuse, and was opening his mouth, but the first word wasn't out when the curate took him aside and said:

"Why not marry the poor woman? Marry her. No one will be the worse for it, and no one the wiser; and, besides, you'll have a supply of fine bacon."

The priest consented at last. One of the brothers and the priest's own servant-girl were the witnesses, and nobody knew a word of what happened. Mary Foley that was—she was Mary Garvey now—paid the five pounds, left good health with the priest, and was thankful to him. Herself and her new husband went home, and the brothers went to their own houses. There was no one before the young couple but the servant-girl and Tom Foley's mother. The old woman was surprised when she saw John Garvey, and wondered what brought him on the evening of Tom's funeral.

Mary sent the servant-girl about a mile away on an errand, and when the girl was gone she turned to Garvey and said:

"Well, John, bring your sister to-morrow to work for me, and I'll not delay you any longer."

With that John turned away, and Mary went with Foley's mother to an outhouse. While they were gone, Garvey went back, walked into his wife's room, shut the door, and stopped inside. After a time, the servant-girl came home and went to bed in her own place, and the poor old mother was left alone at the hearth, lamenting and mourning for her son dead and buried.

When the light was out, and all was still and quiet, about ten o'clock, Tom Foley came home, after burying his brother. He tried to open the door; it was bolted; he knocked. The mother went to the door, and, when she heard Tom's voice, she was frightened, and asked what was troubling his soul, to say that he'd come back from another world after being buried that day.

"Oh, mother," said Foley, "open the door and leave me in."

"I will not," said the mother. "You cannot come in, my son; but tell me what is troubling your soul. I'll have masses said for you and give alms."

Foley was very tired after the journey, and couldn't stop at the door any longer. He went to the barn; there was a large heap of straw in one end of it, and four or five pigs with the big pig at the other end. Foley lay down in the straw, and soon he was asleep.

During the evening the parish priest began to be in dread that the woman might change her mind; now that she was married she might put the pig aside, and he'd be left without his bacon. So he called his servant-boy, and told him to bring the big pig from Mrs. Foley's.

The boy took a whip and went to Tom's house for the pig. He knew well where was the barn and where was the pig. When he came to the barn he went in and stirred up the pigs; they began to screech and make a great noise. The big pig being so bulky and strong, wouldn't go out, and Foley woke up with the screeching. He looked around to know what was troubling the pigs, and saw the boy striving to take the big one away with him. Tom was in very bad humor, so he made after the boy, and gave him a good blow in the back with a wattle, and asked, is it stealing he was at that hour of the night?

The boy was knocked, but if he was, he rose quickly and away with him like the wind. He didn't get another blow, though he had three or four falls from fright before he reached the priest's house, thinking that Foley was after him. When he went in there was terror in his heart. The priest asked, did he bring the pig so soon? He said he didn't bring the pig, and he couldn't, for Tom Foley was minding the place as well as if he wasn't buried at all.

"What's that you tell me?" asked the priest.

"Oh, father, sure when I went to bring the pig, Tom Foley was inside in the straw. The pigs made a noise, and he ran after me with a big wattle and asked why I was disturbing his pigs at that hour of the night. He gave me a blow in the back and knocked me on the road. I got there three or four other falls from fright before I came home."

"Yerra, go, my boy, and bring me the pig. It's some stranger that's in it; it's thieving he is. If you don't bring the pig to-night, maybe we won't have him to bring on Monday."

"Whatever you do, father, or whatever will happen the pig, I won't face Foley a second time."

The priest called a small boy that he had herding, and said, "Go you and bring the big pig from Foley's."

"I'll go if somebody goes with me."

"Oh, I'll go with him," said the curate's brother, who happened to be visiting him. "I know the place, and I knew Tom Foley."

The two went off together, and the curate's brother stopped a couple of fields away from Foley's house. The boy went on, and when he began to drive out the big pig, the pig made a noise that woke Foley a second time, and he went after this boy more venomously than after the first one. The boy ran with his life to the field where the curate's brother was. Foley had to turn back and didn't catch him. The curate's brother saw Foley hunting the boy, and knew that 'twas no lie for the first boy that the ghost was in it. The two hurried home with what strength was in their legs.

"Oh, then, Foley's ghost is there as sure as I am standing before you," said the brother to the curate in the presence of the priest.

On the following morning Foley rose out of the barn drowsy and queer after the night. The door of his house was closed and he had no chance of going in. "I will go to first Mass," thought Tom, "with the clothes I have on; Mary will be up before me when I come home; I can sleep the remainder of the day and take a good rest."

Whenever a man going the way saw Foley he left the road to him and ran through the field. Foley didn't know why people were leaving the road to him. When he went into the chapel all made a rush towards the altar. The priest, who came out at the moment, asked the people what ailed them.

"Oh, God between us and harm," said one, "Tom Foley is here from the other world."

The priest called Foley by name and asked, was he there?

"Why shouldn't I be here, father? Don't you see me?"

"Tell me, in the name of God, where did you come from?" asked the priest.

"Where would I come from," said Foley "but from my own house?"

"Sure, the whole parish knows that you were drowned," said the priest, "and buried yesterday. Wasn't I at your funeral myself?"

"Well, then, you and the whole parish were mistaken," said Foley. "I buried my brother John yesterday, eight miles beyond Tralee."

"And who was the man that was drowned?"

"I left my brother's servant-man here fishing instead of myself. Maybe he was drowned, and the people buried him. I know well that they didn't bury me."

The priest stepped out and called the curate, and told him that Foley wasn't dead at all. "Do you hurry now to Tom's house," said he, "and tell John Garvey to be off with himself; that Foley is alive and will be home very soon; and when Garvey is gone, tell Mrs. Foley that I'll come with Tom after first Mass, and to be ready for him."

The curate hurried away, and the priest went in to Foley. "Your wife may not believe that you are not dead," said he. "I will go with you after Mass and tell her that you are not dead at all."

"I knew," said Tom, "that there was something wrong. It was late last night when I came home. My wife was in bed; no one up before me but my mother, and she wouldn't open the door for me, but began to ask what was troubling my soul. She said to tell her, and she would give alms and have Mass said for me. Now I know why this was."

"It will be the same with her to-day," said the priest. "I'll go to the house with you."

The two went to the house after Mass. When Mary Foley saw Tom she dropped on the bench and looked as though she'd die from fright.

"Don't be afraid," said the priest. "It wasn't Tom that was buried, but his brother's servant-man."

Tom told the wife how he gave the loan of his coat to the servant-man and went to bury his brother John. The wife was satisfied now. The priest took her aside and told her to have no trouble of mind on account of what she had done by getting married.

"You meant no harm," said he, "but no one in the world must know about it. You and I will keep our own; you keep the pig, and I'll keep my five pounds."



## STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

### Fifty-Two Lies of History

ICONOCLASM IN PARAGRAPHS....GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

The African king, Prester John, had no existence.

There never was such a person as Pope Joan, the so-called female pontiff.

William Tell did not found the Swiss confederation, and the story of Gessler has no historic basis.

There is no historic authority for the statement that little George Washington cut down the cherry tree.

Charlemagne's paladins had no existence, and the history of Charlemagne himself is so clouded by myth as to be utterly unreliable.

Wellington, at Waterloo, did not say, "Up guards, and at 'em!" The words were put into his mouth by an imaginative writer.

The mother of Coriolanus did not intercede with her son to spare Rome. The story has no better foundation than that of Horatius.

There is no reason to believe that Tarquin insulted Lucretia. His power was overthrown by a popular tumult, which is the only basis for the story.

Pocahontas did not save the life of John Smith. It has been ascertained that this worthy man was the most able-bodied prevaricator of his century.

The story of King Arthur and his round table is a myth, although what purports to be the round table is still to be seen in a south of England town.

Alfred the Great did not visit the Danish camp disguised as a minstrel. There is no good reason to believe that he could either play the harp or speak Danish.

The maelstrom is not a whirlpool which sucks ships down into the depths of the ocean. It is an eddy, which in fair weather can be crossed in safety by any vessel.

Queen Eleanor did not suck the poison from her husband's wounds, as she did not accompany him on the expedition during which the incident is alleged to have taken place.

Cromwell and Hampden did not attempt to sail to America just before the outbreak of the English revolution. A number of their friends did, but they had no thought of going.

The "Man in the Iron Mask" did not wear a mask of iron. It was black velvet secured by steel springs.

The wonderful Damascus blades that cut bars of iron in two were not superior to the Toledo blades made to-day.

Seneca was not a half-Christian philosopher, but a grasping money-lender and usurer, who died worth over \$3,000,000.

Cæsar did not say, "Et tu, Brute!" Eye-witnesses to the assassination devised that "he died fighting, but silent, like a wolf."

Richard III. was not a hunchback, but a soldier of fine form, some pretensions to good looks, and great personal strength and courage.

Augustus was not the public benefactor he is represented. He was the most exacting tax collector the Roman world had up to his time ever seen.

Mucius Scaevola never put his hand in the fire. The story was a fabrication of a Roman historian hundreds of years after the supposed time.

Blondel, the harper, did not discover the prison of King Richard. Richard paid his ransom, and the receipt for it is among the Austrian archives.

Horatius never defended the bridge. The story was manufactured by the same gifted author who gave the world the account of Scaevola's heroism.

General Cambronne did not say, "The guard dies, but does not surrender." The words were the invention of a Paris journalist and attributed to him.

Cæsar did not cross the Rubicon. It lay on the opposite side of the Italian peninsula from the point where he left his own possessions and entered Italy.

The bridge of sighs at Venice has no romance worthy the name. Most of the unfortunates who cross it are petty thieves who are sent to the workhouse.

Fair Rosamond was not poisoned by Queen Eleanor, but, after a long residence as a nun in the convent of Gadstow, died greatly esteemed by her associates.

Diogenes never lived in a tub. The story that he did so has no better origin than a comment by a biographer that "a man so crabbed ought to have lived in a tub like a dog."

William Rufus was not accidentally shot by an arrow from the bow of Walter Tyrrell. He was assassinated. His body, when found, bore the marks of three or four sword thrusts.

There was probably no such man as Romulus. The first historian who mentioned him lived at a distance of time so great as to throw extreme discredit on the story as told by him.

Alexander the Great did not weep for other worlds to conquer. There is reason to suspect that his army met with a serious reverse in India, a fact that induced him to retrace his steps.

The immense burning glasses with which Archimedes burned the ships of the besiegers of Syracuse at ten miles distance were never manufactured, and it is now known that they could not have existed.

Vinegar will not split rocks; so Hannibal could not thus have made his way through the Alps. Nor will it dissolve pearls; so that the story of Cleopatra drinking pearls melted in vinegar must have been a fiction.

"Madcap Harry" was not sent to prison by Sir William Gascoigne, the stern judge, nor was the latter reappointed by the prince when he became king, and the story did not appear for 150 years after that time.

The existence of the Colossus of Rhodes is considered by some historians extremely doubtful. There is no evidence that the ancients were able to cast pieces of metal of such size as must have entered into its composition.

The blood of Rizzio, Mary Stuart's favorite, cannot be seen on the floor where he was murdered by Darnley and the other conspirators. What is seen there is a daub of red paint, annually renewed for the benefit of gaping tourists.

The pass of Thermopylae was defended, not by 300, but at least 7,000 Greeks, or, according to some writers, 12,000. The 300 were the Spartan contingent, who showed no more bravery on that occasion than their companions-in-arms from other Greek States.

Mary Stuart of Scotland was not a beauty. She had



cross-eyes, and to save the trouble of having her hair dressed, cut it off close to her head and wore a wig. When, after her death, the executioner lifted her head to show it to the people, the wig came off and displayed a close-cropped skull covered with gray hair.

Queen Elizabeth was not the angelic creature represented in the histories and poems of her own times. Her hair was red, her temper red-hot. She sometimes drank too much, and at any provocation would carry on like a trooper. She frequently raved at her maids, and sometimes struck, kicked and pinched them.

Nero was no monster. His mother, Agrippina, was not put to death by his order, nor did he play upon his harp and sing *The Burning of Troy* while Rome was on fire. Our knowledge of him is gained from Tacitus, who hated him, and from Petronius Arbiter, who was put to death for conspiracy against him.

Hannibal did not send three bushels of gold rings, plucked from the hands of Roman knights killed on the field of Cannæ, back to Carthage as evidence of his victory. The messenger who carried the news back to the Carthaginian Senate, on concluding his report, "opened his robe and threw out a number of gold rings gathered on the field."

Pitt did not use the expression, "The atrocious crime of being a young man." The words were used by Dr. Johnson, who was not present, but wrote a report of the speech from an abstract given him by a hearer.

Worshippers are not crushed by hundreds under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut. The car has not been taken out of the temple for many years, and such deaths as formerly occurred were exceptional or accidental.

Columbus did not make an egg stand on end to confute his opponents. The feat was performed by Brunelleschi, the architect, to silence critics who asked him how he was going to support the dome of the cathedral of Florence.

Constantine the Great was not a saint. He murdered his wife, one or two of his sons and a considerable number of other relatives. He was a Christian only in name, and seems to have known little or nothing of the religion he professed.

Philip III. of Spain was not roasted to death by a roaring fire because court etiquette forbade any one to come to his assistance. He died a natural death, and the same story is told of a dozen different monarchs who were sticklers for ceremony.

The hanging-gardens of Babylon did not hang, nor were they gardens. They were terraces supported by arches, and overgrown with trees. They were erected for the amusement of a Babylonian queen who had come from a mountainous country.

Charles IX. did not fire on the fleeing Huguenots from the window of the Louvre during the massacre of St. Bartholomew. On the contrary, he was frightened almost to death by the reports of the guns, and spent the time in weeping and wringing his hands.

The siege of Troy was mostly a myth. According to Homer's own figures—if there ever was such a man as Homer—Helen must have been at least sixty years of age when she first met Paris, and even in the heroic period of the world women at that age were a trifle "passée."

Louis XVI. did not behave with overwhelming dignity at his execution. On the contrary, he screamed for help, struggling with the executioners and begged

for mercy. Nor did the attendant priest say: "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven." The expression was used for him by a Paris newspaper.

Sappho, the poetess, was not a wanton beauty, nor did she throw herself from the Leucadian cliff to be cured of an unworthy love. The latest investigations prove her a respectable married woman with a large family, which she reared with as much care as a Greek matron usually gave her children.

The army of Xerxes has always been overestimated by historians. Commonly computed at 5,000,000, the best evidence goes to show that, camp followers and all, it did not exceed 1,000,000, the increase being due to the natural inventiveness of the Oriental imagination and to the vanity of the Greeks, who prided themselves on having defeated its numbers. His "thousands of ships" numbered only 1,200 to begin with, and of those 400 were lost in a storm, so that he reached the coast of Greece with about 800.

### Man's Body, with Modern Improvements

CHANGES OF ORGANIC STRUCTURE....PEARSON'S WEEKLY

It is a fact we are assured of by paleontologists and anthropologists that primeval man not only had four more teeth than men now have, but had fewer bones in the skull and less foldings or convolutions of the brain. The skull, too, has changed according to environments and use from an oval to a globular shape, or to a compromise of the two. The jaw has retreated as the front brain has protruded. The tearing tusk teeth have shortened up, and are neatly and gently inclosed in the mouth. Ears, from being pointed and movable like horses' ears, have become rounded and firmly fastened to the head. They are no longer the most important organ, as they were to the river driftmen to enable them to hear the approach of danger from all sides.

The nostrils, from being open and alert, have closed up to outside affairs to a great extent, and serve mainly as conduits and as indicators of mental emotion. The eyes are shortening in their range of vision, and adapting themselves to a studious race. All the senses were once intensely more acute, and the tendency now is steadily to lose more and more of their capability to gather in the world of sounds and sights, except as those are correlated into logic—that is, we can no longer tell poisons by taste and track our enemies by scent, or distinguish dangers by the rustle in the air.

Occasionally a child is born with peculiar gifts of an organic sort, and can move his ears freely or shake his scalp. He does not use this faculty as it was originally designed, to shake off flies or dust; indeed, it seems to be a useless reversion to a generally disused type. Such changes in our general physical frame are startling and suggestive, but no more important than the mental and moral changes that are as demonstrable. Our ancestors, like the ancestors of civilized races, were indubitably carnivorous, to the degree of cannibalism. The instinct for savage feasts and revelry, involving bloodthirsty disregard of human suffering, may lurk in us yet.

The history of the Stanley expedition suggests that positive savagery is latent in us in such degrees that the absence of the restraints of civilization may cause it suddenly to blaze with ferocity; yet, we certainly are transformed to a deep abhorrence for customs that our forefathers lived up to without a qualm. Changes in customs are simpler than changes in organic structure, but

both are easily possible. The rudimentary tail is still in our possession, and I have no doubt that if advantage could be found in its development we could get back this appendage in its fullness. It would not be impossible to develop a race of men with tails if tails could be used. Certainly highly civilized races have lapsed in morals and intelligence to savage and animal conceptions of life. Such changes grow together and are interlinked.

As the eye and ear are less occupied in detecting the approach of dangerous foes, they are more occupied in listening to the sorrows of our fellows. The pathos and sympathy of a noble eye, the keen intellectuality of a student's nose, are part of the evolution; the organ changes, and at the same time exchanges purpose and power. Darwin says man may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not by his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale, and the fact that he has thus risen, instead of having been aboriginally placed there, may give him hope of a still higher destiny in the future.

### Great Libraries of the World

LITERARY TREASURES.....PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

New York is soon to have one of the greatest libraries in the world. The coalition of the Astor, Lenox and Tilden libraries, under one great roof and one management, will form an institution with a million and a half of volumes and manuscripts, and will give the country at large a library of which it may well be proud. At present this wonderful country of ours has no library which can compare in extent with the British Museum of London, or the *Bibliothèque Nationale* of Paris. Of course, in the number of libraries the United States compares favorably with any in the universe. But it is in the matter of completeness and the antiquity of works that it is lacking. The site of the new library is now under consideration, but it is quite certain that it will be located far uptown, a misfortune to the business community of the lower end of the city. Two sites are now engaging the attention of the managers. One is on the heights of Morningside Park, in the vicinity of the \$10,000,000 cathedral, now building, and of the new Columbia College. The other is the plot of ground immediately to the rear of the present Lenox Library, which occupies the Fifth avenue block between Seventy-first and Seventy-second streets. There is some talk of buying all the rest of the land running east to Madison avenue, and erecting a huge building on the square. This would make a noble structure, and would give ample room for the immense array of books and their proper classification.

Cincinnati and Boston both have great libraries, and the other large cities of the country like Chicago and Philadelphia are well equipped. The great advantage that the European libraries have over the ones in this country is that they are governmental institutions, and the local authorities of St. Petersburg, Paris and London have the power to compel all publishers to donate copies of everything they publish. This of itself is a great aid, and the *Bibliothèque Nationale* of Paris, gains at least 20,000 volumes a year by these methods. In New York City is the oldest library in the New World. It is hidden away in University Place, and few of the generality of New Yorkers know of its existence. The library was started in 1700, by Richard, Earl of Bellamont, who

had been appointed, in 1698, Governor of New York, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. In those days New York was a thriving little place of 5,200 inhabitants, 750 of whom were negro slaves.

The British Governor took considerable interest in the small town, and when he had a new city hall built at the corner of Wall and Broad streets, upon the site where seventy years later George Washington took the oath as the first President of the United States, the little library was given a place in that structure. In 1729, there died in Newington, England, a certain Rev. Dr. Millington, rector of that place, and he left quite a library "for the benefit of foreign lands." The trustees of his estate thought New York was just the place for the collection, and in due time the books arrived and were installed in the little library.

In 1754, the library had grown to the dignity of having a board of trustees, who collected £600 and gave it a fresh start. George III. granted it a charter in 1772, but during the Revolution it suffered, but was again boomed by the old Knickerbockers, whose descendants to-day keep up the family interest in the institution. The £600 collected in 1754, was used to buy real estate, and as the town grew the library people sold out and moved northward. By repeated sales that \$3,000 now represents real estate worth a quarter of a million. Since the Revolution the City Library, as it is called, has had but six librarians. The British Museum ranks in importance before all the great libraries of the world, with the exception of the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris, and far excels the latter institution in the systematic arrangement and accessibility of its contents. The library consists of over 1,550,000 printed volumes and 50,000 manuscripts.

The foundation of the British Museum dates from 1753, when £20,000 were paid the executors of Sir Hans Sloane in exchange for his books, manuscripts and curiosities, which were to be held by trustees for the benefit of the nation. A bill was passed through Parliament for the purchase of the Sloane collection and of the Harleian MSS., costing £10,000. To these, with the Cottonian MSS., acquired by the country in 1700, was added by George II., in 1757, the royal library of the former Kings of England, coupled with the privilege which the royal library had for many years enjoyed of obtaining a copy of every publication entered at Stationers' Hall. This addition was of great importance, as it enriched the museum with the old collections of Archbishop Cranmer, Henry, Prince of Wales, and other patrons of literature, while the transfer of the privilege with regard to the acquisition of new books, a right which had been secured by successive copyright acts, secured a large and continuous augmentation, the yearly average of which is something like 10,000 volumes. In 1726, when Diderot and d'Alembert were boys at school, there was printed at Peking the *Kin Ting Ku Kin tu' shu tsih Ch'eng*, or Complete Thesaurus of Writings Ancient and Modern, under the auspices of Kang Hi, the enlightened and scholarly Emperor of China. The fruit of forty years' labor, it filled no fewer than 5,020 volumes, with maps, plans, and illustrative designs, but was restricted to 100 copies, one of which found its way in 1878 to the shelves of the great British Museum Library.

Few libraries in the United States equal in number or value the American books in the museum. The col-



lection of manuscripts is equal in importance to the printed works. The collection in European languages ranges from the second century before Christ to our own times. The museum is rich in early Anglo-Saxon and Latin codices, such as the charters of King Edgar and Henry I. to Hyde Abbey, which are written in gold letters. Beside a number of Ancient Irish texts, the museum can boast an early copy of the *Iliad*, and one of the earliest known codices of the *Odyssey*. The number of genealogical rolls and documents relating to the local and family history of Great Britain is very large. The principal library in Scotland is that of the Faculty of Advocates, founded in 1680. The library of Trinity College, Dublin, originated in the year 1601, when the English army determined to commemorate their victory over the Spanish troops at Kinsdale by some permanent monument. Accordingly, they subscribed £1,800 to establish a library in the University of Dublin. All the books were at first deposited in Dublin Castle, and it was only after the Restoration that the college obtained them. The library now contains 192,000 volumes and 1,800 MSS. About 3,000 volumes are added every year.

Paris is much better provided with public libraries than London or any city in the world. Besides the *Bibliothèque Nationale* there are other great libraries, each having over 120,000 volumes. Paris can claim the largest library in the world in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. The real foundation of the institution, which was formerly known as the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, may be said to date from King John, the Black Prince's captive, who had a considerable taste for books, and who bequeathed his "royal library" of MSS. to his successor, Charles V. Charles V. organized the library in the Louvre. He was very liberal in his patronage of literature, and many of the early monuments of the French language are due to his having employed scholars to make translations from ancient texts. Under the management of Abbé Bignon the library was removed to its present home in the Rue Richelieu. A few years before the revolution the total number of printed books was 300,000. The revolution was serviceable to the library now called *Bibliothèque Nationale*, by increasing it with forfeited collections belonging to exiles, and to suppressed religious communities. Napoleon increased the Government grant, and by the strict enforcement of the law concerning new publications, realized in part his idea that the library should be universal in character. The official estimate of the number of volumes in this great library reaches the extraordinary total of 2,000,000. The annual additions are 45,000. The collection of books on French history is in itself an enormous library of 440,000 volumes. The maps and charts are said to number 300,000. The manuscripts numbered in 1876, 91,700 volumes, and the department of medals possessed in 1873, 143,030 coins. The Royal Library of Munich contains the largest collection of books in Germany. It was founded by Duke Albrecht V., of Bavaria (1550-79), who made numerous purchases from Italy and incorporated the libraries of the Nuremberg physician, Schedel and of J. J. Fugger. The number of printed volumes is close to 1,000,000. It is especially rich in incunabula, many of them being derived from the libraries of the monasteries closed in 1803. The building erected for this collection under King Louis I., in 1832-43, is considered a model library

structure. The archives are bestowed on the ground floor, while the two upper floors are devoted to the library, which occupies seventy seven departments.

Berlin is well supplied with libraries, seventy-two being registered in 1875. The largest is the Royal Library, founded by the Great Elector Frederick William, and opened by him in 1661. The largest library in Austria, and one of the most important collections in Europe, is the Imperial Public Library, founded by the Emperor Frederick III. in 1440, although its illustrious librarian, Lambecius, attributes this honor to Frederick's son, Maximilian. The sum devoted annually to the purchase of books is 26,250 florins.

As the old centre of civilization, Italy is of course the country where the oldest libraries are found, and where the most valuable MSS. are preserved. The Vatican Library at Rome, and the Laurentian Library at Florence, are sufficient to rank Italy before most of the States in that respect. In spite of long centuries of persecution and suffering, Italy is still rich in books and MSS. There are probably more books in united Italy than in any country except France. When the Italian Government published its valuable report in 1865, which showed that while the number of books in Austria (2,408,000) was greater than the total number in public libraries in Great Britain, Prussia, Bavaria or Russia, it was surpassed in France (4,389,000), and in Italy (4,149,281). The Vatican Library stands in the first rank as regards antiquity, since from the middle of the fifth century we have evidence of a pontifical library at Rome. Nicholas V., who reigned in 1455, may be considered the true founder. Few libraries are so magnificently housed as is the *Biblioteca Vaticana*. The famous *Codici Vaticani* are placed in the great double hall, which is decorated with frescoes depicting ancient libraries and councils of the Church. At the end of the great hall is an immense hall, richly decorated, and opening out from right to left. The present official estimate is about 250,000 volumes, including 2,500 fifteenth century editions. Among the 25,600 MSS. are some of the most valuable in the world for antiquity and intrinsic importance. The *Biblioteca Palatine*, in Florence, is the largest library in Italy. There are many valuable autograph originals of famous works in this collection, including Dante and the later poets, as well as the historians from Villani to Machiavelli. The Imperial Library of St. Petersburg is the third largest in the world, and now claims to possess 1,000,000 printed volumes.

### History of the Wedding Ring

THE HONORED FINGER.....CHICAGO TRIBUNE

A long time ago the wedding ring was worn on the forefinger, and was thickly studded with precious stones. People who have seen the old pictures of the Madonna in Rome will remember that in one or two of them there is a glistening ring on the forefinger of her right hand, but with Christianity came the wearing of the wedding ring on the third finger rather than the first. The old story of there being a vein that runs from that finger to the heart is nonsense. Its use originated in this way: The priest first put it on the thumb, saying: "In the name of the Father;" on the forefinger, adding: "In the name of the Son;" on the second finger, repeating, "In the name of the Holy Ghost," and on the third finger, ending with "Amen," and there it staid.



## FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPÆDIA

The thumb, according to professional palmists, is an unerring index to the mind. If a person is trying to deceive you, he will invariably draw his thumb in toward the palm. On the other hand, if he is telling the truth, the thumb will relax and point away from the palm.

"Fiasco" means a bottle or flask. When the Italian glassblowers detected flaws in the vase they were blowing, they made an ordinary bottle of the failure, and hence the name.

The area of the British colonies is 8,000,000 square miles, that of the French 3,000,000, of the Dutch 660,000, of the Portuguese 206,000, of the Spanish 170,000, of the German 99,000, and of the Danish 74,000.

The powder used in big guns is queer looking stuff. Each grain is a hexagonal prism, an inch wide and two-thirds of an inch thick, with a hole bored through the middle of it. In appearance it resembles nothing so much as a piece of wood. If you touch a match to it, it will take seven or eight seconds to go off.

The University Press at Oxford has appliances for printing in one hundred and fifty different languages.

Dr. Lekner, of Zurich, by chemical and mechanical means practically supersedes the silkworm, and spins from such raw material as cotton waste, jute waste, or wood pulp, a thread which even the expert eye can hardly distinguish from that of the natural cocoon.

Scientists believe that all salt, wherever found, has come originally from the sea, in some way or other.

Most of the land in the Republic of Mexico is held in almost feudal tenure by seven thousand families.

The lake of Uramia, in Persia, contains more salt than any other body of water in the world. On analysis the water has been found to contain even more salt than the Dead Sea, which holds twenty-six per cent., or eight times as much as the ocean.

Taking the world over, there is an average of one death and one and a quarter births per second. Only one-half of all who are born into the world live to the age of seventeen years.

The nearest approach to the North Pole was on May 13, 1892, when Lieut. Lockwood stood within three hundred and ninety-six miles of that spot.

The new photograph of the heavens, which is being prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers, shows 68,000,000 stars.

Mexico produces anything that can be raised in any other country. So varied is the climate that in the same State can be raised any product of the tropics and of the polar region. Cotton, wheat, rye, silver, silk, cocoanuts, bananas, rice, cocoa, vanilla, logwood, mahogany, hides and wines are the principal products.

The centre of population in 1790, was about twenty-three miles east of Baltimore; in 1800, about eighteen miles west of Baltimore; in 1810, about forty miles northwest of Washington; in 1820, about sixteen miles north of Woodstock, Va.; in 1830, about nineteen miles southwest of Moorfield, W. Va.; in 1840, sixteen miles south of Clarksburg, W. Va.; in 1850, twenty-three miles south of Parkersburg, W. Va.; in 1860,

twenty miles south of Chillicothe, O.; in 1870, forty-eight miles east of Cincinnati; in 1880, eight miles west of Cincinnati; in 1890, twenty east of Columbus, Ind.

Huxley's tables show that the human body is made up of thirteen different elements, of which five are gases and eight solids.

Only one marble statue of the human figure with eyelashes is known. It is the sleeping Ariadne, one of the gems of the Vatican, and was found in 1503.

An inch of rain, falling upon an area of one square mile, is equivalent to nearly 17,500,000 gallons, weighing 145,250,000 pounds, or 72,625 tons.

The French chemists have discovered a new amalgam, of ninety-four parts copper and six parts antimony, which is declared to be a wonderful substitute for gold. When polished, it almost exactly resembles the aureate metal, and can be drawn, wrought and soldered precisely like gold. Besides, it can be manufactured at a cost of only about a shilling for a pound avoirdupois.

The average height of man in the United States is 5 feet 10½ inches; in England, 5 feet 9 inches; in France, 5 feet 4 inches; in Belgium, 5 feet 6¼ inches.

The latest anthropological statistics prove that in America the daily, monthly and yearly number of births exceeds the deaths in the ratio of 3 to 1.

Chinese clocks puzzle strangers. The dials turn round, while the hands are stationary. There are two dials on each clock—one for the hour, the other to indicate the minutes.

Candarolle says that the "mummy wheat," that is, wheat taken from mummy cases, has never been known to sprout. Instances to the contrary are believed to be the result of fraud on the part of Arabs, who frequently introduce modern grain into the sarcophagi in order to impose on the credulity of travellers.

The most easterly point of the United States is Quoddy Head, Me.; the most westerly, Attoo Island, Alaska; the most northerly, Point Barrow, Alaska; the most southerly, Key West, Fla.

Lieut. Bersier of the French navy has invented a compass which does away with a steersman, as the compass steers the vessel itself.

The report of the Challenger deep-sea expedition has taken more than ten years to prepare. It fills 50 quartos, contains 29,500 pages, 3,000 plates and countless engravings.

Vital statistics prove that, taking the world over, there are 109 women to every 100 men. Out of every nine sudden deaths reported, eight of the number are men.

Hunger, says Carroll D. Wright, has caused more men to commit petty crimes than anything else. Of six thousand nine hundred and fifty-eight homicides in 1890, five thousand one hundred had no trades.

M. Fremont has proved by experiment that water kept for twenty minutes at 176 degrees Fahrenheit loses all the deleterious germs it may have contained without being deprived of its gases or precipitating the salts contained in it, and the flavor is not modified.

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Paris is much better provided with public libraries than London or any city in the world. Besides the *Bibliothèque Nationale* there are other great libraries, each having over 120,000 volumes. Paris can claim the largest library in the world in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. The real foundation of the institution, which was formerly known as the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, may be said to date from King John, the Black Prince's captive, who had a considerable taste for books, and who bequeathed his "royal library" of MSS. to his successor, Charles V. Charles V. organized the library in the Louvre. He was very liberal in his patronage of literature, and many of the early monuments of the French language are due to his having employed scholars to make translations from ancient texts. Under the management of Abbé Bignon the library was removed to its present home in the Rue Richelieu. A few years before the revolution the total number of printed books was 300,000. The revolution was serviceable to the library now called *Bibliothèque Nationale*, by increasing it with forfeited collections belonging to exiles, and to suppressed religious communities. Napoleon increased the Government grant, and by the strict enforcement of the law concerning new publications, realized in part his idea that the library should be universal in character. The official estimate of the number of volumes in this great library reaches the extraordinary total of 2,000,000. The annual additions are 45,000. The collection of books on French history is in itself an enormous library of 440,000 volumes. The maps and charts are said to number 300,000. The manuscripts numbered in 1876, 91,700 volumes, and the department of medals possessed in 1873, 143,030 coins. The Royal Library of Munich contains the largest collection of books in Germany. It was founded by Duke Albrecht V., of Bavaria (1550-79), who made numerous purchases from Italy and incorporated the libraries of the Nuremberg physician, Schedel and of J. J. Fugger. The number of printed volumes is close to 1,000,000. It is especially rich in incunabula, many of them being derived from the libraries of the monasteries closed in 1803. The building erected for this collection under King Louis I., in 1832-43, is considered a model library

structure. The archives are bestowed on the ground floor, while the two upper floors are devoted to the library, which occupies seventy-seven departments.

Berlin is well supplied with libraries, seventy-two being registered in 1875. The largest is the Royal Library, founded by the Great Elector Frederick William, and opened by him in 1661. The largest library in Austria, and one of the most important collections in Europe, is the Imperial Public Library, founded by the Emperor Frederick III. in 1440, although its illustrious librarian, Lambecius, attributes this honor to Frederick's son, Maximilian. The sum devoted annually to the purchase of books is 26,250 florins.

As the old centre of civilization, Italy is of course the country where the oldest libraries are found, and where the most valuable MSS. are preserved. The Vatican Library at Rome, and the Laurentian Library at Florence, are sufficient to rank Italy before most of the States in that respect. In spite of long centuries of persecution and suffering, Italy is still rich in books and MSS. There are probably more books in united Italy than in any country except France. When the Italian Government published its valuable report in 1865, which showed that while the number of books in Austria (2,408,000) was greater than the total number in public libraries in Great Britain, Prussia, Bavaria or Russia, it was surpassed in France (4,389,000), and in Italy (4,149,281). The Vatican Library stands in the first rank as regards antiquity, since from the middle of the fifth century we have evidence of a pontifical library at Rome. Nicholas V., who reigned in 1455, may be considered the true founder. Few libraries are so magnificently housed as is the *Biblioteca Vaticana*. The famous *Codici Vaticani* are placed in the great double hall, which is decorated with frescoes depicting ancient libraries and councils of the Church. At the end of the great hall is an immense hall, richly decorated, and opening out from right to left. The present official estimate is about 250,000 volumes, including 2,500 fifteenth century editions. Among the 25,600 MSS. are some of the most valuable in the world for antiquity and intrinsic importance. The *Biblioteca Palatina*, in Florence, is the largest library in Italy. There are many valuable autograph originals of famous works in this collection, including Dante and the later poets, as well as the historians from Villani to Machiavelli. The Imperial Library of St. Petersburg is the third largest in the world, and now claims to possess 1,000,000 printed volumes.

### History of the Wedding Ring

THE HONORED FINGER.....CHICAGO TRIBUNE

A long time ago the wedding ring was worn on the forefinger, and was thickly studded with precious stones. People who have seen the old pictures of the Madonna in Rome will remember that in one or two of them there is a glistening ring on the forefinger of her right hand, but with Christianity came the wearing of the wedding ring on the third finger, rather than the first. The old story of there being a vein that runs from that finger to the heart is nonsense. Its use originated in this way: The priest first put it on the thumb, saying: "In the name of the Father;" on the forefinger, adding: "In the name of the Son;" on the second finger, repeating, "In the name of the Holy Ghost," and on the third finger, ending with "Amen," and there it staid.

## FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPÆDIA

The thumb, according to professional palmists, is an unerring index to the mind. If a person is trying to deceive you, he will invariably draw his thumb in toward the palm. On the other hand, if he is telling the truth, the thumb will relax and point away from the palm.

"Fiasco" means a bottle or flask. When the Italian glassblowers detected flaws in the vase they were blowing, they made an ordinary bottle of the failure, and hence the name.

The area of the British colonies is 8,000,000 square miles, that of the French 3,000,000, of the Dutch 660,000, of the Portuguese 206,000, of the Spanish 170,000, of the German 99,000, and of the Danish 74,000.

The powder used in big guns is queer looking stuff. Each grain is a hexagonal prism, an inch wide and two-thirds of an inch thick, with a hole bored through the middle of it. In appearance it resembles nothing so much as a piece of wood. If you touch a match to it, it will take seven or eight seconds to go off.

The University Press at Oxford has appliances for printing in one hundred and fifty different languages.

Dr. Lekner, of Zurich, by chemical and mechanical means practically supersedes the silkworm, and spins from such raw material as cotton waste, jute waste, or wood pulp, a thread which even the expert eye can hardly distinguish from that of the natural cocoon.

Scientists believe that all salt, wherever found, has come originally from the sea, in some way or other.

Most of the land in the Republic of Mexico is held in almost feudal tenure by seven thousand families.

The lake of Uramia, in Persia, contains more salt than any other body of water in the world. On analysis the water has been found to contain even more salt than the Dead Sea, which holds twenty-six per cent., or eight times as much as the ocean.

Taking the world over, there is an average of one death and one and a quarter births per second. Only one-half of all who are born into the world live to the age of seventeen years.

The nearest approach to the North Pole was on May 13, 1892, when Lieut. Lockwood stood within three hundred and ninety-six miles of that spot.

The new photograph of the heavens, which is being prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers, shows 68,000,000 stars.

Mexico produces anything that can be raised in any other country. So varied is the climate that in the same State can be raised any product of the tropics and of the polar region. Cotton, wheat, rye, silver, silk, cocoanuts, bananas, rice, cocoa, vanilla, logwood, mahogany, hides and wines are the principal products.

The centre of population in 1790, was about twenty-three miles east of Baltimore; in 1800, about eighteen miles west of Baltimore; in 1810, about forty miles northwest of Washington; in 1820, about sixteen miles north of Woodstock, Va.; in 1830, about nineteen miles southwest of Moorfield, W. Va.; in 1840, sixteen miles south of Clarksburg, W. Va.; in 1850, twenty-three miles south of Parkersburg, W. Va.; in 1860,

twenty miles south of Chillicothe, O.; in 1870, forty-eight miles east of Cincinnati; in 1880, eight miles west of Cincinnati; in 1890, twenty east of Columbus, Ind.

Huxley's tables show that the human body is made up of thirteen different elements, of which five are gases and eight solids.

Only one marble statue of the human figure with eyelashes is known. It is the sleeping Ariadne, one of the gems of the Vatican, and was found in 1503.

An inch of rain, falling upon an area of one square mile, is equivalent to nearly 17,500,000 gallons, weighing 145,250,000 pounds, or 72,625 tons.

The French chemists have discovered a new amalgam, of ninety-four parts copper and six parts antimony, which is declared to be a wonderful substitute for gold. When polished, it almost exactly resembles the aureate metal, and can be drawn, wrought and soldered precisely like gold. Besides, it can be manufactured at a cost of only about a shilling for a pound avoirdupois.

The average height of man in the United States is 5 feet 10½ inches; in England, 5 feet 9 inches; in France, 5 feet 4 inches; in Belgium, 5 feet 6¼ inches.

The latest anthropological statistics prove that in America the daily, monthly and yearly number of births exceeds the deaths in the ratio of 3 to 1.

Chinese clocks puzzle strangers. The dials turn round, while the hands are stationary. There are two dials on each clock—one for the hour, the other to indicate the minutes.

Candarolle says that the "mummy wheat," that is, wheat taken from mummy cases, has never been known to sprout. Instances to the contrary are believed to be the result of fraud on the part of Arabs, who frequently introduce modern grain into the sarcophagi in order to impose on the credulity of travellers.

The most easterly point of the United States is Quoddy Head, Me.; the most westerly, Attou Island, Alaska; the most northerly, Point Barrow, Alaska; the most southerly, Key West, Fla.

Lieut. Bersier of the French navy has invented a compass which does away with a steersman, as the compass steers the vessel itself.

The report of the Challenger deep-sea expedition has taken more than ten years to prepare. It fills 50 quartos, contains 29,500 pages, 3,000 plates and countless engravings.

Vital statistics prove that, taking the world over, there are 109 women to every 100 men. Out of every nine sudden deaths reported, eight of the number are men.

Hunger, says Carroll D. Wright, has caused more men to commit petty crimes than anything else. Of six thousand nine hundred and fifty-eight homicides in 1890, five thousand one hundred had no trades.

M. Fremont has proved by experiment that water kept for twenty minutes at 176 degrees Fahrenheit loses all the deleterious germs it may have contained without being deprived of its gases or precipitating the salts contained in it, and the flavor is not modified.



## THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

### In an Underground Asiatic City

A RUSSIAN DISCOVERY....LONDON PUBLIC OPINION

The Russians have made a singular discovery in Central Asia. In Turkestan, on the right bank of the Amou Daria, is a chain of rocky hills near the Bokharan town of Karki, and a number of large caves which, upon examination, were found to lead to an underground city, built apparently long before the Christian era. According to effigies, inscriptions, and designs upon the gold and silver money unearthed from among the ruins, the existence of the town dates back to some two centuries before the birth of Christ. The underground Bokharan city is about two versts long, and is composed of an enormous labyrinth of corridors, streets, and squares, surrounded by houses and other buildings two or three stories high. The edifices contain all kinds of domestic utensils, pots, urns, vases, and so forth. In some of the streets falls of earth and rock have obstructed the passages, but, generally, the visitor can walk about freely without so much as lowering his head. The high degree of civilization attained by the inhabitants of the city is shown by the fact that they built in several stories, by the symmetry of the streets and squares, and by the beauty of the baked clay and metal utensils, and of the ornaments and coins which have been found. It is supposed that long centuries ago this city, so carefully concealed in the bowels of the earth, provided an entire population with a refuge from the incursions of nomadic savages and robbers.

### Up the Jungfrau by Rail

MODERN ALPINE CLIMBING....NEW YORK WORLD

Some day it will be possible to go anywhere in the Alps without climbing. Switzerland was once a country which gave much trouble to railroad engineers, but its mountains are now getting covered or honeycombed with lines as thoroughly as any smoother land. The latest development in rapid transit in Switzerland is a proposal to build an electric railroad up the Jungfrau, one of the highest of the Swiss Alps. Fifty years ago, when France, England and America were already well supplied with railroads, George Stephenson went to Switzerland to study the difficult problem of building them in that country. It was only possible then to construct railroads over a small portion of the republic. Since then the advance of mechanical science has made the mountains more and more accessible. Funicular railways and others, which ascend by means of cog-wheels gripping a centre rail, have been built, but up to the present steam or hydraulic power has always been used.

The railway of the Rigi has been regarded as the most efficient and successful of these. The motive power is steam and the cars ascend on a system of interlocking wheels, which is a valuable guarantee against accidents. Among the drawbacks of the system are the amount of smoke and dirt produced by the engines and the considerable weight of coal and water which must be carried by them. Under the new electrical system dirt and smoke are banished and the weight of the engines greatly reduced. The electricity may be generated by steam or hydraulic power, and the superiority

of one to the other is a question not yet settled. The pioneer electrical mountain railway was constructed on Mount Saleve, in Geneva. This has served largely for a model for the very ambitious project of an electrical railway leading through a range of mountains to the summit of Jungfrau.

The railway will start at Scheidegg, and after a short course above ground it will pass through the interior of the Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau. The passengers change cars in the last peak and reach the summit by means of an elevator. The road is more than eight miles long, and rises to a height of 6,890 feet. The gradient varies from one to twenty-six per cent. The elevator in the cone is two hundred and sixteen feet in height. The height of the Jungfrau is 13,720 feet. The new railroad, of course, starts at a high level. The name of the mountain—the German word for maiden—was originally given either on account of the dazzling whiteness and purity of the snow, or of the belief that no traveller had ever ascended to its highest point. Its summit was first reached in 1811, and since the great development of Alpine climbing many have been there.

The departure station is in the open air, but the remaining six are cut in the solid rock. The various peaks preceding the Jungfrau can be reached by paths. The stations will contain restaurants and small bedrooms for the benefit of those who wish to ascend the mountains by sunrise, or explore them for an indefinite time. The stations and the tunnel will all be lighted by electricity, and frequent communication with the world below will be possible by telegraph and telephone. The elevator in the cone will rise through a straight tube, and is to be worked by a hydraulic motor deriving its power from Lake Luchinen. The view from the cars while in the open air is sublime, the magnificent cyclorama of Nature—superb mountains, chaotic abysses, tiny toy villages, silver threads of water—impossible to describe.

### Majesty of the Grand Canon

A VISION OF WONDER....SAN BERNARDINO CITROGRAPH

An inferno, swathed in soft celestial fires; a whole chaotic underworld, just emptied of primeval floods and waiting for a new creative word; a boding, terrible thing, unflinchingly real, yet spectral as a dream, eluding all sense of perspective or dimension, outstretching the faculty of measurement, overlapping the confines of apprehension. The beholder is at first unimpressed by any detail; he is overwhelmed by the "ensemble" of a stupendous panorama, a thousand square miles in extent, that lies wholly beneath the eye, as if he stood upon a mountain peak instead of the level brink of a fearful chasm in the plateau whose opposite shore is thirteen miles away. A labyrinth of huge architectural forms, endlessly varied in design, fretted with ornamental devices, festooned with lace-like webs formed of talus from the upper cliffs and painted with every color known to the palette in pure transparent tones of marvelous delicacy. Never was picture more harmonious, never flower more exquisitely beautiful. It flashes instant communication of all that architecture and painting and music for a thousand years have gropingly

striven to express. It is the soul of Michael Angelo and of Beethoven.

A cañon, truly, but not after the accepted type. An intricate system of cañons, rather, a subordinate to the river channels in the midst, which in its turn is subordinate to the total effect. That river channel, the profoundest depth, and actually more than six thousand feet below the point of view, is, in seeming, a rather insignificant trench, attracting the eye more by reason of its sombre tone and mysterious suggestion than by any appreciable characteristic of a chasm. It is nearly five miles distant in a straight line, and its uppermost rims are 3,000 feet beneath the observer, whose measuring capacity is entirely inadequate to the demands made by such magnitudes. One cannot believe the distance to be more than a mile, as the crow flies, before descending the wall or attempting some other form of inchworm measurement. Mere brain knowledge counts for little against the illusion under which the organ of vision is doomed here to labor. That red cliff upon your right, fading through brown, yellow and gray to the white at the top, is taller than the Washington monument. The Auditorium in Chicago would not cover one-half its perpendicular span. Yet it does not greatly impress you. You idly toss a pebble toward it, and are surprised that your aim fell short. Subsequently, you learn that the cliff is a good half mile distant. If you care for an abiding sense of its true proportions, go over to the trail that begins beside its summit and clamber down to its base and back. You will return some hours later, and with a decided respect for a small Grand Cañon cliff. Relatively, it is insignificant; in that sense, your first estimate was correct. Were Vulcan to cast it bodily into the chasm directly beneath your feet, it would pass for a boulder, if, indeed, it were discoverable to the unaided eye. Yet the immediate chasm itself is only the first step of a long terrace that leads down to the innermost gorge and the river. Roll a heavy stone to the rim and let it go. It falls sheer the height of a church or an Eiffel Tower, according to your position, and explodes like a bomb on a projecting ledge. If, happily, any considerable fragments remain, they bound onward like elastic balls, leaping in wild parabola from point to point, snapping trees like straws, bursting, crashing, thundering down until they make a last plunge over the brink of a void, and then there comes languidly up the cliff sides a faint, distant roar, and your boulder that had withstood the buffets of centuries lies scattered as wide as Wycliffe's ashes, although the final fragment has lodged only a little way, so to speak, below the rim. Such performances are frequently given in these amphitheatres without human aid, by the mere undermining of the rain, or, perhaps, it is here that Sisyphus rehearses his unending task. Often in the silence of night a tremendous fragment may be heard crashing from terrace to terrace, like shocks of thunder peal.

The spectacle is so symmetrical, and so completely excludes the outside world and its accustomed standards, it is with difficulty one can acquire any notion of its immensity. Were it half as deep, half as broad, it would be no less bewildering, so utterly does it baffle human grasp. Something may be gleaned from the account given by geologists. What is known to them as the Grand Cañon District lies principally in northwestern Arizona, its length from northwest to southwest in a straight line being about 180 miles, its width 125

miles, and its total area some 15,000 square miles. Its northerly beginning, at the high plateaus in southern Utah, is a series of terraces, many miles broad, dropping like a stairway step by step to successively lower geological formations, until in Arizona the platform is reached which borders the real chasm and extends southward far into the central part of that territory. It is the theory of geologists that 10,000 feet of strata have been swept by erosion from the surface of this entire platform, whose present uppermost formation is the Carboniferous; the deduction being based upon the fact that the missing Permian, Mesozoic and Tertiary formations, which belong above this Carboniferous in the series, are found in their place at the beginning of the northern terraces referred to. The theory is fortified by many evidences supplied by examination of the district, where, more than anywhere else, mother earth has laid bare the secrets of her girlhood. The climax in this extraordinary example of erosion is, of course, the chasm of the Grand Cañon proper, which, were the missing strata restored to the adjacent plateau, would be 16,000 feet deep. The layman is apt to stigmatize such an assertion as a vagary of theorists, and until the argument has been heard it does seem incredible that water should have carved such a trough in solid rock. Briefly, the whole region appears to have been repeatedly lifted and submerged, both under the ocean and under a fresh-water sea, and during the period of the last upheaval the river cuts its gorge. Existing as the drainage system of a vast territory, it had the right of way, and as the plateau deliberately rose before the pressure of the internal forces, slowly, as grind the mills of the gods, through a period not to be measured by years, the river kept its bed worn down to the level of erosion; sawed its channel free, as the saw cuts the log that is thrust against it. Tributaries, traceable now only by dry lateral gorges, and the gradual, but no less effective process of weathering, did the rest. The total vertical depth is more than a mile.

### Wonders of the Gulf Stream

A RIVER IN THE OCEAN.....PROVIDENCE JOURNAL

That greatest and most wonderful of all the great bodies of water on the surface of the earth—the Gulf Stream—has been the subject of more extensive and exhaustive study and research by our Government than that of any other country. For years the Coast Survey steamer *Blake* has from time to time anchored in the various portions of the Gulf Stream, and the results of her researches cannot help being of great interest to the vast majority of thinking people, and of inestimable benefit to all persons interested in navigation, whether in the transatlantic or in the coastwise trade. The great river of the Atlantic, known as the Gulf Stream, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Azores, is 3,000 miles in length and its greatest breadth 120. At first its speed is four miles an hour, but this gradually declines as it becomes more diffuse. In the Straits of Florida its temperature is 83 degrees, or 9 degrees above the surrounding water; and off Newfoundland, in winter, it is 25 or 30 degrees warmer than the surrounding seas, thus causing the dense fog of those regions. It is a great dispenser of heat and moisture in its course. To its influence are owing the verdure of the British Islands and the mildness of the climate of western Europe, compared with countries elsewhere of corresponding



latitude. It is of a deep indigo blue so long as its current is deep and narrow, said to be caused by its holding in suspension the finest particles of the river-silt brought down by the Mississippi. The line of demarcation between the Gulf Stream and the adjacent waters is so marked that a vessel may be seen floating one-half in the Gulf Stream and the other half in the common waters of the seas; and two buckets let down, one at the bow and the other at the stern, will draw up water different in temperature by no less than 30 degrees. The late Lieutenant G. M. Bache discovered a band of water so much colder than the rest that he called it the "cold wall"—the cold water appearing to confine the hot water as by a wall on the inshore side. Its distance from Sandy Hook is from 230 to 280 miles; its distance from Cape May is between 132 and 178 miles.

Inside of the "cold wall" there is a warm band, and then the cold water of the shore. The axis of the stream takes in general the curve of the coast below rather than above the water, being turned to the eastward by the shoals of the southern coast of New England. The warm water of the Gulf Stream rests on a cold current flowing toward Cape Florida, the coldest water keeping near the Atlantic coast, below the surface if not at it. By observations at several points along the coast in 400 fathoms, between Sandy Hook and Cape Florida, the surface temperature exceeding 80 degrees, the thermometer indicated  $46\frac{1}{2}$  to 55 degrees; off Hatteras, in 1,000 fathoms, 40 degrees. The warm water of the Gulf Stream is of very different depths at different points of its course, and in different parts of any one of the sections across it. Investigation proves conclusively that the Gulf Stream is comparatively a superficial current on the surface of an ocean of cold water. Every navigator of its waters knows that at times it is stronger than at others, and that under the same apparent conditions of wind and weather the stream is variable in velocity and direction. The greater regular variations, Lieutenant Commander Pillsbury found, are chiefly due to changes in the position of the moon—a daily variation governed by its time of transit, and a monthly variation following the changes in declination. Both of these can be predicted with considerable precision. The unusual variations come from the force and direction of the wind and the differences in the height of the barometer within and without the Gulf of Mexico.

The cause of the Gulf Stream and of most ocean currents is, directly or indirectly, due to the wind. Every wind produces a slight movement of the water over which it blows by its friction on the particles of the surface water. As the upper particles acquire a movement the same motion is transmitted to the lower particles, thus forming a current. With the trades predominating as they do from the eastward, and persistently blowing over the same area, the current set up extends to seventy or eighty fathoms deep, which maintains its average velocity in spite of the daily variations in its producing cause. Any current, upon meeting an obstruction, must escape in some direction. The current from the southeast trades reaches the South American coast in the vicinity of Cape St. Rogen, and it thereupon divides into branches, one flowing to the southward, along the coast of Brazil, and the other toward the West Indies. The current from the northeast trades, flowing in the general direction of the wind, meets the obstruction of the coast of South America and of the Windward Islands. The

combined currents have a partial relief and escape through the passage of the Windward Islands, while the remainder passes along the western side of the West Indian Islands toward the coast of the United States. The current entering the Caribbean Sea is driven to the westward until it meets the obstruction of the coast of Honduras.

There is another movement of the water which is more effective in producing a current along shore, and which probably contributes as much water to form the Gulf Stream as the surface current due to the friction of the wind. This is the water driven to the leeward by the break of the waves. It is from this cause that violent shore currents are set up along the coast of Cape Cod, New Jersey and North Carolina in northwest gales. The waves are thrown toward the shore, from which the escape of the water makes the strong current that has wrecked many a vessel. The barometer is a fruitful source of abnormal variations in current in the Straits of Florida, but it is doubtful if much of its effect is experienced in the Atlantic. A high barometer in the Atlantic causes a greater overflow in the straits, and with the reverse barometer conditions a weaker flow. A navigator approaching Tortugas from the westward and having a high barometer may expect a favorable current skirting the Florida Reefs and consequently need not lay a course so far off shore in rounding the peninsula. Bound to the southward and approaching the Straits of Florida with a low barometer in the Atlantic, the closer aboard the reefs are held the less will be the current found.

The average velocity of the stream is greatest at the axis, which is rarely in the middle of the current. Off Havana it is south of the middle, or nearest the Cuban shore; but off Foway Rocks and Cape Florida and from thence to Cape Hatteras it is west of the middle. The very latest investigations prove that the position of the axis under average conditions is as follows: East of Contoy Island, Yucatan, thirty-five miles; north of Havana, twenty-five miles; east of Foway Rocks, Florida, eleven miles; east of Jupiter lighthouse, Florida, nineteen miles; southeast of Cape Hatteras lighthouse, North Carolina, about thirty-eight miles. From Jupiter lighthouse to Cape Hatteras, about sixteen miles outside the curve of 100 fathoms, disregarding the irregularities of the curve. The positions here given are the points at which a strong current is surely to be found. Two or three days after the lowest declination of the moon it is considerably stronger than at any other part of the stream. As the moon approaches its greatest declination, north or south, the current at the axis lessens in velocity, and at the same time the current increases in speed on either side of it. After low declination of the moon the strength of the current off Foway Rocks is eleven miles off shore, but after high declination a vessel will find almost the same velocity at six or seven miles distance.

The observations made by the Coast Survey steamer Blake are extremely valuable as permanently settling several disputed points: First—That the winds and the Mississippi River have nothing whatever to do with the formation of the Gulf Stream. Secondly—That a point  $11\frac{1}{2}$  miles east of Foway Rocks lighthouse, Florida, in the Caribbean Sea, is the true axis or source. Thirdly—That the velocity of the current is controlled by the declination of the moon.



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## TREASURE-TROVE: REVIVING OLD FAVORITES

*The Cid's Funeral Procession.....Felicia Hemans.....Poems*

The Moor had beleaguered Valencia's towers,  
And lances gleamed up through her citron bowers,  
And the tents of the desert had girt her plain,  
And camels were trampling the vines of Spain ;

For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the death-wind sweeps,  
There were spears from hills where the lion sleeps,  
There were bows from sands where the ostrich runs,  
For the shrill horn of Afric had called her sons  
To the battles of the West.

The midnight bell, o'er the dim seas heard,  
Like the roar of waters, the air had stirred ;  
The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,  
And the camp lay hushed as a wizard's cave ;  
But the Christians woke that night.

They reared the Cid on his barbéd steed,  
Like a warrior mailed for the hour of need,  
And they fixed the sword in the cold right hand  
Which had fought so well for his father's land,  
And the shield from his neck hung bright.

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,  
There was vigil kept on the rampart walls ;  
Stars had not faded nor clouds turned red,  
When the knights had girded the noble dead,  
And the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,  
Was the still death-march of the host begun ;  
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,  
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands ;  
And they gave no battle-shout.

When the first went forth, it was midnight deep,  
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep ;  
When the last through the city's gates had gone,  
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,  
With a sunburst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred went armed before,  
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore :  
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,  
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,  
On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campeador came stately then,  
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men !  
The helmet was down o'er the face of the dead,  
But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,  
For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword,  
And Ximena following her noble lord ;  
Her eyes were solemn, her step was slow,  
But there rose not a sound of war or woe,  
Not a whisper on the air.

The halls of Valencia were still and lone,  
The churches were empty, the masses done ;  
There was not a voice through the wide streets far,  
Nor a footfall heard in the Alcazar.

So the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,  
With the still death-march of the host begun ;  
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,  
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands ;  
And they gave no battle-shout.

But the deep hills pealed with a cry ere long,  
When the Christians burst on the Paynim throng !  
When a sudden flash of the lance and spear,  
And a charge of the war-steed in full career,  
It was Alvar Fanez came !

He that was wrapped with no funeral shroud  
Had passed before like a threatening cloud !  
And the storm rushed down on the tented plain,  
And the Archer Queen, with her bands, lay slain ;  
For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,  
And the Lybian kings who had joined his war ;  
And their hearts grew heavy and died away,  
And their hands could not wield an assagay,  
For the dreadful things they saw !

For it seemed where Minaya his onset made,  
There were seventy thousand knights arrayed,  
All white as the snow on Nevada's steep,  
And they came like the foam of a roaring deep,  
'Twas a sight of fear and awe !

And the crested form of a warrior tall,  
With a sword of fire, went before them all ;  
With a sword of fire and a banner pale,  
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail ;  
He rode in the battle's van !

There was fear in the path of his dim white horse,  
There was death in the giant warrior's course !  
Where his banner streamed with its ghostly light,  
Where his sword blazed out, there was hurrying flight,—  
For it seemed not the sword of man !

The field and the river grew darkly red,  
As the kings and leaders of Afric fled ;  
There was work for the men of the Cid that day !  
They were weary at eve, when they ceased to slay,  
As reapers whose task is done !

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled !  
The sails of their galleys in haste were spread,  
But the sea had its share of the Paynim slain,  
And the bow of the desert was broke in Spain.  
—So the Cid to his grave passed on !

*Passing Under the Rod..M. S. B. Dana..Comprehensive Speaker (Werner Co.)*

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,  
Bedecked in her snowy array ;  
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek  
And the future looked blooming and gay :  
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart  
At the shrine of idolatrous love,  
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,  
By the chain which her tenderness wove.  
But I saw, when those heartstrings were bleeding and torn,  
And the chain had been severed in two,  
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,  
And her bloom for the paleness of woe !  
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,  
And wiping the tears from her eyes,  
And he strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,  
And fastened it firm to the skies !  
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God :  
" I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod !* "

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend  
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,  
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name,  
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.  
Oh, sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew,  
When its fragrance is flung on the air,  
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed,  
As he lay in his innocence there.  
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,  
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,  
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,  
And the tale of her sorrow was told !

But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart,  
And taken her treasure away;  
To allure her to heaven He has placed it on high,  
And the mourner will sweetly obey.  
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God:  
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw the fond brother, with glances of love,  
Gazing down on a gentle young girl,  
And she hung on his arm and breathed soft in his ear,  
As she played with each graceful curl.  
Oh, he loved the sweet tones of her silvery voice,  
Let her use it in sadness or glee;  
And he twined his arms round her delicate form,  
As she sat in the eve on his knee.  
But I saw when he gazed on her dead-stricken face,  
And she breathed not a word in his ear,  
And he clasped his arms round an icy-cold form,  
And he moistened her cheek with a tear.  
But the Healer was there, and he said to him thus,  
"Grieve not for thy sister's short life,"  
And he gave to his arms still another fair girl,  
And he made her his own cherished wife!  
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of his God:  
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw, too, a father and mother who leaned  
On the arms of a dear, gifted son,  
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,  
As they saw the proud place he had won;  
And the fast coming evening of life promised fair,  
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,  
And the starlight of love glimmered bright at the end,  
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.  
And I saw them again, bending low o'er the grave,  
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,  
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,  
And the joy from their bosoms had fled.  
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,  
And he led them with tenderest care;  
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world,  
'Twas *their star* shining brilliantly there!  
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God:  
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

*The Wives of Brixham....A Wreck at Sea....Great Thoughts*

You see the gentle water,  
How silently it floats,  
How cautiously, how steadily  
It moves the sleepy boats;  
And all the little loops of pearl  
It strews along the sand,  
Steal out as leisurely as leaves  
When summer is at hand.  
But you know it can be angry,  
And thunder from its rest,  
When the stormy taunts of winter  
Are flying at its breast;  
And if you like to listen,  
And draw your chairs around,  
I'll tell you what it did one night,  
When you were sleeping sound.  
The merry boats of Brixham  
Go out to search the seas;  
A staunch and sturdy fleet are they,  
Who love a swinging breeze;  
And along the woods of Devon,  
And the silver cliffs of Wales,  
You may see, when summer evenings fall,  
The light upon their sails.  
But when the year grows darker,  
And gray winds hunt the foam,  
They go back to little Brixham,  
And ply their toils at home;

And so it chanced one winter's day,  
When the wind began to roar,  
That all the men were out at sea,  
And all the wives on shore.

Then as the storm grew fiercer,  
The women's cheeks grew white;—  
It was fiercer through the twilight,  
And fiercest in the night;  
The strong clouds set themselves like ice,  
With not a star to melt,  
And the blackness of the darkness  
Was something to be felt.

The wind, like an assassin,  
Went on its secret way,  
And struck a hundred barks adrift  
To reel about the bay;  
They meet, they crash—God keep the men!  
God give a moment's light!  
There is nothing but the tumult,  
And the tempest, and the night.

The men on shore were trembling,  
They grieved for what they knew;  
What do you think the women did?  
Love taught them what to do.  
Up spoke a wife, "We've beds at home—  
We'll burn them for a light—  
Give us the men and the bare ground,  
We want no more to-night."

They took the grandame's blanket,  
Who shivered and bade them go;  
They took the baby's pillow,  
Who could not say them no;  
And they heaped a great fire on the pier,  
And knew not all the while  
If they were heaping a bonfire,  
Or only a funeral pile.

And, fed with precious food, the flame  
Shone bravely on the black,  
Till a cry went through the people,  
"A boat is coming back!"  
Staggering dimly through the fog,  
They see and then they doubt—  
But when the first prow strikes the pier,  
Cannot you hear them shout?

Then, all along the breadth of flame  
Dark figures shrieked and ran,  
With "Child, here comes your father!"  
Or, "Wife, is this your man?"  
And faint feet touch the welcome stone  
And stay a little while,  
And kisses drop from frozen lips  
Too tired to speak or smile.

So one by one they struggled in,  
All that the sea would spare—  
We will not reckon through our tears  
The names that were not there;  
But some went home without a bed,  
When all the tale was told,  
Who were too cold with sorrow  
To know the night was cold.

And this is what the men must dare  
Who work in wind and foam;  
And this is what the women bear  
Who watch for them at home;  
So, when you see a Brixham boat  
Go out to meet the gales,  
Think of the Love that travels  
Like light upon her sails!



## AMERICAN WOMEN: VIEWED THROUGH FRENCH EYES

BY MADAME BLANC

A selected reading from *The Condition of Woman in the United States. A Traveller's Notes*, by Madame Blanc (Th. Bentzon). Translated by Abby Langdon Alger. Roberts Bros.

We know American women through meeting them in Paris, and we see them at the first glance in New York. Possibly, all women of fashion, whose idle existence is spent in great capitals, watering-places, winter resorts, and gay seashore hotels, are all cut out much after the same pattern. Without any real originality, each of them represents that cosmopolitan society which has no native land. Their essentially artificial type has figured to excess in novels and plays; we have no desire to recur to it. But side by side with millionaires and professional beauties, in America as elsewhere, is a far more numerous class, concerning which much less has been said—a class corresponding to the better part of the French middle classes. If you tell me that there are no classes in the great republic, I can but reply that this is a mistake. Besides the brutal distinctions established by the greater or less amount of dollars, we soon discover an infinity of degrees created by birth, surroundings and education. To know America thoroughly it is not enough to gaze at this or that wandering star; we must frequent the best society of Boston, New York and Philadelphia; we must visit the Southern States, so sorely tried by war: we must penetrate the remote farms of the West; in short, we must study women in the far-distant corners of that continent made up (not to mention the territories) of forty-four States, not one of which is so small as Switzerland, and some of which are much larger than France. It struck me that the best way to mark the differences would be to set down accurately the notes taken from day to day during a journey of several months' duration—a woman's notes about to the condition of women.

American society was represented in abstract on the boat which bore me from Havre to New York, causing much amazement and many errors on the part of such as were not yet familiar with it. There was a scornful and very elegant group of American Anglomaniacs, those Americans whose compatriots declare that they turn up their trousers on Broadway in fine weather because it is raining in London; servile copyists of English fashions, bearing, and manners, more or less apt efforts to assume the supercilious arrogance and systematic exclusiveness which befit the representatives of aristocracy. The women walk the deck in cloth gowns knowingly cut by the most famous tailor in London, their hands in their pockets with the free and easy air of a lady visiting her stables before she mounts her horse. All the young men are carefully shaven as befits New York dudes; they condemn their face to utter impassivity, affect sporting slang and a mirthless, jerky laugh, with the pronunciation of modish Englishmen who drop a letter in talking, just as the same set in France mercifully suppress all connectives. I think I can guess that these Americans have never done anything but spend abroad the fortune painfully acquired by their fathers in some form or other by trade: but my ignorance is enlightened. I stand in the presence of the purest of

blue blood, of so-called Knickerbocker families. That large lady, for instance, who scarcely ever leaves her stateroom, figures among the Four Hundred in New York. I need say no more.

I have now the measure of the social divisions which exist in the land of equality. To cope with the insolence of newly-won wealth, one must be able to point to pre-Revolutionary ancestors, or at least to ancestors who distinguished themselves during the Revolution. Those who can boast of a Dutch or Swedish name established in the country before the English rule, feel all the pride of a Rohan or a Montmorency; and even those who do not possess these great advantages hasten, as soon as possible, on any pretext whatsoever, to draw the line as distinctly as possible between themselves and common mortals. Hence a very droll statement, such as abound in the land of humor: "Since the line absolutely must be drawn somewhere, many people draw it at their own father." Never, until I went to America, did I understand how humiliating it may be to bear the name of Smith or Jones.

The great personages of our boat form a party by themselves. They seem determined to make no acquaintances. At the utmost, now and then, the men, less absolute than the other sex in the matter of prejudices, descend from their pedestal to chat with some pretty woman. Among these latter is a young girl. She cannot smile without showing alluring dimples; accordingly she smiles continually. She is dressed like a picture—in the style suited to a long voyage. She seems to find universal favor. I do not discover until we land that she is a mere shop-girl. In the South, more than one daughter of a good family, ruined by the war of secession, is forced to work for a living. This piquant brunette is from Louisiana; she earns a large salary in one of the chief shops of New Orleans. During her vacation she visited Hungary (the home of her ancestors), Germany, and France. She had read plenty of French novels. Southern shop-girls pride themselves on their literary tastes; some of them are said to write for local magazines. Miss ——— professes a sincere worship of George Sand, despite the air of reserve assumed by some of our passengers at the sound of that name. "But," she says, waxing eloquent in regard to Consuelo, "her heroines are too perfect; it is enough to discourage anyone from trying to be virtuous." And the dimples appear at the corner of her rosy lips. Here, indeed, are great reverses cheerfully endured.

Nothing can be prettier than to see the young girls walk the deck, arm in arm, escorted by admirers of various ages, whom they never seem to discourage very severely,—no powder to be affected by the salt air, abundant tresses which the wind may release without danger beneath the Tam-o'-Shanter or the naval cap which are almost universally worn. Even the old ladies have them planted on their scanty locks, although they are less becoming to them. Let us confine ourselves to the young girls. They are, for the most part, slender, erect, almost all tall—height being fashionable in New York society, whose edict rules, and women, as we know, always finding some way to adopt themselves

to the fashion at any cost. Some show signs of what they call "nervous prostration." They lack the robust British health, nor have they usually the regular features of the fair English girl; and although certain New England damsels reminded me of Greek statues retouched by the hand of an esthete, we must admit that in the West the mixture of races often produces types of but little distinction. The shape is seldom perfect, however smart the appearance may be; there is too much fragility, too much thinness. In an assembly of women in low-cut dresses the French women would surely have the advantage; therefore she bares her shoulders more freely. But the Americans are as quick witted and as graceful as any women in the world. Those on the steamer, as a rule, talk freely with all the men, the only exception being a negro gentleman from Hayti, who stalks about in melancholy silence, wearing a Greek fez embroidered in silver. But there is nothing bold or shocking in their coquetry. If, instead of being young girls, they were so many young married women, we should think their conduct quite correct; it is a mere question of the point of view. Their perpetual motion, their airy lightness, remind me of the gulls continually soaring about the blue or cloudy sky, swooping down now and then to the foam-crested waves, and again resuming their capricious flight. So, too, these damsels occasionally sink upon their steamer-chairs, arranged in sheltered corners well suited to conversation. The deck-stewards bring up their luncheon, which they eat with a good appetite while they watch a passing vessel or the sunset.

Sometimes I am struck by their lack of perception in regard to culinary matters. I hear them ask for sardines and lemonade; mixtures which strike a Frenchman as incongruous, are in high favor. But usually they seem to appreciate the excellent fare of the transatlantic steamers; and it seems to me that the members of temperance societies who vaunt their principles so loudly as soon as their foot is on their native soil, yield a point here in favor of the red and white wines which are so freely offered. "The Yankees are as great hypocrites as the English, to say the least," said one of my fellow-countrymen met by chance; "when they refuse to drink wine with virtuous excuses, they get drunk on whiskey at the bar. In reality, their coarseness goes beyond everything, you'll see; they are always spitting in every direction, and they are ignorant of the most elementary use of the handkerchief! As for the famous flirt, she often goes, you may be sure, to the last extreme. In hotels and restaurants there is always a special door for ladies. . . . Nonsense! In spite of this absurd precaution, friends meet on the other side again, and the devil is no loser." I take leave to suggest to this well-informed gentleman that the purpose of the ladies' entrance, which is quite a convenience, may not be merely to create an absolute separation between the two sexes. Moreover, I cannot help thinking that he must be somewhat like the traveller who wrote in his note-book, "At Tours, all the women have red hair," because one red-haired woman passed him in the street. We French have a passion for conclusions and generalizations. If I were to take everything literally which this fellow tells me, I should believe that there are no more interesting establishments in America than the bar-rooms paved with dollars; that all Americans, without exception, talk through their

noses; and that their daughters are ready to do anything for the sake of getting married.

As for the famous nasal twang, we soon learn that it does not exist, at least to any disagreeable extent, among well-educated people; and daily experience shows us, even on the steamer, that the much-accused flirt may be ingenuous enough after all. After being scandalized by the glances, the smiles behind a fan, the airs and graces of all sorts directed like a well-fed fire by one of our young fellow-passengers at a visibly enamored gentleman, did I not discover that this guilty conversation was nothing but an innocent game. Instead of talking of their own affairs, they were asking each other conundrums! The Sphinx took the greatest delight in tormenting her victim; but the whole world might have listened and heard no harm, despite the evidence of our eyes. And even when appearances are plainly shocking, we must be aware of a frequent source of error; the most vulgar of American women is as well dressed as the most aristocratic. I saw in New York a woman who sold newspapers, who, aside from her business, looked like a lady, and was, it seems, distinctly an honest creature, in spite of the frantic coquetry which led one to expect her of anything and everything. But the honesty, like the coquetry of a woman who sells newspapers, may be of indifferent delicacy. The flirtations witnessed in hotels and restaurants, in cars or on steamboats, may often have damsels of a like category for their heroines, the independence of fashionable young girls, their free and undaunted manners, often leading all but the most clear-sighted observer into blunders. For instance, on board ship, Miss X. was travelling alone; one day she asked the librarian for some French books; she chose two, *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné*, and *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, then, turning to a young man who was passing, she asked his opinion in regard to her purchase. And here I admire the respect shown on all occasions by the American men to a woman, even if unknown. The young man blushed up to his eyes as he read the title of *Theophile Gautier's* masterpiece, but merely said:

"This one, by Daudet, is a good book; as for the other—"

"Wicked? So much the better!" interrupted the mischievous girl, laughing aloud, and she fled, bearing off her booty, which she brandished with an air of defiance. Is this perversity? Is it innocence of Daisy Miller, so marvelously painted by Henry James that his compatriots have never forgiven him? Who knows? The demi-monde, strictly speaking, does not exist in America; nevertheless, there must be between self-respecting women and a certain unmentionable social scum a third category, the numerous category of more or less yielding, more or less rakish, coquettes. These are sought by many foreign travellers. Hence general statements in regard to the American flirt, only equaled in absurdity by the fabulous tales which circulate in America in regard to the adultery, almost inseparable from marriage, as described by French novelists. The truth is that women, when they are what is amiably styled "light," become so in America before marriage and in Europe afterwards; but on both sides of the Atlantic there are many more irreproachable maidens and perfectly faithful wives than is believed on either shore. This statement is not new, but it can never be repeated too often.

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## OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all literary questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received.

171. *Passions, the only Orators*: In the works of what author can the following quotation be found: "Les passions sont les seuls orateurs qui persuadent toujours."—Gallia, Boston.

[See Maxims of La Rochefoucauld, page 32, § 8.]

172. *Longfellow's Income*: If possible, please inform me through your correspondents' page, what prices Longfellow received for his earlier work.—Quisitive, Boston, Mass.

[For his earlier poems, Longfellow received, from the newspapers that published them, sometimes one dollar, and sometimes two dollars apiece. The Village Blacksmith, Endymion, and God's Acre brought \$15 each; The Goblet of Life, and The River Charles, \$20 each; The Gleam of Sunshine, the Arsenal, and Nuremberg, \$50 each; and later on he received \$100 and \$150 for a poem. The Harpers paid \$1,000 each for Kéramos, and Morituri Salutamus. Robert Bonner, of the New York Ledger, paid \$3,000 for The Hanging of the Crane. Longfellow's income for his earlier years, from his writings was: 1840, \$219; 1842, \$517; 1845, \$2,800; 1846, \$800; 1850, \$1,900.]

173. *Source of Quotation Wanted*: The following lines, almost verbatim from Odyssey IV., 566-568, are put into the mouth of Lalage in Poe's Politian:

"No lingering winters there, nor snow nor shower,  
But ever ocean to refresh mankind,  
Breathes the shrill spirit of the western wind."

Please inform me if they occur previously in English, and if so, where, translation or original.—P. B., Atchison, Kansas.

174. *Peter Pindar*: Who was Peter Pindar, and what did he write?—S. M., Denver, Col.

[This was the pseudonym of Dr. John Wolcot, a coarse but lively satirist (1738-1819) of the time of George III. He published a great number of poetic effusions, witty shots at celebrities of the time. In 1785 he produced no less than twenty-three odes. His heroic-comic poem, The Lousiad, in five cantos, attracted great attention in 1786. It was famous a century ago, or infamous as you may choose to call it.]

175. *Satisfied*: Can you tell me where I will find, and who is the author of, the poem of which the following is one verse?

"Far out of sight while yet the flesh enfolds us  
Lies that fair country where our hearts abide,  
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us  
Than these few words, 'I shall be satisfied.'"

With unbounded admiration for your unequalled magazine.—Mrs. J. C. B., Amesville, Montana.

[You have quoted the fourth stanza of the poem entitled I Shall be Satisfied, which is given without the author's name in The Shadow of the Rock, page 176. Published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., 182 Fifth Avenue, New York.]

176. *Dimensions of the Ark*: Some years ago I read an article by Rev. Dr. Hoare, I think, on the dimensions of Noah's Ark, in which he scores scoffers for their unbelief. Can you help me to the passage?—Arkeology, Erie, Pa.

[Bishop Horne, in his Introduction to the Study of the Bible, answers the infidel objection that the ark was

not sufficient in capacity to contain the animals and provisions necessary, hence the Bible is untrue. "The ark was 300 cubits long, 50 wide, and 30 high; with three stories of floors, which would be equal to 42,413 tons burthen. A first-class man-of-war is about 2,200 tons, consequently the ark had the capacity of eighteen such ships, and would carry 20,000 men, with six months' provisions, besides the weight of 1,800 cannon and all military stores. Can we doubt of its capacity to carry eight persons, 250 pair of animals, fowls, etc., for one year?"

177. *Poetry, the Elder Sister*: Will you please tell me where the phrase occurs, "Poetry is the elder sister of all the arts." Is this complete?—Bantry Bay, Los Angeles, Cal.

[Congreve, in the dedication to The Way of the World, wrote: "Poetry, the eldest sister of all arts, and parent of most." He was a trifle mixed in his expression of his thought, but the meaning is clear.]

178. *Dr. Johnson's Favorite*: Can you inform me what was the description in verse that Dr. Johnson considered "the most poetic paragraph in the whole range of the drama—finer than any in Shakespeare?"—Bridge, Paris, Ky.

[The description of the cathedral, in a dialogue between Almeria and Leonora in William Congreve's tragedy, A Mourning Bride, written in 1697.]

179. *Seven Wonders of the World*: What are the seven wonders of the world?—F. B. H., Tate Spring, Tenn.

[The seven wonders can be readily committed to memory with this bit of doggerel, on the thirty-days-hath-September plan:

The Pyramids first, which in Egypt were laid;  
Next Babylon's garden, for Amytis made;  
Then Mausolos's tomb, of affection and guilt;  
Fourth, the Temple of Dian, in Ephesus built;  
The Colossus of Rhodes, cast in brass, to the sun;  
Sixth, Jupiter's statue, by Phidias done;  
The Pharos of Egypt, last wonder of old;  
Or the Palace of Cyprus, cemented with gold.]

180. *One Tongue is Sufficient for a Woman*: Who was it made this cynical remark?—Denton, Pittsburg, Pa.

[This is attributed to Milton, when asked if he would give his daughters instruction in foreign languages. The venerable poet had no patience with the new woman; he was blind to her virtues.]

181. *Poems Wanted*: (a) Forty years ago school readers contained The Philosopher's Scales; it commenced:

"What were they you ask? You shall presently see  
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea."

Does any one know the authorship and where the poem can be found?

(b) And I make same inquiry as to a poem commencing:

"Tramp! tramp! tramp!  
Earth groans as they tread;  
Each carries a skull,  
Going down to the dead."

I have every number of Current Literature from the first.—W. H. H., Duluth, Wis.

[(a) See The Philosopher's Scales, by Jane Taylor, in Leffingwell's Reading Book of English Classics, page 209 (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).]



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## HOW TO RIDE A BICYCLE.

**T**HERE are two ways of learning to ride a bicycle: You may put yourself under the charge of an instructor, either in the open air or in a riding-school, or you may go out alone with your machine for a course of more or less rough and tumble practice on the road.

In the riding-school, you will first be placed in the saddle, and, upheld by the instructor, be made to ride around the track until you are able to balance, with an occasional tumble, and to propel your machine; and you will afterwards be taught, principally by practice, to mount and dismount.

If, on the other hand, you are your own teacher, you must learn first to mount your wheel, since reaching the saddle is a necessary preliminary to riding at all. Select a smooth bit of ground, slightly inclining. Standing just astride the rear periphery of the rear wheel of your bicycle, grasp the handles firmly, holding the head of the machine at right angles with the frame, the wheel pointing down the hill. Now place the ball of your left foot on the step of the machine, set your teeth, rise on the left foot as nearly to a standing posture as you dare and as your grasp on the handles will permit, and let the machine "go." It is well to have the handle-bar set rather high for this preliminary practice, and the

saddle low, and the machine should carry a brake.

When you find that you can mount the step and balance there with some confidence for a hundred feet run, try for the saddle from the step, and for the pedals from the saddle. As to balancing in the saddle, you will be told, and it is true in fact, that the equilibrium of the wheel is to be maintained by turning the steering-wheel in the direction towards which you are in danger of falling. This, at first, seems inexplicable to you, and you will persist in trying to save yourself by turning the wheel the wrong way. At length, in a happy moment, the "knack" comes to you, and thereafter you balance unconsciously; that is, the movements by which you maintain your equilibrium are nearly automatic, although none the less actual and positive in their effect.

You will learn to dismount in the first place from the left pedal; but for some little time you will probably get off the machine "anyhow" without attracting more observation than you can help.

Do not be surprised if on your first outdoor run you get badly fatigued a mile out and return home in a bath of perspiration, to get up the next morning with a pair of lame or stiff legs.

Most beginners are disposed to ride with

a low saddle, and with this pushed back as far as the saddle-rod will permit. Thus the push upon the pedal is too much in a diagonal direction forward and downward, with the result of a loss of power in propulsion and of speedily producing fatigue in the muscles of the inside of the leg just above the knee and at the ankle-joint. It is obvious that the most powerful and easiest "push" is to be obtained by a motion of the leg and foot nearly vertical and with the foot kept bent downward from the ankle, as in the swimming stroke, rather than at an upward bend or horizontal with the ankle-bone. The rider using the faculty tread described is like a swimmer who should keep his body bent at the hips at an angle of several degrees and abridge each of his strokes by an inch or two. The saddle should be raised so high that at a full stroke of the leg, with the foot bent downward as described, the forward part of the foot will just rest easily and firmly on the pedal. As a rough rule it may be said that the saddle should be so adjusted that the point of the cantle will be in a horizontal line with the top of the rider's hip-bone as he stands beside it. At the same time the saddle should be brought forward so far that the "push" of the foot will be nearly vertical instead of diagonal, and, with the leg extended, the heel should



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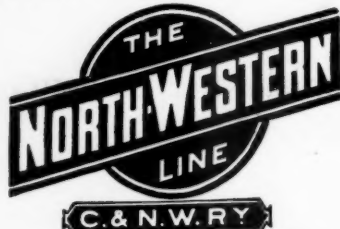
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I saw one of your subscribers tell in your columns a few weeks ago how she made money selling Dish Washers. I wrote to the Iron City Dish Washer Co., E. E. Pittsburg, Pa., and obtained one of their Dish Washers and tried it myself first. It is just lovely; you can wash and dry the dishes for a family in two minutes, without touching your hands to a dish or putting them in hot water. I made the first day, \$5.00, and everybody wanted a Dish Washer just as soon as they saw me wash their dishes. Since then I have made as high as \$18.00 a day, and I believe that I can get enough money to keep my brother at school this winter and have money in the bank too. Any lady or gentleman can do as well as I am doing. I am sure, as I had no experience. When everybody wants to buy, it is not hard to sell. Anyone can get information by writing the above firm, and I am glad to add my experience, because I think it is my duty to others to help them over the hard times.  
VIRGINIA HERNE.

just rest easily on the pedal at its lowest point of revolution.

Push hard on the downward moving pedal and let your foot yield to the upward movement, otherwise you are making one foot undo the work of the other. The reverse of this motion, that is, the push on the upward moving pedal with a release of force on the downward movement, constitutes "back-pedaling," an important and, if you ride without a brake, the only means of stopping the machine quickly.

As to the handle-bar, it should be so adjusted that, sitting in the manner described, you can just easily grasp it.

I assume that you ride for pleasure, not to make records, nor to see what measure of muscular effort you are capable of. If you ride for pleasure you will stop when you are fatigued, walk when walking is easier than riding, ride slowly and fast as you feel disposed, coast or not when opportunity offers. If your ambition is merely to make a certain number of miles in a certain number of minutes, believe me you are losing the best of a noble exercise.

If you would ride easily, gracefully and with the best results as regards your health and comfort, avoid the "stoop" in ordinary road riding.

Says a well-known gymnasium instructor: "Why will so many of you sit on your seats like monkeys on a stick and try to grind your noses off on your front wheel? All this is wrong and will only bring discredit on the sport that we love so much. There could no occasion arise that would necessitate your sitting on your seat with your back humped up like a camel. If the wind is blowing strong and you must ride faster for a time, you should bend your body forward at the waist, carry your head well forward and down, yet keep your back straight and chest out. In this way you will not cut such a ridiculous figure, and deep breathing will not be interfered with." It is pleasant to know that the "stoop fad," which apparently reached its height in the season of 1893, seems to be rapidly dying out.

Keep an erect position, like that which a graceful equestrian maintains in his saddle. Sit easily, letting the line of center of gravity of your body fall a hair's breadth to the front of the saddle center. Grasp the handles very lightly; you will soon learn that a slight pressure of the hands just at the base of the fingers on the handles of the machine is sufficient. After you have ridden for a month or two, and so have acquired some confidence, learn to steer with either hand, leaving the other at liberty.

Learn to keep the handle-bar steady; thus you will describe a straight track, and not

### Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor or weakness from errors or excesses, will in close stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A. 433 Albion, Mich.

## A CRUISE

TO THE  
**Mediterranean.**

Round the  
World Party  
Starts Oct. 8th  
Write for  
Particulars.

By specially chartered steamer, "Friesland" (7,116 tons), January 26, 1900, visiting Bermuda, Gibraltar, Malaga, Granada, Alhambra, Algiers, Cairo; ten days in Palestine, Beirut, Ephesus, Constantinople, Athens, Rome, Nice; only \$50 and up, excursions, fees, etc., included. Organized and accompanied by F. C. Clark, ex-U. S. Vice-Consul at Jerusalem. Ocean tickets all lines. Thirty parties to Europe. Send for Tourist Gazette.

F. C. CLARK, Tourist Agent,

111 Broadway, New York. Official Agent for Pennsylvania and Erie Railroads, General Agent in the U. S. for Great Northern Railway of England. London Branch, 2 Charing Cross; Paris, 1 Rue Auber; Jaffa, Jerusalem, Beyrout, etc.

## ALL EXPENSES AT SCHOOL or COLLEGE

PAID FOR YOU BY  
The Cosmopolitan Magazine,  
IRVINGTON-ON-THE-HUDSON, - - NEW YORK.  
Send sc. stamp for pamphlet giving particulars of offer.  
The Cosmopolitan, selling for \$1.50, but fully the equal of the \$3 and \$4 magazines in the quality of its contents and character of illustration, was the most widely circulated magazine in the world during 1894.  
To Teachers.—Will you kindly call the attention of pupils to this offer?

## Two Popular Trains.

The Chicago and . . .  
. . . St. Louis Limited,

Over the West Shore Railroad, leaves New York every day at 5:45 P.M., connecting at Chicago and St. Louis for the Far West.

## Fast National Limited

Leaves New York at 7:30 P.M. daily, except Sunday; runs to Buffalo, arriving there early next morning. One of the fastest and best-equipped trains running on the continent.



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EQUIPPED WITH  
Pullman Vestibuled Compartment  
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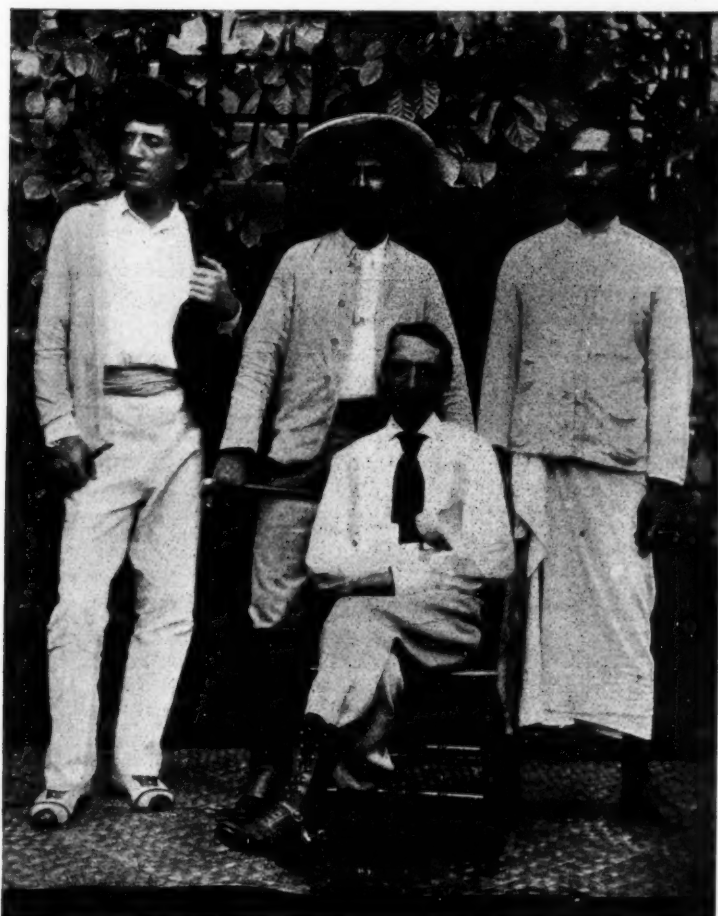
View showing interior of compartment car between Cincinnati and Chicago. \$2.00 for berth.

D. G. EDWARDS,

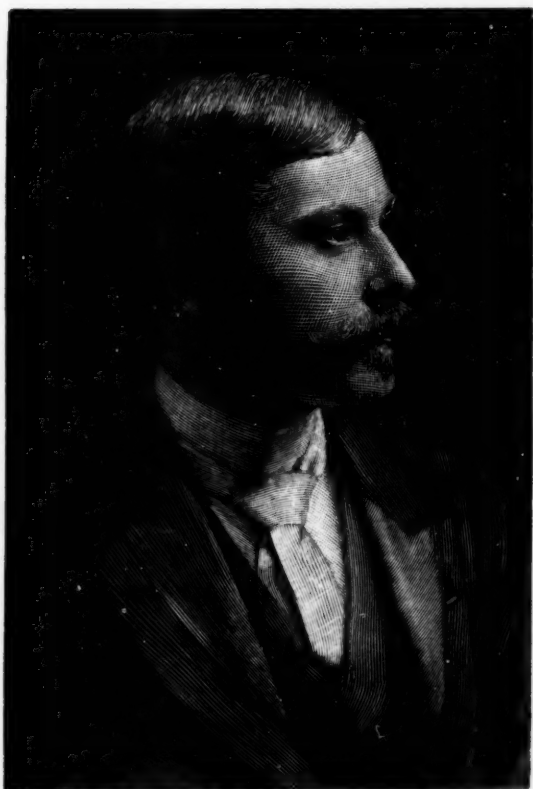
Genl. Passenger Agent C. H. & D. R.R.,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.



# ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES



LLOYD OSBOURNE      COUNT VON VURMBRANDT      A NATIVE CHIEF  
R. L. STEVENSON  
R. L. Stevenson in Samoa. From the July number of "McClure's Magazine"

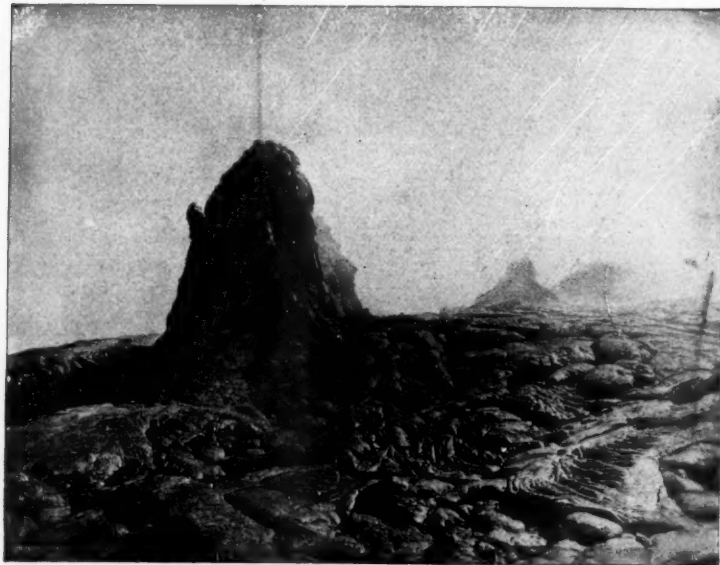


MARTEN MARTENS, THE DUTCH AUTHOR  
From "Harper's Bazaar." Copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers



CAPTAIN CHARLES KING  
Author of "The Colonel's Daughter" and other famous boys' books  
From "The Story of Fort Frayne" (F. T. Neely)

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

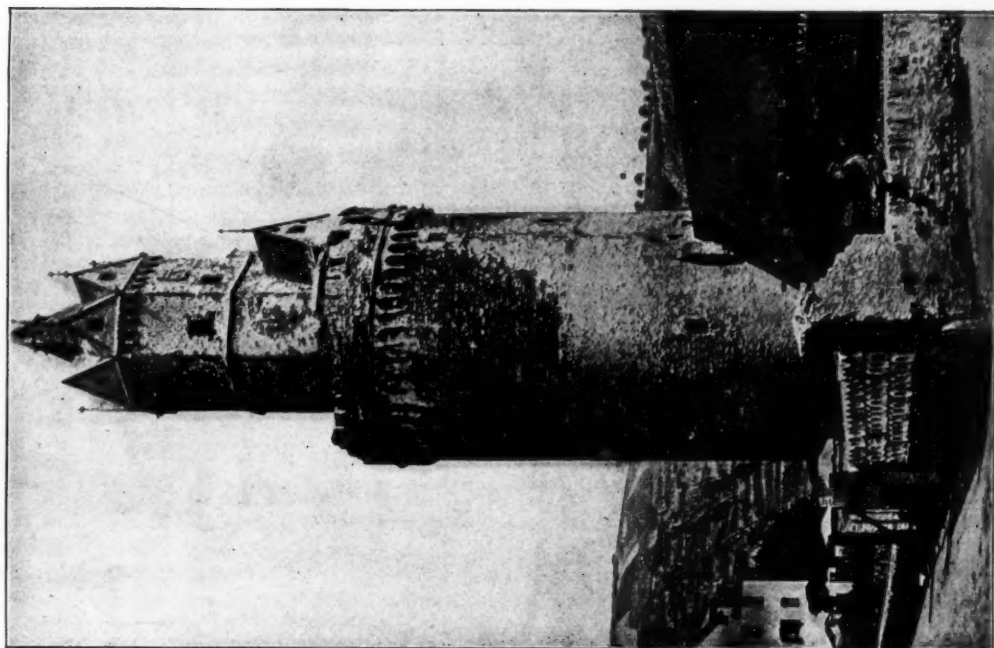


A BLOWHOLE IN A LAVA BED—HAWAII  
From "The Overland Monthly" for July

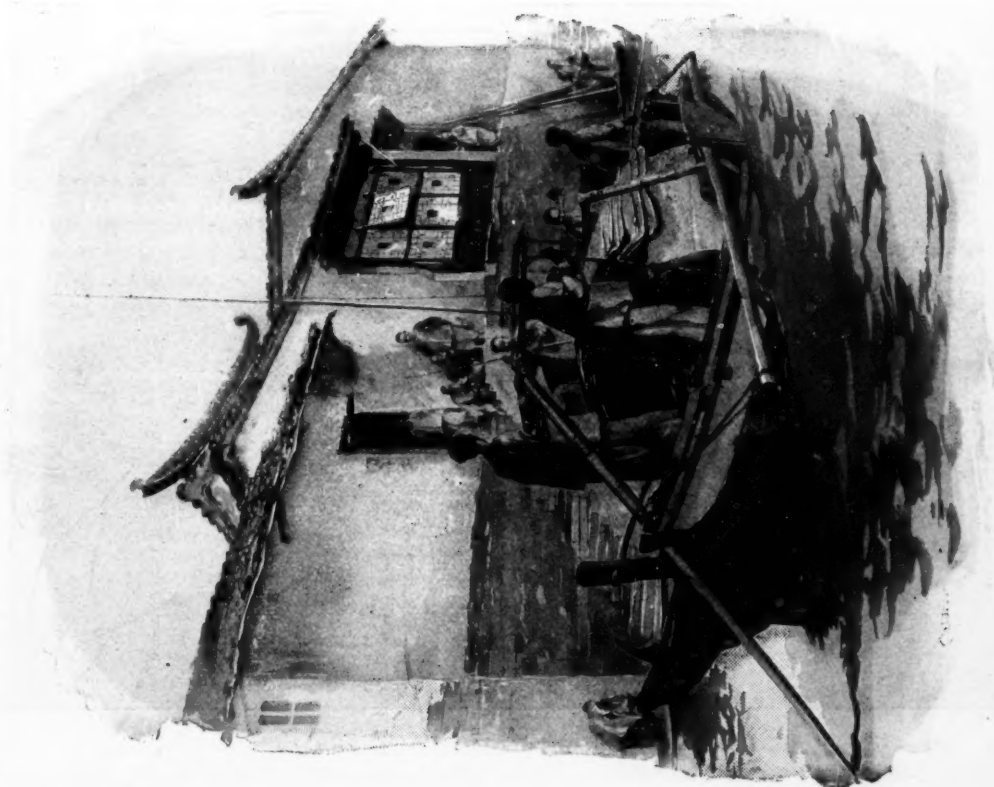


MODERN ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE  
Garden view of Harrington Gardens. From "The Architectural Record" for July

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES



THE WATCH TOWER—ANDERNACH  
From "The Legends of the Rhine" (A. S. Barnes)



EVERYDAY LIFE IN CHINA  
From "Harper's Magazine" for August. Copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers



ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES



ILLUSTRATION FROM "DEAR AUNT LUCRETIA"

A story by Bunner in August number of "Scribner's Magazine"



ILLUSTRATION FROM "A CHILD OF THE MADONNA"

One of a series of prize stories in "Short Stories" dealing with the various nationalities that make up American life



CHANGING PASTURES

An artistic photograph from nature by Karl Greger. From "The Amateur Photographer" for July